
The Works of
THOMAS OTWAY

Thos Otway of Exeter City, mair, his filius.

Oxford University Register, Ae Subscription Book 1660-93

Thomas Otway Comers' Tutor
Book 2 Sept: 28
1671 to Thos Otway

Book of Cautions 1657-75, Christ Church, Oxford

THE WORKS OF
T h o m a s
O T W A Y
*PLAYS, POEMS, AND
LOVE-LETTERS*

Edited by J C. GHOSH

VOLUME I

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TO

George Gordon

PREFACE

PARTS of the present work were originally undertaken for the degree of Bachelor of Letters of the University of Oxford, and some of the results of my preliminary inquiry into the life of Otway were published as early as 1924, in the form of a serial article in *Notes and Queries* of the 13th, 20th, and 27th of December.

For help received in connexion with this work, my principal tribute of gratitude should be paid to the memory of Sir Rash Bihary Ghose, of Bengal. But for the Fellowship endowed by him in the University of Calcutta, the work would never have been completed. At Oxford I have received help of various kinds from Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, Mr. Percy Simpson, Mr. Strickland Gibson, and, above all, from Mr. Charles Onions and Mr. W. Worrall of the Oxford English Dictionary. My thanks are also due to Mr. T. J. Wise for the loan of his copy of the First Quarto of *The Souldiers Fortune*, and to Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell for permission to examine the Otway Quartos in their possession. Mr. A. K. MacIlwraith has read portions of the text in proof, and Mr. A. E. Butt has offered several suggestions. My debt is greatest to Messrs. David Collin and Paul Goldberg, especially the latter, for untiring interest and encouragement.

Finally, I should thank the staff of the Clarendon Press for their courteous co-operation in many matters connected with the printing.

J. C. G.

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INTRODUCTION

A. LIFE

*Ancestry.*¹

'I AM a Wretch of honest Race', wrote Otway in an autobiographical passage in the *Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, and 'honest' is a very modest estimate of the old and distinguished family from which he was descended. The family can be traced back to the sixteenth century, and its original seat was in Yorkshire. It was also the parent stock from which were descended the Otways of Castle Otway in Tipperary, Ireland. Dugdale describes the coat of arms of the family as follows:

Arms: Argent, a chevron sable, over all a pile azure counterchanged.

Crest: Out of a ducal coronet or, two wings displayed sable.

So far as it has been traced, the pedigree commences with Thomas Otway of Middleton in Westmorland, who was the father of Thomas, the great-grandfather of the dramatist. Though Dugdale does not give the original Thomas any other issue, it is probable that he had another son, Roger, who matriculated pensioner from St. John's at Cambridge in 1551, proceeded B.A. in 1555-6, and became a fellow in 1556. Thomas, the great-grandfather of the dramatist, had three sons, Roger, Edward, the grandfather of the dramatist, and George.

Roger (1560-1648) married Anne, daughter of John Mayer of Sedbergh, and had by her eight children, of

¹ The account that follows has been drawn from the following sources: William Dugdale, *The Visitation of the County of Yorke*, Surtees Society, 1859.

Ditto, with additions by J. W. Clay, 1894-7.

J. E. B. Mayor, *Admissions to the College of St. John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge*, 1882-93

John Peile, *Biographical Register of Christ's College, Cambridge*, 1910-13

John and J. A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, Part I, 1922-7. In recent years work on this subject was first done by R. G. Ham, *N.Q.*, vol. 150, 30 January, 1926.

whom the most distinguished was Sir John Otway (1620-93), M.P., K.C., J.P., of Ingmire Hall, Yorks., and Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster. The second son of Sir John was Charles (1655-c. 1722), who at the age of sixteen was admitted pensioner at St. John's, Cambridge, on 22 May, 1671, and proceeded B.A. in 1674-5, M.A. in 1678, and LL.D. in 1688, and was a fellow of the college from 1677-1721. He is of special interest to us as most probably he was the cousin referred to by Richard Duke¹ in the verse-epistle that he addressed to the dramatist from Cambridge:

True to thy word, afford one visit more,
Else I shall grow, from him thou lov'dst before;
A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a cousin of your own;)

*An Epistle to Mr. Otway.*²

George (1578-c. 1640), the other brother of the dramatist's grandfather, was baptized at Kirkby Lonsdale in July, 1578, and educated at Cambridge, where he matriculated sizar from Christ's in 1596-7, and graduated B.A. in 1599-1600, and M.A. in 1603. He was the Vicar of Alderbury, Wilts., and the father of the noted Dr. Thomas Otway (1616-93), Bishop of Ossory.

Edward (1563-1616), the grandfather of the dramatist, was baptized at Kirkby Lonsdale on 22 October, 1563, and educated at Cambridge, where he matriculated pensioner from Christ's in November, 1581, and took his B.A. in 1584-5, and M.A. in 1589. He was the Vicar of Braughing (or Braffin), Herts., from 1593-1616.

Humphrey Otway (1611-71).

Humphrey, the dramatist's father, was born at .

¹ Richard Duke (1658-1711), poet and divine, educated at Westminster and Trinity, Cambridge; B.A., 1678-9; M.A., 1682; fellow, 1683; prebendary of Gloucester, 1688-1711; also Rector of Witney, Oxon, 1710; a friend of Otway, to whose play, *The Atheist*, he contributed the epilogue. The two friends exchanged complimentary verse-epistles, *Epistle to R.D. from T.O.* by Otway, and *An Epistle to Mr. Otway* by Duke.

² Johnson's *English Poets*, 1779, vol. xi.

Braughing, Herts., where his father, Edward, was the vicar, and educated successively in three schools. He first went to one at Battle, Sussex, where his tutors were Mr. Slack and Mr. Marberry; then at Edinburgh under Professor King; and finally at Sedbergh, where many of the Otways were educated. At Sedbergh he was for two years, and his tutor was Mr. Nelson. At the age of sixteen he was admitted sizar at Christ's, Cambridge, on 25 May, 1627, and proceeded B.A. in 1630-1, and M.A. in 1634. Besides being a member of Christ's, he was also admitted a pensioner of St. John's on 3 October, 1638. The documents relating to this admission exist among the records of that college, and are interesting as they speak well of his character:

Humfry Otway, M.A. Chr. Coll; admitted pensioner, surety Mr. Wombwell,¹ 3 Oct.

'I am very well content that the bearer hereof Mr. Otway bee admitted of any other colledge besides Christs colledge. Octob. 3, 1638. Tho. Bainbrigg.²

For his carriage whilst he resided in the colledge, I knew no exception against him, nor since his going away did I heare but that it was fair and approued, so as he was well liked and loued where soeuer he liued.

Tho. Bainbrigg.'

About the same time as he took his M.A. degree, Humphrey was ordained deacon at Norwich in December, 1633, and priest in March, 1634. But about his clerical career it is only possible to give a very general account, because of the insufficient and contradictory nature of the records. It is pretty certain, however, that Humphrey's first appointment was as rector of All Hallows at Woolbeding, Sussex, in 1638, a living that included the curacy of Trotton, a parish about three miles away, and that, on being disestablished,

¹ Thomas Wombwell, a fellow of St John's at that time (*Alumni Cantab.*).

² Thomas Bainbrigg or Bainbridge, the master of Christ's at that time (*ibid.*).

he left it for some time during the Commonwealth. This was most probably in 1654, but against this remains the fact that one Edmund Gray (later rector of Stedham, the next parish, from 1652–63) appears as the rector of Woolbeding in a protestation of the inhabitants of that place dated 1641.¹ Leaving Sussex, Humphrey seems to have gone north, and there are traces of him at Everingham and Winestead in Yorkshire. He appears as the rector of the former place in a petition² of sequestered clergymen presented on 23 June, 1660, for the recovery of tithes and other profits. At Winestead his signature 'Hemfrey Otway' appears on the fly-leaf of the parish-register, and though there is no record of his induction, his handwriting appears to be continuous in the register from May, 1658, to October, 1663. A new rector was inducted at Winestead in May, 1664, before which, therefore, we should date Humphrey's return to Woolbeding. Here he seems to have remained till his death, though there is trace of one of the same name at Llanrwst, North Wales, after the Restoration. If it refers to the same person, it would show that Humphrey was a pluralist. He was buried in Woolbeding church on 9 February, 1671.³

Elizabeth and Susanna Otway.

Humphrey's widow, Elizabeth, long survived her husband. The church-register at Woolbeding records her burial in the year 1703: 'Mrs Eliz Otway widow of Mr Humphry Otway formerly Rect^r of this parish was buried Novemb^r ye 13th.' She bequeathed to the Woolbeding

¹ This has been supplied to me by Rev. D. R. Pelly, the present rector of Woolbeding.

² Royal Commission on Hist. MSS., 7th Report, 107 b. The parish-register of Everingham does not begin till 1658 and shows no trace of Humphrey.

³ And not in 1670, which is the long-established error (see, for instance, the *D.N.B.*, and the *Alumni Cantab.*, not to mention Mr. Montague Summers). The parish-register, which I have seen, thus records the burial of Humphrey: 'Mr Humphrey Ottway Rec^t of Woolbeding was buried Feb. 9th.' This is the last entry under 1670 in accordance with the old style of counting the year. According to the present style, therefore, the date should be 9 February, 1671.

church a silver tankard, which is still preserved there, and which bears the following inscription:

Ex. Dono Eliz: Otway Relict:
Humph: Otway Eccl: De Woolbreeding (*sic*) Rect
Nov^{br}: 13: 1703

She also left a will which is preserved in the Probate Registry, Chichester (vol. xxx, p. 644). It was made on the 20th of August, 1700, and proved on the 7th of December, 1703. The executor appointed was a 'kinsman John Emes of the parish of Empshott in the County of Southton' (Hants). It seems as if Emes might have been Elizabeth's maiden name, for there are four other relatives of the same name who are among the beneficiaries. The silver flagon that she gave to Woolbeding church is mentioned there, and she desires to be buried near her husband in the chancel of that church. But the most important part of the will is the gift to a daughter called Susanna.¹

It: I give unto my daughter Susanna Otway the sum of One hundred pounds.

The will raises an important point. At the commencement of the autobiographical part of *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse* Otway says:

I am a Wretch of honest Race:
My Parents not obscure, nor high in Titles were;
They left me Heir to no Disgrace.
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyall and brave, my Mother chast and fair.
Their pledge of Marriage-vows was onely I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy:

Here we have direct statement that by 1680, the date of

¹ Mr. Montague Summers writes (vol. i, xv).

Gildon in 1699 (*Dramatic Poets*, p. 107) speaks of a nephew of Otway, who then held a Captain's commission in the army. This was no doubt the son of Susanna Otway.

But from the will Susanna appears to have been a maiden in 1700. The remote possibility of her having married an Otway is minimized by the fact that the married ladies in the will are designated 'mistress' or described as 'widow' or 'wife', and are thus discriminated from the unmarried ones who appear without any designation.

first publication of the poem, both Otway's parents were dead, and that he was their only issue. Whereas Elizabeth lived up to 1703, and Susanna could not have been born later than 1671, in February of which year Humphrey died. The autobiographical utterances in the poem are trustworthy, as they generally fit in with the ascertained facts of Otway's life. Moreover, it is inconceivable why the poet should deliberately tell a useless lie about his mother and sister. Even if it be that for some reason—none is known or imaginable—he had broken with them, he would have more naturally not said anything about them at all, and not gone out of his way to say that the mother was dead and the sister never born. I am, therefore, led to think that Otway was Humphrey's son by a former wife, after whose death his father married Elizabeth, the mother of Susanna. This seems to be the only solution of the difficulty.

Thomas Otway: born 3 March, 1652.

Our author was born on the 3rd of March, 1652, at Milland, a hamlet in the parish of Trotton, Sussex. This information is according to an original record preserved in the archives of Winchester College,¹ and it agrees with that supplied by Anthony à Wood,² hitherto the sole

¹ Indenture for election of scholars dated 10 August, 1665, where he is described as 'Thomas Otway de Milland in com. Sussex, annos natus 13 tertio die Martii ult. preterit.' According to the well-established practice of the college in such entries, Milland should be the birthplace. I have accepted this record as it is not only earlier in date than Wood, but also more reliable, as derived, in all probability at first hand, from Otway's father or some near relative. For this and other new information about Otway's connexion with Winchester College, I am indebted to Mr Herbert Chitty, the present keeper of its archives. See his article in *The Wykehamist*, No. 707, 20 November, 1928.

² *Athenae Oxonienses*, 1691-2, vol. ii, p. 591: 'Thomas Otway son of *Humph. Otway* Rector of *Wolbeding* in *Sussex*, was born at *Trotton* in that County, on the 3. of *March* 1651.' The old style of reckoning the year to which Wood adheres here was responsible for the serious mistake that Otway was born in 1651, which is found throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, even so late as in Sir Edmund Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies*, 1897. But it was not difficult to see that the year

authority on the subject, with the slight difference that he gives Trotton proper as the birthplace. The year is further confirmed by two records of his admission and matriculation at Oxford in 1669, where his age is given as seventeen (see p. 8).

Winchester, 1665-8.

The first positive trace that we have of him is in Winchester College, where another member of the family, Dr. Thomas Otway, Bishop of Ossory, was educated before. Though Otway was not actually admitted to Winchester till 1668, we find him waiting for admission since 1665. According to the Election Indenture of the college of the latter year, we find him at the bottom of a list of forty-one students on the Roll *ad Winton* of candidates eligible to scholarships in order of preference. But he did not get in, as there were only twenty vacancies, which went to the first twenty boys on the Roll. His name does not appear on the Roll for the next year, which shows that he was wholly unsuccessful if he was a candidate. In 1667 he appears for the second time on the Roll, but with no better luck. He was ultimately admitted in 1668, but as a commoner. His name appears on the Long Roll¹ of that year as one of the five commoners living in college, and though he again appears on the Roll *ad Winton*² of that year, he was again unsuccessful in getting a scholarship for want of a vacancy. According to the rules of the college he was no longer admissible as a scholar the next year, 1679, when he became seventeen in March. That was most probably the reason why he left Winchester for Oxford the following May.

At Winchester he first met Anthony Cary (1656-94), fifth Viscount Falkland, who also appears on the Long

should be 1652 according to the new style, especially as Wood had also given thirty-three as Otway's age at death in 1685. Sir Sidney Lee first gave the correct date in the *D.N.B.*

¹ *Winchester Long Rolls, 1653-1721*, ed. C. W. Holgate, 1899, p. 7.

² *Ibid.*, p. 8.

Roll of 1668 as a commoner living out of college.¹ The acquaintance here begun was kept up. Falkland, who had some pretensions to wit, contributed the prologue to *The Souldiers Fortune*, and Otway dedicated to him *Caius Marius*, where he alludes to their having been at Winchester together.²

For heretofore having had the honour to be near You, and bred under the same Discipline with You, I can not but own, that in a great measure I owe the small share of Letters I have to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be asham'd of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learnt to value them, by the wonderfull Progress which even in Your tender years You made in them;

About 1739-40 a marble bearing Otway's name and the date 1670 was put up on the south wall of the Sixth Chamber in college by W. C. and J. W., who have been identified as William Collins, the poet, and Joseph Warton, the critic, who were prefects at that time. Otway is the only commoner who has been thus honoured by the college. It will be noticed that the date that Collins and Warton assigned to Otway's residence is not correct.

Oxford, 1669-71.

At Oxford Otway was admitted as a commoner of Christ Church on 12 May, 1669,³ and his caution-money was paid on the 23rd of the same month.⁴ He matricu-

¹ *Winchester Long Rolls*, 1653-1721, ed. C. W. Holgate, 1899, p. 7.

² Ignorant or oblivious of the fact that Otway and Falkland were both at Winchester in 1668, Mr. Montague Summers takes this passage to mean that they were at Christ Church at the same time (vol. I. xviii), and by so doing hopelessly confuses the date of Otway's leaving Oxford. But Falkland matriculated on 21 May, 1672 (Foster, *Alumni Oxon.*), at least eight months after Otway had left.

³ The Dean of Christ Church's Book of Admissions, No. 9, 1636-70 (MS), enters on 12 May, 1669 'Tho: Otway f. Hump. de Walbeding Suss. Cler 17'.

⁴ Christ Church Book of Cautions, 1657-75 (MS), enters as follows:

Tho. Otway	Common, his
	Caution rec ^d
	from Mr Levett
	May 23: 68

lated ¹ at the university three days later, on the 27th, and his signature ² on the same day in the Subscription Book still exists. I have not found any record in the university archives of his having been admitted to a degree, which is in agreement with the fact that he did not keep more than six terms. The date of his leaving Oxford, about which there has been no end of misconception, I have been able to settle from an entry,³ bearing his signature, in the Christ Church Book of Cautions, 1657-75, to the effect that his caution-money was paid back on 28 September, 1671.

But these bare dates of joining and leaving the university are almost all that we possess about his career at Oxford. What else we have is his own words in *The Poet's Complaint* that he was a promising student praised by teachers and loved by friends, and that he distinguished himself in disputations in college.

The Sages that instructed me in Arts
 And Knowledge oft would praise my Parts,
 And cheer my Parents longing hearts. }
 When I was call'd to a Dispute,
 My fellow-Pupills oft stood mute:
 Yet never Envy did disjoin
 Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.

There is a vague tradition that he was intended for the Church,⁴ which probably arose from his having been a clergyman's son. Whatever the intended profession might have been, the death of his father ⁵ put an untimely end to

¹ Oxford University Matriculation Register, A-G, 1662-93 (MS), enters on 27 May, 1669: 'Tho. Otway an. n. 17 f Humphr de Wolbeding, Suss'

² See Frontispiece.

³ See Frontispiece.

⁴ Thus Charles Gildon in *Lives and Characters of English Dramatick Poets*, 1698, p. 107, says that after Oxford, Otway 'remov'd to London, not going on with the Design of being of the Clergy'. The implication that the design, if there was any, was deliberately relinquished by him is, of course, wrong.

⁵ It is a strange supposition of Mr Montague Summers that Otway was maintained at Oxford not by his father, but by some unknown person—'some friend, perhaps a member of the family, likelier some local worthy' (vol. I. xxiii). As he does not produce any evidence to

his academic career, and he had to leave Oxford within a few months, before he was of standing enough to try for a degree.¹ In the lines immediately following the passage quoted above, after describing his happy early years, he alludes to the death of his father and the hardship and despondency that followed it:

Thus my first years in Happiness I past,
 Nor any bitter cup did tast:
 But, oh! a deadly Potion came at last. }
 As I lay loosely on my bed,
 A thousand pleasant Thoughts triumphing in my Head,
 And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed,
 A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
 Was with my self, I saw not who was nigh)
 Pierc'd through my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander*'s dead.²
 It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frighted Senses fled.
 From thence sad Discontent, uneasy Fears,
 And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
 Grew with succeeding Years.
 The World was wide, but whither should I go?
 I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
 Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?

the contrary, why should he not allow the father, a highly educated and respectable clergyman holding a living like Woolbeding, to maintain his only son at the university, but must drag in unknown agents when the known one suits best? The simple fact that after the death of the father in February, the son had to remove his name from the books of his college at the end of the Long Vacation (he might have left even earlier), is enough confirmation of what one should naturally expect, that the father was maintaining the son

¹ This should summarily dispose of verbiage such as the following
 To tell the tale of Otway's University life might be to paint the career of too many an undergraduate as well, I have no doubt, before his day as since. Whilst he was a wide and cultured reader, a nice observer of men and manners, he was not a profound student in the academic sense of the term (Montague Summers, I. xvii)

The story that Otway ran away from Oxford with players in 1674 ('On the Poets and Actors of King Charles II's Reign', *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1745) should also be discredited.

² I have not been able to trace this strange reference to *Senander*. Perhaps it is a nonce-word of Otway's own coinage, signifying an old man, from Latin 'Senex' and the Greek termination '-ander'; not an ideal combination from the philologist's point of view, but that would not have troubled Otway.

London, 1671-5.

From Oxford we follow him to London, under his own guidance. He continues how in his adversity he came to seek his fortune in the great metropolis, and in youthful ignorance strayed into evil company:

To *Britain's* great Metropolis I stray'd,
 Where Fortune's generall Game is play'd;
 Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,
 But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
 My forward Spirit prompted me to find
 A Converse equall to my Mind: .
 But by raw Judgement easily miss-led,
 (As giddy callow Boys
 Are very fond of Toys)
 I mist the brave and wise, and in their stead
 On every sort of Vanity I fed.

He regrets he misspent at least two years in such bad company before he took to writing for the stage:

Bullies of o'te-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
 Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spendthrifts, (such as think
 Mischievous midnight Frolicks bred by Drink
 Are Gallantry and Wit,
 •Because to their lewd Understandings fit)
 Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
 To all their fulsome Follies most incorrigibly bent:
 Till at the last, my self more to abuse,
 I grew in love with a deceitfull Muse.

And the first offspring of his 'deceitfull Muse' was *Alcibiades*, published in 1675.

As an Actor.

In London, oppressed by want and in search of a livelihood, Otway adopted the profession of actor for some time before finding his proper *métier* as dramatist. He seems to have introduced himself to Mrs. Aphra Behn, who gave him a probation part in her first play, *The Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom*, acted at the Duke of York's Theatre. But the attempt was a failure, as is well known

from the anecdote of John Downes, the prompter, in *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 34.

Note, *In this Play, Mr. Otway the Poet having an Inclination to turn Actor; Mrs. Behn gave him the King in the Play, for a Probation Part, but he being not us'd to the Stage, the full House put him to such a Sweat and Tremendous Agony, being dash't, spoil'd him for an Actor.*¹

From this note of Downes it has been generally supposed in later times that Otway's first appearance on the stage was also his last. But the evidence of the earliest and contemporary authorities is to the contrary. Anthony à Wood² says that after Oxford, Otway 'retired to the great City, where he not only applied his muse to Poetry but sometimes acted in plays', and Charles Gildon³ that 'at first he met with but little Encouragement here [i.e. in London] but what a small Allowance and Sallery from the Play-house afforded (for he was first a Player)'. Also, Rochester's gibe in *A Session of the Poets* (see p. 15) that Otway was 'the Scum of a Play-house' would not have had much force if he had appeared on the stage only once. The same inference is to be drawn from the concluding couplet of a passage referring to Otway in a poem entitled *A Satyr upon the Poets*⁴ by a contemporary writer. And it is only

¹ There is some confusion about the date of this event. Downes puts it down to 1672, though the anecdote appears as a note to his mention of the first performance of *The Forc'd Marriage*. Allardyce Nicoll (*Restoration Drama*) dates this first performance December, 1670, which seems likely enough from the facts that the play 'as it is Acted at his Highnesse the Duke of York's Theatre' was first published in 1671, and entered in the Term Catalogues on 13 February, 1671 (Arber, 1. 66). In the first Quarto the name of Westwood appears for the part of the King, which, of course, might have been due to his having been cast for it after Otway's failure. But at the same time it does not seem at all likely that Otway could have wanted to turn actor before his father's death in February, 1671. Whenever it was, it must have been in the period of adversity following his father's death. I am, therefore, led to suppose that it happened on the occasion of a revival of the play, and that Downes either forgot or did not think it worth while to record that. It would be quite like him to do either.

² *Athenae Oxonienses*, 1691-2.

³ *Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets*, 1698.

⁴ Quoted on p. 29.

natural that the needy young man should attempt again after his first failure, and continue to play small parts till he found a better profession. Also, the picture that we have had of his life in this period is in perfect keeping with the conditions prevailing in the theatrical world of London of that age.

Mrs. Barry.

With the performance of his first play, *Alcibiades*, at the Duke's Theatre in 1675, is connected the pathetic story of Otway's unrealized passion for Mrs. Elizabeth Barry (1658-1713), who played the part of Draxilla in it. She was then only seventeen, and yet undistinguished, though destined to achieve renown as the greatest tragic actress of the age later. Otway's love for her was doomed to disappointment from its birth, as she was the mistress of John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester. With Otway it was a lifelong passion, but she seems to have remained unmoved. The romantic aspect of the story is enhanced when we consider that though they could be nothing to each other in life, yet in the realm of art they will always live together as the parents of Belvidera and Monimia, the best female characters that they created.

The story of Otway's love was first told in 1697, in a volume entitled *Familiar Letters Written by the . . . Earl of Rochester, And several other Persons of Honour and Quality*. Six love-letters of Otway appeared in it, and though they had no superscription, Mrs. Barry was subsequently mentioned as the recipient by their original publishers in 1713.¹ The letters continued to appear in the collected editions of Otway's works from 1712 onwards, but no further mention was made of the addressee till they

¹ In the following advertisement at the end of vol 1 of Nathaniel Lee's works, 1713 (repeated in 1734 edition of the same) 'Familiar Letters, writ by John late Earl of Rochester, to the Honourable Henry Savile, Esqr, and other Persons of Honour and Quality: With Love-Letters by the Ingenious Mr Thomas Otway, to that excellent Actress Mrs. Barry' This was pointed out by R G Ham, *N. Q.*, vol. 149, 5 September, 1925.

were again ascribed to Mrs Barry by Oldys in one of his manuscript notes ¹ to Langbaine's *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*. Baker, who had access to Oldys's notes, gave the tradition wide publicity in the *Biographia Dramatica*, 1812. The letters throb with emotion and passion, and tell the tale of his seven years of infatuation for a woman who had become another's, and the struggle in his soul torn between love and hatred. The tone varies between gentle persuasion and bitter resentment, absolute surrender and haughty disdain. They give us the image of a man who is for ever under the spell, and we hear in them echoes of the sentiments of Carlos, Castalio, and Jaffeir. The probable date of their writing would be 1682, under the assumption that the love-episode began in 1675.

Early Authorship, 1675-8: Rochester.

Alcibiades (1675) was a poor piece and met with dubious success, but the next year Otway scored a splendid triumph with his second play, *Don Carlos* (1676), which was hailed as the best heroic tragedy of the time. It is dedicated to James, Duke of York, and in the preface Otway boasts of the patronage of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who had established it in the good opinion of the Duke and the King. This is the beginning of the influence of that mischievous Earl, whose treatment of the needy authors of the day who sought his patronage was like the cat's play with the mouse. Like Dryden, Settle, and Crowne before him, Otway now basks in the fickle sunshine of Rochester's favours for a while, and early the next year dedicates *Titus and Berenice* with *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677) to him in terms of adulation. But the year was not out before Rochester satirized him ruthlessly in *A Session of the Poets* which circulated anonymously about

¹ The note is as follows 'In the Familiar Letters of Lord Rochester, 1697, there are six of Otway, from p. 77 to 92, written, as I am informed, to Mrs Barry, the actress, in a very passionate and pathetic vein . . .'

October of 1677 (see p. 18). Otway's only consolation must have been that he was in good company, for in this satire Rochester spared none of the important dramatists of the day, including all his former protégés, Dryden, Settle, and Crowne. In Otway's case additional offence might have been caused by his daring to offer love to Mrs. Barry, though we do not know that Rochester was aware of it.

Tom O¹—— came next, Tom S——² dear Zany,
And swears for *Heroicks* he writes best of any;
Don C³—— his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his *Mange* was quite cur'd, and his *Lice* were all kill'd.
But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The Scum of a *Play-house* for the Prop of an *Age*.

*A Session of the Poets.*⁴

The passage refers, as can be easily seen, to Otway's failure as an actor, to his poverty,⁵ from which a brief relief had been afforded by the success of *Don Carlos*, and his boast in the preface to it that it was the best heroic play of the time. The reference to this play has a special sting, as Rochester was in a large measure connected with its success. Rochester satirized Otway on another occasion, in *An Allusion to Horace. The Tenth Satyr on the First Book*.⁶

Tho' even that Talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the Rabble and the Court;
Which blund'ring S⁷—— never cou'd attain,
'And puzzling O⁸—— labours at in vain.

¹ Otway

² Shadwell.

³ *Carlos*.

⁴ *Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honourable, the E—— of R——, Antwerpen [really London], n d. [ascertained 1680], p 104*

⁵ Anthony à Wood (*Athenae Oxon*) introduces a confusion by supposing that Rochester's gibe about the 'mange' and the 'lice' refers to the abject condition in which Otway returned from Flanders in 1679. But the supposition is untenable, as the success of *Don Carlos* in 1676 could not have relieved any distress of 1679. Rochester here is clearly referring to Otway's poverty in this period, the poverty which had made him try the profession of an actor before, and from which a temporary relief was afforded by the success of the play.

⁶ *Poems on Several Occasions by the E—— of R——, p 40*

⁷ Settle.

⁸ Otway.

Otway did not remain silent, and attacked his former patron in the *Poet's Complaint*.

Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song,
 Who sought her love, and promis'd for't
 To make her famous at the Court.¹

Dryden.

The preface to *Don Carlos* shows that a coolness existed between Otway and Dryden about the time of the first production of that play in June, 1676. Some writers² have attributed it to Otway's friendship with Shadwell (see p. 34), but the enmity of Dryden and Shadwell had not yet begun. Even in 1679 we find Dryden contributing the prologue to Shadwell's *A True Widow*. The estrangement might have been brought about by the mischievous design of Rochester, whose patronage of Otway, the new protégé, might have been deliberately calculated to disparage Dryden, the old. But we have no definite evidence for this supposition. The only version of the episode that we have is what Otway has given us, and, according to this, the estrangement was due to Dryden's jealousy at the splendid welcome accorded to *Don Carlos*. It must be said, however, that this does not agree with Dryden's characteristic generosity towards his younger contemporaries, as evidenced in his relations with Lee and Congreve.

A certain Writer that shall be nameless (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *Igad he knew not a line in it he would be Authour of*; but he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my Friend Sir Formal has it; and to be even with him I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Authour of;

Preface to *Don Carlos*.

¹ Though often banished out of the Court, Rochester was yet very influential there. Settle's *Empress of Morocco* (1673) and Crowne's *Destruction of Jerusalem* (1677) were performed at Whitehall through his instrumentality.

² Giles Jacob, *The Poetical Register*, 1719, p. 194; also Theophilus Cibber, *Lives of the Poets*, 1753, II. 332.

Otway had chosen his arrows well, for 'Igad' was reminiscent of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, and Dryden's chief failing lay in comedy, apart from the fact that his latest comedy, *The Assignation* (1673), had been a bad failure. But the quarrel was made up later. The chief bond of union between them was their strong Toryism, and we find them fighting from a common camp in support of James, Duke of York, in the literary warfare consequent upon the introduction of the Exclusion Bill. They united their efforts in 1682, when, to Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*, Dryden contributed a special prologue on 21 April on the occasion of James's coming to the theatre, and another on 31 May to celebrate the visit of the Duchess. Dryden's appreciation of the chief excellence of Otway after the latter's death is well known.

To express the Passions which are seated in the Heart by outward Signs, is one great Precept of the *Painters*, and very difficult to perform. In *Poetry*, the same Passions and Motions of the Mind are to be express'd, and in this consists the principal Difficulty, as well as the Excellency of *that Art* . . . we call it the Gift of our *Apollo*: not to be obtained by Pains or Study, if we are not born to it. For the Motions which are studied are never so natural, as those which break out in the height of a real Passion. Mr. *Otway* possess'd this part as thoroughly as any of the *Ancients* or *Moderns*. I will not defend everything in his *Venice preserv'd*; but I must bear this testimony to his Memory, That the Passions are truly touch'd in it, though perhaps there is somewhat to be desir'd both in the Grounds of them, and in the Height and Elegance of Expression; but *Nature* is there, which is the greatest Beauty.

Preface to translation of Du Fresnoy's
De Arte Graphica, 1695, p. xlv.

Some writers¹ have given currency to a story, which might have arisen from the above criticism, that Dryden would sometimes say that Otway was a barren, illiterate man, but possessed a quality which he lacked; and when once asked

¹ e.g. Theophilus Cibber, *Lives of the Poets*, 1753, II. 332.

what it was, had said that it was moving the passions. There is also extant a joke which Otway is said to have played off on Dryden when their relations were strained. It does not rest on good authority,¹ but will bear repetition as it is only a joke, and the laughable retort comes from Dryden. It is said that they lived in houses facing each other, and Otway wrote sarcastically on Dryden's door one night:

Here Dryden lives—a poet and a wit,

to which Dryden replied the next night by writing on Otway's door:

Here Otway lives—exactly opposite.

Settle.

Since we are on the topic of the quarrel of the wits, we shall relate here how Otway had challenged Settle to a duel. The mischief was caused by Rochester's lampoon, *A Session of the Poets*, in which Otway had been severely handled. It appears that the poem had first circulated anonymously in the latter half of 1677 (probably October),² and Otway had mistaken Settle as the author. The story is similar to that of another contemporary lampoon, Mulgrave's *Essay on Satyr*, with the difference that while Rochester's mistake in the latter case had caused Dryden a severe cudgelling, Settle seems to have escaped with a snub.

¹ Ludwig Gantter, *Select Dramatic Works of Otway*, 1854, p. 7.

² The date can be fixed in the following way. The passage quoted from *The Character of the True Blue Protestant Poet* (see p. 19) brings us near to 1678. The references to the various plays in the lampoon itself point to 1677. Also, it is most likely that the following letter of Henry Savile to Rochester, dated 1 November, 1677, refers to this lampoon, though it must be said that the latter's *Allusion to Horace* also answers to the description.

Now I am upon Poetry, I must tell you the whole tribe are alarumed att a libell against them lately sent by post to Will's coffe house. I am not happy enough to have seen it but I heare it commended and therefore the more probably thought to be composed at Woodstock, especially considering what an assembly either is yett or att least has been there, to whom my most humble service, if they are yett with you. (Hist. MSS. Comm., Marquis of Bath, ii. 158.)

It is probable that Otway had *A Session of the Poets* in mind when he wrote in the epilogue to *Friendship in Fashion* (performed April, 1678) :

*Libels like spurious Brats run up and down,
Which their dull Parents were asham'd to own;
But vented 'em in others names, like Whores
That lay their Bastards down at honest Doors.*

And in 1680 we find him venting his wrath against Settle in the *Poet's Complaint* :

Next him appear'd that blundring Sot
Who a late *Session of the Poets* wrote. .
Nature has markt him for a heavy Fool;
By's flat broad Face you'll know the Owl.
The other Birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
And onely in the dark he strays;
Still Wretch enough to live, with worse Fools spends his days, }
And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.

But the particulars of the affair first came out in 1682-3, when the Whig and Tory controversy was still raging high in verse and prose in many a play, pamphlet, and pasquinade. Settle as a turncoat, a Whig, and an organizer and writer for his party, was always obnoxious to the Tories, whether before or after his recantation. They, therefore, gave out the story in two pamphlets that, not having dared to accept Otway's challenge, he had confessed to him in writing and on his mother's honour that he was the author of the lampoon.

It happened about four years ago, there came out a Copy of Verses, of the same *Libellous nature* of *Azaria, and Hushai*, (which by the greatest part of the Town has been accounted his;) but since the *Illegitimate Brat* had not strength to Support it self, and he found its deformity, and weakness, gave no credit to the *Vigorous Abilities* of the Father; He (tis said) has laid it at an Impotent, Lame Mans door, who because he never had any of his own, he gladly *Adopted the Bastard*; But our *Malicious Buzzard* did not in those days Soar so high, he only did abuse the *Poets* then, into whose

number he would fain have crept, which because they always scorn'd, and lookt with Contempt upon him, He endeavours thus to revenge himself; but it fell out most unluckily, for a discovery was soon made of our *Author*.

And Mr. O. a Man of the Sword, as well as the Pen, finding himself most coursly dealt withal, immediately call'd him to an account, and required the satisfaction of a Gentleman from him: This I must confess was something unreasonable, and did by no means agre with our *Scriblers Constitution*, who had much rather *Rail* than *Fight*; and being at this news as much surprized, and in little better pickle, than *Alderman Atkins* would have been upon the like occasion, beg'd he would spare his Life, and he would give him any other satisfaction he could desire; and presently taking *Pen*, *Ink* and *Paper* out of his Pocket, he writ these following words, (*viz*) *I confess I Writ the Sessions of the Poets, and am very sorry for't, and am the Son of a Whore for doing it; Witness my hand E. S.* This he delivered to Mr. O. which it seems saved his Throat for that time; but I am afraid for a worse hand.

A Character of the True Blue Protestant Poet: or, the Pretended Author of the character of a Popish Successor, 1682, p. 2.

He [i.e. Settle] has twice given it under his hand that his Mother was a *Whore*. Once to Mr. O. as not finding himself any way prepar'd to die, & as unwilling to forsake the Devil & his beloved works. [The second time was when he was given a 'cane-correction' for having tried to ruin a gentlewoman's honour.]

Remarks upon E. Settle's Narrative, 1683, p. 7.

In his reply Settle denies the alleged authorship, and rightly points out that the lampoon has since been included among the works of Rochester,¹ its real author. Far from having made a confession of the authorship, he had, on the other hand, abjured it.

The first of these Villanous Forgeries is taken out of a

¹ Settle is alluding to the first collection of Rochester's poems which came out surreptitiously shortly after his death: *Poems on several occasions by the Right Honourable the E— of R—, Antwerpen [really London], n.d. [but ascertained 1680].*

certain inveterate Filthy Libel against me, called the *Character of a true Blue Protestant Poet*, where amongst the Impudent Lyes and Detraction that fills that Paper, I was accused of being the Author of a Scandalous Copy of Verses call'd the *Sessions of the Poets*, an ill-natured scurrilous Lampoon, written some years since, and now laid as believed at the Father's Door, being Printed amongst the Lord Rs— Poems. Amongst the other Extravagancies in that Base and Malicious Libel against me, It was said that I gave it under my Hand to Mr. O—— a Gentleman highly wronged and affronted in that Paper of Verses, that *I was the Author of that Sessions of Poets, and that for which I was the Son of a Whore*.

Which is so damnable a Falshood, and so publickly known to be so too, that on the quite contrary I disown'd and abjured the writing so much as one Syllable of it: and to vindicate myself from the scandal of such a Lampoon, at that time so unjustly and so universally laid at my Door, and so much to my disreputation, if to clear myself by no less a Protestation then that *I was the Son of a Whore if I wrote one word of it*, when indeed I *did not* write one word of it, be calling a Mothers Honesty into Question, let the World Judge.

A Supplement to the Narrative. In Reply to the Dulness and Malice of two pretended Answers to that Pamphlet, 1683.

The affair made some stir at that time, and is alluded to in the anonymous contemporary lampoon, *The Tory-Poets: A Satyr*, 1682, p. 5:

The Lawrel makes a Wit; a Brave, the Sword;
And all are wise men at a Councel board;
S——le's ¹ a Coward, 'cause fool Ot——y ² fought him,
And Mul——ve ³ is a Wit because I taught him.
So Hectors Bay 'til one would think 'twas fit
That none but Fools should write or judge of Wit;

Dryden, too, must have had it in mind when in 1682 he wrote of Settle in *Absalom and Achitophel*, ii. 429:

For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother.

But the curious aspect of the affair is how Settle could ever

¹ Settle.

² Otway.

³ Mulgrave.

have been suspected of the authorship of the lampoon, since he himself was satirized in it. In the earliest printed version that we have of it, viz. in the first collection of Rochester's poems in 1680, he is no more kindly treated than Otway:

*Poet S*¹—his Tryal was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim*, with the Preface torn out;
And humbly desir'd he might give no offence.
God damme, cry *S*²—, he cannot write Sense,
And Ballocks, cry'd *Newport*, I hate that dull *Rogue*.
Apollo, consid'ring he was not in vogue,
Wou'd not trust his dear *Bays* with so modest a *Fool*,
And bid the great *Boy* shou'd be sent back to *School*.

And by a strange irony this passage immediately precedes that in which Otway is satirized. Moreover, as Settle refers to the lampoon as having been included in this precise collection of Rochester's poems, it becomes difficult to understand why he does not say what would have been his best defence. The matter is further complicated by Settle's statement that Otway's mistake was universally shared at the time of the original anonymous appearance of the lampoon. This would suggest that Settle did not figure in it then, and that neither he, nor Otway, nor any of the other controversialists knew that he had been added in the 1680 version. But it is inconceivable why Rochester, whose object was to satirize all the dramatists of any consequence of that period, should have excluded Settle from the original version. The matter is insoluble, unless it be that neither Otway nor Settle nor any of the other controversialists had actually read the lampoon, and all this fuss was about nothing.

In Flanders on Military Service, 1678.

Neither literary success nor the patronage of Rochester seems to have improved Otway's pecuniary condition, and early in 1678 we find him going abroad on military service

¹ Settle.

² Shadwell.

in Flanders. Through the influence, according to Anthony à Wood, of Charles Fitz-Charles, Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of Charles II by Catherine Pegge, he obtained a commission¹ as ensign in the Duke of Monmouth's new-raised regiment of foot on 10 February. But hostilities terminated in a few months with the Treaty of Nymwegen on 10 August, and though we find him obtaining another commission² on 1st November as lieutenant to Captain Baggott of the same regiment, he had to come back to England when the troops were recalled early in 1679, and financially no better off for the sojourn. Among the Treasury Warrants drawn on the disbandment there is one³ dated 5 June, 1679, granting to Otway £27. 17s. 6d. 'in full of all pay due to him'. This military episode of his life, and the abject neglect with which the disbanded troops were treated, he later referred to in *The Souldiers Fortune*.

Fortune made me a Souldier, Rogue in Red, the grievance of the Nation, Fortune made the peace just when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two Months pay: Fortune gave us Debentures instead of ready Money, and by very good Fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the ill natur'd dog that bought it will never get a shilling for't—

The shortness of his military career, for which nothing but the early conclusion of the peace was responsible, has, however, given rise to wild theories reflecting adversely on his character. Thus the first editor of his works in 1712 says that he quitted the commission as he did not find sufficient encouragement, and was not turned out for the profession of arms; Chetwood,⁴ that he sold his commission, and Theophilus Cibber,⁵ who is the source of several

¹ S.P. Domestic Entry Book 44, p. 109, Public Record Office.

² *Ibid.*, p. 113.

³ *Calendar of Treasury Books*, ed. Shaw, vi 332, 823.

⁴ *The British Theatre*, 1752, p. 99. The confusion was most probably due to Otway's references to the sale of the debentures with which he says the disbanded troops were paid instead of ready money.

⁵ *Lives of the Poets*, 1753, ii. 326.

false traditions and misconceptions about Otway, that he resigned it out of cowardice. It will be enough to say that these find no support from the earliest authorities, and are contradicted by his own words quoted above. They are not really worth the trouble of repudiating but for the cheerful acceptance they have found with some later writers. All of them, I think, have laboured under the misinterpretation of a passage in the epilogue to *Caius Marius*, the first play produced after his return:

*But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's Pawn for Fifty pound?
Or, now is he Cashier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd that Fatall Doom,
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor Disbanded Souldier home.* }

But an appeal to the audience for support was common form in those days, and the circumstantial details were no doubt added in this case for greater effectiveness. And the terms 'Cashier'd' and 'Fatall Doom' simply refer to the disbandment, the actual word used in the last line, and do not imply dismissal for cowardice or misbehaviour. Also, in the latter case, as Thornton¹ pointed out, he would have been the last person to allude to it.

Another Duel, 1679.

Otway was abroad at the time of the first performance of *Friendship in Fashion* in April,² 1678, and abroad, too, was written his next play, *Caius Marius*, produced in September, 1679.

*For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his head.
H' had banish'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.*

Epilogue.

The only other trace that we have of him in 1679 is in June,

¹ *Works of Otway*, 1813, I. xxv.

² The month according to Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, 1928.

as the hero of a duel in the Duke's Theatre, and with no less an opponent than the future Duke of Marlborough.

Churchill, for beating an orange wench in the Duke's playhouse, was challenged by Capt. Otway (the poet), and were both wounded, but Churchill most. The relation being told the King, by Sir John Holmes, as Churchill thought to his prejudice, he challenged Holmes, who fighting disarmed him Churchill.¹

Receives Cambridge M.A., 1680.

The next year saw the publication of *The Poet's Complaint* and *The Orphan*, and the first performance of *The Souldiers Fortune*. In this year also he was awarded the M.A. degree at Cambridge. As there are some doubtful points connected with this award, it will be necessary to go into it in some detail.²

On 27 September, 1680, a Grace was passed by the Cambridge University granting to 'Thomas Otway of Christ Church, Oxford, the same degree, rank, and standing "as he held" at Oxford'. His name occurs on the Grace itself, in the Subscription Book, and in other records. As he was incorporated from Oxford, there is, of course, no mention of any Cambridge society. The incorporation was as regular and normal as all others in that year (there were many) and at other times.

But the fact that he never graduated at Oxford makes it difficult to understand how he could have been so incorporated. It is not that the records at Oxford are defective, for we have seen that he left it before he could be of

¹ Seventh Report, Hist MSS Comm, p 473 a, letter of John Verney to Sir Ralph Verney dated 23 June, 1679. We do not know that Otway got anything higher than a lieutenancy, and 'Capt' seems to be a slight mistake. Holmes and Churchill were colleagues in the representation of Newton, Isle of Wight, in the short parliament of February-July, 1679

² What follows has been kindly supplied to me by Mr. J. A. Venn, the present editor of *Alumni Cantab*. On my communicating the difficulty about the incorporation, he was kind enough to make a fresh inspection of the original documents in the university archives and satisfy himself about the procedure.

standing to try for a degree. The only likely explanation is what one does not like to believe, that he irregularly claimed to be a graduate of Oxford while presenting himself at Cambridge. Many instances of such irregularity are known in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It remains here to dispose of a tradition that has obtained fairly wide currency. It is that after leaving Oxford Otway had joined St. John's College at Cambridge. It is easy to see how the tradition originated. The idea that he had been a student at Cambridge no doubt arose from the fact of his having been admitted to the M.A. degree of that university, and St. John's College crept in, I think, out of confusion with his father or, what is more likely, his father's cousin and his namesake, the Bishop of Ossory (see p. 2), both of whom belonged to that society. The tradition does not find place in the earliest authorities, and was first started, so far as my investigation goes, by Giles Jacob in *The Poetical Register*, 1719, p. 193.

I have heard at *Cambridge*, that he went afterwards [i.e. after Oxford] to *St. John's College* in that University, which seems very probable from a Copy of Verses of Mr. *Duke's* to him, between whom there was a fast Friendship to the Death of Mr. *Otway*.

But the pecuniary difficulty which made it impossible for Otway to continue at Oxford could not have made it possible for him to join Cambridge. Also, the records of St. John's College do not offer any trace of his ever having been a member of it. Finally, the incorporation from Oxford completely rules out the supposition.

Moreover, Richard Duke's verse-epistle to Otway, which Giles Jacob mentions as his part-authority, only disproves his supposition. At the beginning of the epistle Duke says:

Dear Tom, how melancholy I am grown	}
Since thou hast left this learned dirty town,	
To thee by this dull letter be it known.	

Otway's visit to Cambridge referred to here must have,

therefore, been paid when Duke was there. And Duke was not admitted to Trinity till 1675, by which year Otway had settled down in London as a dramatist, four years after leaving Oxford. On the other hand, it can be shown that, in all likelihood, this visit is no other than the one Otway paid in September, 1680, in order to receive the Cambridge M.A. In the first place, referring to his dull life at Cambridge, Duke says that all his comfort is

duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer,

and we know that after graduating in 1678-9 he stayed 'up' and took his M.A. in 1682. Then his words,

The sprightly Court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled;

in all probability refer to September, 1681, when the King and the Queen visited Cambridge, and Duke addressed complimentary verses to the latter in Trinity College New Court.¹ Duke then continues:

I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one stocking'tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breasts hang dangling by a string.

This is an evident reference to the medals worn by Shaftesbury's faction in London after his release by the Grand Jury on 24 November, 1681. All these show the date of writing of the epistle to be the end of 1681 or the beginning of 1682. And what is more natural than that a year or so after Otway's visit Duke should request his friend to come again as promised?

True to thy word, afford one visit more.

Otway was most probably introduced to Duke by his cousin Charles, who was a fellow of St. John's at this time and is alluded to in the epistle (see p. 2).

¹ Published in Dryden-Tonson *Miscellany Poems*, 1684.

Concluding Years, 1681-5. Poverty.

About this period, which saw the publication of *The Souldiers Fortune*, *Venice Preserv'd*,¹ and *The Atheist*, there is little that is pleasant to relate. Besides the bare records of these publications, what we have is only several references to the debts he contracted, which make up a sombre picture of extreme poverty. The cloud that had cast its first shadow after his father's death, and had always overhung his life with its dark menace, thickens its folds in this period till he is lost in total obscurity. The story is a sad one to tell, but is only too true. The wolf seems to have been ever at the door. In the epistle dedicatory to *Friendship in Fashion* (1678) he refers to his poverty by describing himself as one whose 'daily business must be daily Bread'. On 30 June, 1683, he borrowed £11 of Jacob Tonson, the publisher, for which the receipt with his signature is still extant:²

All accounts even'd between Mr. Thomas Otway and Jacob Tonson; the same Mr. Otway does hereby acknowledge himself indebted to Jacob Tonson in the sum of eleven pounds which he hereby engages to pay upon demand. Witness his hand: Thomas Otway.

Oldys³ quotes from *Les Soupirs de le Grande Bretagne*, 1713, p. 67, that Otway died in debt to one Captain Symonds for £400:

Otway was more beholden to Capt'n Symonds the Vintner, in whose debt he died four hundred pounds, than to all his patrons of quality.

Also, he is said to have borrowed money from Betterton, the actor:

¹ There is a tradition (see Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1785, in 268) that Otway got £15 from Jacob Tonson for the copyright of this play. But Hindmarsh was the publisher.

² Second Report of the Hist MSS. Commission, p. 71. Malone quotes this document in a manuscript note to Langbaine's *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*.

³ In a manuscript note to Langbaine.

He had of's many Wants much earlier dy'd,
 Had not kind Banker *Betterton* supply'd,
 And took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play,
 Till he could pay himself the next third Day.
 Were *Shakespeare's* self to live again, he'd ne'er
 Deg'nerate to a Poet from a Player.

*A Satyr upon the Poets.*¹

There are two less sympathetic references to his poverty:

Ottway can hardly Gutts from Gaol preserve,
 For tho' he's very fat, he's like to Starve.

*To Julian, A Consolatory Epistle.*²

Lift up your Heads ye Tories of the Age,
 Lett Otway tumble Shadwell from the Stage,
 Otway who long (leane Loyalty preserving)
 Has showne a wonder and grown fat wth starving

*A Supplement to the late Heroick Poem.*³

Manner of Death.

The manner of his death which, according to Anthony à Wood, occurred in London on 14 April, 1685, has become a matter of controversy. It may be regarded as a strange irony of fate that there should be several accounts of his death when the record of his life is so poor. The most widely-accepted of them which, as Dr. Johnson said, humanity shudders to mention, is the incredibly tragic story of Theophilus Cibber.⁴ According to him, Otway had, in extreme indigence, retired in a public house on Tower Hill to avoid the persecution of creditors; and one day

driven at last to the most grievous necessity, ventured out of his lurking place, almost naked and shivering, and went into a coffee-house on Tower-hill, where he saw a gentleman, of whom he had some knowledge, and of whom he solicited

¹ *Poems on Affairs of State*, II, 1703, p. 142; attributed to various authors.

² Harl MSS. 7317, pp. 68 sqq., also *Poems on Affairs of State*, II, 1703, p. 132, and other collections; attributed to various authors.

³ Harl. MSS 6913, pp. 227 sqq.

⁴ *Lives of the Poets*, 1753, ii. 334.

the loan of a shilling. The gentleman was quite shocked, to see the author of *Venice Preserved* begging bread, and compassionately put into his hand a guinea.

Mr. Otway having thanked his benefactor, retired, and changed the guinea to purchase a roll; as his stomach was full of wind by excess of fasting, the first mouthful choaked him, and instantaneously put a period to his days.

It is a remarkable feat of sensational journalism with all the alluring qualities of exaggerated grimness, specious cogency, and fundamental absurdity. It has caught the popular mind as a good 'shocker', and for the facility, as Thornton said, it offers for sentimentalizing on the proverbial neglect which votaries of poetry experience. It has thus reigned supreme as the authentic account for a long time, and people have shuddered, wept, sentimentalized, and moralized over it.¹

Besides the questionable authority of Cibber as a reliable historian, the narrow didactic standpoint from which he handles the life of Otway only makes him too prone to give this story as the fit conclusion of a life of riot and excess. Also, there is an ambiguity in his manner. He starts with the simple and authentic account originating from Wood, and then goes on to manufacture this horror, giving no authority except the usual all-convincing 'It is reported'. It should also be remembered that his story was first published about seventy-five years after Otway's death, and that there is not the faintest suggestion of it in the earlier accounts.

¹ The stings of want that famished Otway bore,
Oh! Think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!

* * * * *

Child of the Graces, nursling of the Loves,
In houseless beggary poor Otway roves
Lo! some kind hand the tardy boon supplies,
A sickly lustre fills his hollow eyes;
With trembling haste he grasps the precious meal,
The damps of death his weary eye-lids seal.

Preston, *An Epistle to a young Gentleman,
dissuading him from the Study of Poetry.*

There has been another account which is less tragic, but which, too, rests on no better ground. It was recorded by Joseph Spence in his manuscript of *Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters*, and appears thus in the published volume:¹

Otway had an intimate friend, one Blakiston, who was shot: the murderer fled towards Dover, and Otway pursued him; in his return he drank water when violently heated, and so got the fever which was the death of him.

Dr. Johnson, who had access to Spence's manuscript, made a confused reference to this account in his life of Otway. Spence had it, not as Dr. Johnson supposed from Pope, but from John Dennis,² the critic, who was twenty-eight when Otway died. From the same source, Spence's manuscript, Joseph Warton also borrowed it for his *Essays on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, 1782, ii. 109.

There is no doubt that it is more consistent with the earlier accounts than the first, and avoids its inherent improbability and exaggeration. But except these it has no other claim to our acceptance. Thornton, who accepts it, takes pride in the reflection that Otway, who painted glowing pictures of friendship in his plays, died a martyr to it. The pride would be legitimate if the account were true. But the objections which he makes to the first account apply with equal force and cogency to this also. Against it remains, besides, the very important fact that Dennis, who is its ultimate authority, makes no reference to it in his *Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer*, 1717, pp. 5-6, where his words are simply

Butler was suffer'd to dye in a Garret, Otway in an Ale-house, . . . Otway . . . languish'd in Adversity unpitied, and dy'd unlamented.

Coming to the earlier accounts, it may be stated at the outset that all of them essentially agree in two things—first, in the singular absence of any circumstantial detail, and, secondly, in the admission that Otway died in an

¹ Ed. Malone, 1820, p. 100.

² *Ibid.*

obscure place on Tower Hill. The account of Wood, which is the most trustworthy, is this:

At length after he had lived about 33 years in this vain and transitory world, made his last *exit* in an house on *Tower-hill* (called the *Bull* as I have heard) on the 14 of *Apr.* in sixteen hundred eighty and five: whereupon his body was conveyed to the Church of *S. Clement Danes* within the liberty of *Westminster*, and was buried¹ in a vault there. In his sickness he was composing a congratulatory Poem² on the inauguration of *K. Jam.* 2.

The reference to his illness and to his writing poetry to the last shows that his death was gradual, and by so doing completely disproves the later accounts. Besides being generally more reliable, Wood was Otway's contemporary, and published his account only five years after the latter's death. Also, the sensational and unusual nature of the circumstances alleged by Cibber and Spence minimizes the probability of Wood's ignorance or omission of them. Gildon adds no fresh information, and remarkable is the strict adherence to Wood in all the short biographies attached to the early collected editions of Otway from 1712 onwards. A passage has been already quoted from *A Satyr upon the Poets* (see p. 29), published within twenty years of Otway's death, in which it is simply stated that he died of want. In later times neither Oldys in his manuscript notes to Langbaine nor Goldsmith in the *Bee*, no. 8, 24 November, 1759, varies from Wood. There is no need to multiply instances, for all the well-known accounts of Otway's life before Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* follow Wood strictly and do not mention the incidents derived from Spence or Cibber. We must reject them, therefore, in favour of Wood's account.

Patrons and Friends.

According to the prevalent custom, he had burnt incense

¹ The church register records the burial on 16 April, 1685: 'Thomas Otway a man bur'.

² This is the unfinished *A Pastoral on the Death of His late Majesty*.

before rank and wealth with each work that he had produced, but with what result has already been seen. He himself gives expression to his disillusionment when he takes the unprecedented step of dedicating *The Souldiers Fortune* to Bentley, the publisher, saying that while the latter 'pays honestly for the Copy'; a dedication to a person of rank 'looks like an Obligation for Praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for'.

He was a strong supporter of James, Duke of York, and dedicated *Don Carlos* to him, and *The Orphan* to the Duchess. Among his other well-known patrons were that 'best good man with the worst-natur'd Muse', Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who accepted *Alcibiades* and *Friendship in Fashion*, and the Duchess of Portsmouth, who favoured *Venice Preserv'd*. According to Wood he was indebted for his military commission to Charles Fitz-Charles, Earl of Plymouth, which in all probability originated the story of his carousals with him.¹

He was under the patronage of Nell Gwynne too, for there is a tradition that he was tutor to her son, Charles Beauclerk. It certainly brought him ridicule, if not money.

Then for that Cubb her Son and Heire,
Lett him remaine in Otway's care,
To make him (if that's possible to be)
A viler Poet, and more dull then he.

*An Essay of Scandall.*²

His signature is extant as witness to the power of attorney granted by Nell Gwynne to one James Frazier to receive her pension in a document dated 1 June, 1680.³

Mrs. Aphra Behn, who gave him, as we have seen, his first chance to appear on the stage, and to whose play,

¹ 'On the Poets and Actors of King Charles II's Reign', by W. G. in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1745.

² Harl. MSS 6913, 6914, 7319; also *Remains of the . . . Earl of Rochester*, 1718.

³ *A Memorial of Nell Gwynne and Thomas Otway*, ed. W. H. Hart, 1868.

The City Heiress, he contributed the prologue, refers to him in one of her letters¹ written in 1676.

But that Mr. OTWAY shou'd say, my Sex wou'd not prevent my being pull'd to Pieces by the Criticks, is something odd, since whatever Mr. OTWAY now declares, he may very well remember when last I saw him, I receiv'd more than ordinary Encomiums on my ABDELARER (*sic*). But everyone knows Mr. OTWAY's good Nature, which will not permit him to shock any one of our Sex to their Faces.

In the epistle dedicatory to *The Souldiers Fortune* Otway tries to justify the moral tone of the play by quoting the authority of 'a Lady' who in late tradition has been supposed to be Mrs. Behn. There is no means of ascertaining if the tradition is true, but if it is, posterity has a right to regard Otway with a twinkle in the eye. 'Astrea' to justify morals!

The tradition of his friendship with Shadwell should be accepted with caution. There can be little doubt that in the mind of eighteenth-century writers they became associated together as friends for no other reason than their common habits of dissipation. This is well exemplified in the following passage from the *Apotheosis of Milton: A Vision* in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May and September, 1738:

—A Young Man of a divine Aspect appeared; and, to my great Amazement, went up to *Shadwell* in a familiar manner. My Amazement was changed to the utmost Concern, when I saw him affect the same Airs and Motions with him: But there was a remarkable Difference betwixt them, for that abandoned Deportment seemed as unnatural in him, as the Airs of Wit and Politeness appeared in the other. . . . That divine young Man, said my Conductor, is the incomparable *Otway*, his Genius entitled him to a Place in the first Rank of Men, but the Habits he contracted, threw him into the lowest. Heavens, said I to myself, that a Man who could command the Passions of others should be so great a Slave to his own!

¹ *Familiar Letters of Love, Gallantry, and several Occasions*, 1718, i. 31.

As Rochester calls him Shadwell's 'dear Zany' (see p. 15), it would be fair to suppose that the friendship existed in the early part of Otway's career in London. But it does not seem to have survived their later political difference. Politics in England have rarely been as violent as at that time, and they were both zealous partisans. This consideration in itself should suffice, but there are others. We meet them, for instance, pitted against each other as rivals in contemporary political lampoons.¹ Then there is the evidence of the following passage in Duke's Epistle to Otway, written about 1682:

Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top scene that Settle ever writ.

If the friendship had lasted, Duke, who also was Otway's friend, could not have written this. And the mention in the same breath of Settle, another pet aversion of Tory writers, makes it almost certain that political difference had produced the expected result, and Shadwell had lost another friend besides Dryden.

His best friend was Richard Duke, 'my much lov'd Friend' as he calls him, and the verse-epistles that they exchanged are warm with their feelings. Duke writes, for instance:

Unpolish'd thus, an arrant scholar grown,
What should I do but sit and coo alone,
And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan?
Thus 'tis sometimes, and sorrow plays its part
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.

My dear, whom I more cherish in my breast
Than by thy own soft Muse can be exprest.

Otway's epistle, though more melancholy, has the same heart-beat:

No grove, no freedom, and what's worse to me,
No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.

In these epistles they mention several other friends, James,

¹ See quotation from *A Supplement to the late Heroick Poem* (p. 29) and that on p. 55.

B——ly, Ad——ly, W——son, S——rt, and F——ch, whom it is impossible to identify with certainty.

Personal Appearance and Character.

About his personal appearance it is not possible to speak with definiteness. Duke¹ speaks of his 'noble face' and Robert Gould,² a contemporary poet, of his 'charming face', but except these very general remarks we have no other contemporary evidence to go upon. In the eighteenth century one W. G.³ described him as 'of the middle size, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye'. This writer is very unreliable, but the tendency to corpulence is borne out by two contemporary lampoons: *To Julian, A Consolatory Epistle* and *A Supplement to the late Heroick Poem* (see p. 29). The problem is rendered complicated rather than easy by the existing portraits⁴ of him, no two of which bear full resemblance to each other.⁵ Those which have the highest claims to authenticity, and bear sufficient resemblance to be taken as the portraits of the same person, are the engraving by Du Guernier, reproduced in the 1712 edition of Otway's works published by Tonson, and the engraving by Houbraken from the original painting of Mary Beale, first published by Knapton in Birch's *Lives*, and reproduced in the 1757 edition of Otway's works.

Dearth of biographical material does not allow us to visualize him clearly as a man. Reference has already been made to his habits of dissipation, and there can be little

¹ 'Thy glad heart beats and noble face does shine'—*Epistle to Otway*.

² 'Charming his Face, and charming were his Strains'—*Luctus Britannici: or the tears of the British Muses* [on the death of Dryden], 1700, p. 38. Both Roden Noel (*Mermaid Otway*, xxxviii) and Sir Edmund Gosse (*Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 340) attribute to Dryden the following line about Otway 'Charming his face and charming was his verse.' But no such line is found in the works of Dryden.

³ 'On the Poets and Actors of King Charles II's Reign', in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1745. Oldys copies this description in his manuscript note to Langbaine.

⁴ See R. G. Ham's article on Otway's portraits, *N.Q.*, vol. 149, 15 August, 1925.

doubt that they were to a large extent responsible for his pecuniary troubles. Gildon calls him 'a Jovial Companion and a great Lover of the Bottle', and 'a generous Bottle, and a Lovesome She' are among the principal felicities craved for in the most personal of his writings, the epistle to Duke. Echoing this, Duke represents him as beguiling his days 'with wit, with women and with wine'. His addiction to drink is also alluded to in the contemporary lampoon, *The Tory-Poets* (1682), with the rudeness and exaggeration inherent in a poem of its kind.

But who but Fools would praise dull Ot—ys strains,
 Compos'd with little wit and lesser pains;
 Whose fiery face doth dart as hot a ray,
 As the fierce warmer of a Summers day,
 Whose very looks would drive the Fiends away. }
 He may so painted with the juice of Vines,
 Turn his Invectives to the praise of Wines;
 Love is a pitteous God, and Honour's grown
 To such a height, it is almost unknown;
 Immortal beauty drown'd in quiet lies,
 And spends all its charms on its owners Eyes; }
 But Wine do's now the Poets breast inspire,
 Wine, that doth kindle all our youthful fire,
 Wine, that makes Ot—y write and Fools admire; }
 His Verse of Wine stinks worse than bawdy Punk
 For he never writes a Verse but when he is drunk.

With regard to this aspect of his character I neither make any apologies for him nor try to justify him. An understanding of the age he lived in will extenuate much. For the rest, his life was his own. Also, there is reason to believe that his thwarted passion for Mrs. Barry was to some extent responsible for it.

With stubborn *Sufferance* I resolv'd to bear and brave your *Power*; nay, did it often too, *successfully*. Generally with *Wine* or *Conversation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Daemon* that *possess'd* me.

Letter 1.

Mrs. Behn, in a letter already quoted (see p. 34), speaks

of his good nature, and no better proof of his nobility and courage would be required when one remembers his drawing the sword in order to protect an orange-wench. Also, the consistency of his political principle has not many parallels in that age, though its only reward was, as Dr. Johnson said, that he lived and died neglected.

NOTE.—The only instance that has come down to us of Otway's conversational wit is a poor one, and is repeated here only because we know so little about him.

Servants are careless and impudent, and their Masters, generally speaking, may thank themselves for't. A worthy Knight near *Twickenham*, had some gentlemen at dinner with him, he calls for a-Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it just under his Nose, by the same Token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Perriwig. The Knight, not at all disturb'd, and wiping himself, Well, says he, this is the wittiest Boy in the World; I warrant you, he serves me a hundred such witty Tricks in a Year. Here, Sirrah, says *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then in the Company, here's a Shilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

Tom Brown, *Laconics*. (Works, 1701, p. 108.)

B. WORKS

LIKE all beginners, Otway commenced by following the prevailing fashion, which was that of the heroic play. *Alcibiades* was produced at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden in September, 1675, on the 22nd of which month the King and the Queen witnessed it.¹ It does not appear to have been successful, and no revival is known. The story is from Plutarch, but the character of the hero has been radically altered to suit the standard of the heroic play. The dramatist was conscious of this, and anticipates our objection in the preface to *Don Carlos*. The play is one of the poorest of its kind, and bears every trace of the immature hand. Tissaphernes and Deidamia are well conceived, but indifferently executed. The scene in which the King is murdered, the best in the play, is quite effective, though Otway was partly indebted to *Macbeth* for it. In the friendship between Alcibiades and Patroclus we have the first suggestion of a theme that is Otway's special contribution to English drama. It recurs with insistent emphasis in his later tragedies, and forms the life-blood of *Venice Preserv'd*. No other English dramatist has touched it with the same feeling as Otway has done in Jaffair and Pierre.

The advance made in *Don Carlos* is surprisingly great. With one bound the young author has taken his place in the forefront of his contemporaries. The play was produced at the Duke's Theatre in June, 1676, and revived in January of the next year, on the 8th of which month the King saw it.² The author tells us in the preface that it was hailed as the best heroic tragedy of the day, and that it never failed to draw tears from the eyes of the audience.

All the parts being admirably *Acted*', notes Downes,³ 'it lasted successively 10 Days; it got more Money than any preceding Modern Tragedy'. Betterton, who played the King, is credited with the statement that for many years

¹ Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.

² Ibid.

³ *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708.

it continued the most popular of Otway's plays.¹ But Genest notes only one revival, that in Drury Lane on 27 July, 1708, when Booth acted Carlos, Keen the King, and Mrs. Porter the Queen. But Davies² mentions another, at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the thirties of the eighteenth century, when Boheme acted the King and Mrs. Seymour the Queen.

It is certainly one of the finest tragedies of that period. The inevitable comparison that it invites with *Othello* should not be allowed to bias our judgement in this respect. In comparison with the average play of the day the plot is lucidity itself, and great praise is due to the management of the Don John and Eboli underplot which, apart from serving as an effective contrast to the love of Carlos and the Queen, is skilfully blended with the main story in bringing about the final exposure of Gomez. The language is free from the unnatural violence and inflation common to the heroic play; on the other hand, in passages like those between Carlos, the Queen and the King, it reaches the unaffected simplicity and tenderness of Otway's masterpieces. Above all, the characters are not the bloated abstractions of the heroic play, but real flesh and blood. For the first time in the history of Restoration tragedy we hear the language of nature and passion instead of vapid rhetoric, and see men and women instead of peruke and paint. In this respect, though acclaimed as the best heroic tragedy of the day, it has really nothing of that genre except the French origin and the rhymed verse, and is essentially Elizabethan in spirit. It is the direct forerunner of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserv'd*, which show the author's kinship with the Elizabethans. And his was the kinship by birth, not, as was with his contemporaries, by adoption.

As Langbaine pointed out, the plot is derived from the

¹ *Letters of Aaron Hill*, quoted by Genest, *Account of the English Stage*, 1832, i. 191.

² *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1785, iii. 190.

French historical romance of the same name by César Vischard, l'abbé de Saint-Réal, the author to whom Otway was indebted for *Venice Preserv'd* also. Saint-Réal's work was published in 1672, and an English translation¹ appeared in 1674 (reprinted 1676). As Otway's indebtedness does not exceed the broad outlines of the story, it is not possible to say whether he used the original or the translation, though the analogy of *Venice Preserv'd* argues in favour of the latter (see p. 57). From the same source Schiller derived his *Don Carlos*, and the question whether he used Otway's play has provided a subject for comparative study in Germany.² The resemblances between the two plays are neither striking nor many.

Otway has omitted the political portions of the original, and concentrated on what constitutes his chief strength as a dramatist, viz. the central pathos of the story. If retained, they would have provided a fine setting to this domestic tragedy, and, by the introduction of more action and incident, relieved it of the occasional weariness from which it now suffers. The cold steel of which the original King is created would have appealed to the maker of Iago, but has been discarded by Otway for a softer and warmer material. Also, with the original King, the sexual jealousy is not the disease, but the symptom. The disease is the fundamental tragedy of old age—the consciousness of the loss of power and the fear of being superseded by youth. The reconciliation between the King and Carlos is a happy innovation of Otway, as is the device by which Eboli and Gomez work out each other's ruin. Otway has incorporated the Duke of Alva of the original with his arch-villain Gomez. This is a change for the better, as is the death of Posa who, in the original, is a victim to the King's sexual jealousy. Henrietta is Otway's own, created out of a bare hint. In refashioning Eboli and Don John, the pair of

¹ *Don Carlos: or An Historical Relation of the Unfortunate Life and Tragical Death of that Prince of Spain.*

² *Über Otway's und Schiller's 'Don Carlos'*, by J. Lowenberg, 1886.

unscrupulous, unmoral lovers, Otway suggests fine possibilities which are not fully exploited. The Queen is the typical Otway heroine, created out of the essence of love and suffering. The ardent, generous, impulsive, and incurably infatuated Carlos is the prototype of Castalio and Jaffier, the characters who breathe the sentiments of the letters to Mrs. Barry, and seem to have been created out of the author's heart.

Two adaptations from French followed in about six months, *Titus and Berenice* from Racine's *Bérénice*, and *The Cheats of Scapin* from Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. They were performed together at the Duke's Theatre about December, 1676.¹ Downes notes the first performance: 'being perfectly well Acted; had good Success'. The popularity of the farce is alluded to by Robert Gould, a contemporary poet:

The Cheats of Scapin, 'une, a noble thing;
What a throng'd Audience does it always bring?

A Satyr against the Play-House ²

No revival of the tragedy is known, but the farce kept possession of the boards for a long time. Genest notes eight revivals from 1708 to 1812. The title-role engaged the attention of comedians like Bowen, Hippisley, Wilson, Ryder, and Mathews.

In writing these plays Otway had run a race with two contemporary dramatists. One was Crowne, whose *Destruction of Jerusalem*, derived from the same tragedy of Racine, was offered to the Duke's Theatre, but was refused as the company were already engaged to Otway's play.³ Crowne

¹ Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.

² *Poems chiefly consisting of Satyrs and Satyrical Epistles*, 1689, p. 173.

³ Crowne thereupon offered the play to the King's Company, who accepted it. But after they had gone to considerable expense over its production, the rival company, for whom Crowne was bound by contract to write, compelled them to buy off the title. The King's Company complained about this to the Lord Chamberlain. See Malone, *The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden*, 1800, i. 75 n.

made an oblique reference to Otway in the 'Epistle to the Reader' prefixed to his play.

—some persons accused me of stealing the parts of *Titus* and *Berenice* from the French Play written by Mr. *Racine* on the same subject; but a Gentleman having lately translated that Play, and exposed it to publick view on the Stage, has saved me that labour, and vindicated me better than I can my self.

The other dramatist whom Otway had forestalled was Ravenscroft, whose *Scaramouch*, derived from the same farce of Molière, was produced at Drury Lane in May, 1677.

*Very unfortunate this Play hath bin;
A slippery trick was play'd us by Scapin.
Whilst here our Actors made a long delay,
When some were idle, others run away, •
The City House comes out with half our Play.*

Prologue.

In fashioning these plays Otway's sole object was to suit them to the contemporary theatre, and within his own limits he has succeeded well. They will no doubt appear disappointing when judged from the purely literary standpoint, but to do so would be unfair. To fit the pieces for one performance, their length has been considerably shortened by the omission of passages or episodes. In the tragedy the shifting of Antiochus's confession of love to the beginning of Act II is an unhappy innovation, as it renders him colourless throughout the rest. By withholding the confession till the last Act, Racine is able to depict vividly the rise and fall of Antiochus's hopes and the breathless suspense with which he hangs on the course of events. In the farce the omission of the gipsy episode, though it exposes Otway to the awkwardness of having to represent Clara as in danger of being imprisoned, saves him, on the other hand, from Molière's weak ending of the play.

Otway's first attempt at original comedy was *Friendship in Fashion*, produced at the Duke's Theatre in April, 1678,

on the 5th and 25th of which month the King witnessed it.¹ Langbaine called it 'a very diverting Play . . . acted with general applause', but on the only revival noted by Genest, at Drury Lane on 22 January, 1750, with Mrs. Kitty Clive as Lady Squeamish, it was hissed off the stage.

Otway's talents assuredly did not lie in comedy, and nothing is easier than to hoist him with his own petard.

And then their Comedies now a days are the filthiest things, full of Bawdy and nauseous doings which they mistake for raillery and intrigue; besides they have no wit in 'em neither, for all their Gentlemen and men of wit, as they style 'em, are either silly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or else rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows.

Friendship in Fashion, I. 433-8.

It has been customary to inveigh against his ribaldry. To us of the present generation who are bored rather than shocked by it, to do so would be to harpoon a jelly-fish. An apology would be fitter, so very feeble and unalluring does its stark grossness render it. Of the three comedies that Otway wrote, only one, *The Souldiers Fortune*, achieved popularity and underwent several revivals. The rest were stillborn. The reason of this lies in the essential fatuousness of his comedies, their dull, featureless, purposeless vacuity. They were not meant to instruct or correct, and they do not entertain. Their wit is of a poor quality, their plot and intrigue are the common stage-property of the day, and their characters uninteresting. Their sole contribution is a few rough-hewn low-comedy figures like Sir Noble Clumsey, the Father, and Sir Jolly Jumble, who are of value as contemporary types.

Friendship in Fashion is the only one of them in which it is possible to read a satirical purpose. It consists in the contrast between the mean-minded lewdness of Goodvile and the more honest lewdness of Mrs. Goodvile and Truman. There are too many interests in the story to allow a satisfactory evolution of the plot. The best possi-

¹ Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.

bilities for comic portraiture are noticed in Lady Squeamish and Malagene. Congreve may have got a hint for Tattle from the latter, and for Brisk from Caper and Saunter.

The History and Fall of Caius Marius is a grafting of *Romeo and Juliet* on the history of Marius from Plutarch and Lucan. It was first performed at the Duke's Theatre, and the date can be fixed as late August or early September, 1679, from the following reference in the prologue to the illness of Charles II, which caused great national alarm at the time:

<i>To such low Shifts of late are Poets worn,</i>	}
<i>Whilst we both Wit's and Caesar's Absence mourn.</i>	
<i>Oh! when will He and Poetry return?</i>	}
<i>When shall we there again behold him sit</i>	
<i>'Midst shining Boxes and a Courtylly Pit,</i>	
<i>The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit?</i>	
<i>When that blest Day (quick may it come) appears,</i>	
<i>His cares once banisht, and his Nation's Fears,</i>	
<i>The joyfull Muses on their Hills shall sing</i>	
<i>Triumphant Songs of Britain's happy King.</i>	

The popularity that this play enjoyed on its first representation seems to have been chiefly due to the acting of Underhill as Sulpitius and Noakes as the Nurse. Otway refers to this in the epilogue, and Davies¹ says that the latter became so popular in this part that he carried the name of Nurse Noakes to his grave. The play had a fairly good career on the stage. Among the Lord Chamberlain's papers there is an order² dated 10 June, 1693, granting £25 to Mrs. Barry for acting in it, which argues a revival about that time. Genest records three revivals in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. It overshadowed *Romeo and Juliet* in popularity for some time, as can be seen from the fact that in Fielding's burlesque, *The Tragedy of Tragedies: or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, II. iii, when Huncamunca cries 'Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?' the author in

¹ *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1785, III. 191.

² Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.

his note quotes the corresponding passage not from Shakespeare but from Otway. It dropped out of the repertoire after the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* by Theophilus Cibber in 1744 and by Garrick in 1748. Their versions, however, retained the principal innovation introduced by Otway, viz. the awakening of Juliet before the death of Romeo.

Very little can be said in favour of this play. Otway has fallen between two stools and knocked his head against a third. The attempt to combine Shakespeare's romance with Plutarch's history has resulted in disaster to both, and matters have been made worse by the attempt to make the feud between the rival Roman factions suggestive of the Whig and Tory controversy of Otway's time. The different interests have not blended, and the play remains a clumsy patchwork with the seams staring. The characterization is crude, and the blank verse, in the adoption of which Otway follows the lead recently given by Dryden, is stiff and monotonous. Motives are left awaiting better explanation, and the plot merrily gads about wherever it will. For no earthly reason Martha drops from the clouds in one scene, only to disappear thither in a few moments. It seems as if, after returning from Flanders with a rough sketch of the historical part in his pocket, Otway, in the pressure of want, stitched it up with scenes and passages hurriedly rifled out of Shakespeare, and made over the piece to Betterton.

For the injury done to Shakespeare I plead guilty, but offer two considerations to mitigate the sentence. In the first place, the piece is an avowed pot-boiler, and nobody who reads the touching appeal for help in the epilogue can fail to take a lenient view of the offence. Then, Otway's attitude is not the impudent one of 'bettering' Shakespeare, as is always the case with his contemporaries, but one of profound humility.

*Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as blest,
The happiest Poet of his time and best.*

.

*And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E're since succeeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the most unworthy of the Throng,
Our this-day's Poet fears h'has done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away,
You'll find h'has rifled him of half a Play.
Amidst this baser Dross you'll see it shine
Most beautifull, amazing, and Divine.*

Besides allowing himself the fullest liberty with Shakespeare's passages and scenes, Otway has introduced two innovations in the plot. The first is that Lavinia (Juliet) awakes before the death of Marius Junior (Romeo). Otway did not realize the severe restraint that characterizes Shakespeare's pathetic scenes, how, leaving the rest to silence, the poet austere draws the veil over his lovers with

— a single famish'd Kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Otway protracts the conclusion too long till Lavinia kills herself with Marius's sword in the proper stage-fashion. The appeal is merely to cheap emotion. The other innovation is that Sulpitius (Mercutio) is left alive till the end. In this connexion one remembers the words of Dryden,¹ in the 'Defence of the Epilogue' subjoined to the second part of *The Conquest of Granada*, that Mercutio 'might have lived to the end of the play, and died in bed, without offence to any man'. Neither Otway nor Dryden realized that this spirit of sunshine and laughter would be quite out of place in the play when the sky is overcast and the gloom of tragedy deepens.

The first performance of *The Orphan* took place in the Duke's Theatre in late February or early March of 1680, in that period of rejoicing among the Tories which commenced with the return of the Duke and Duchess

¹ It is true that Dryden says this in criticism of Mercutio's wit. Nevertheless, it shows that he did not understand the subtle reason why Shakespeare killed Mercutio in the Third Act.

of York from Scotland in the last week of the former month.

*Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drove Fears hence, ne're brought 'em home.
Oft has he plough'd the boist'rous Ocean o're,
Yet ne're more welcome to the longing shoar, }
Not when he brought home Victories before. }
For then fresh Lawrels flourish'd on his Brow,
And he comes Crown'd with Olive-branches now.
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the blessings which he Recommends;
Such quiet as your Foes shall ne're destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your hands for Joy.*

Prologue.¹

For though Fortune would not so far bless my endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highnesses presence, when this came into the World: Yet, I cannot but declare it was my design and hopes it might have been your Diver-tisement in that happy season, when you return'd again to cheer all those eyes that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all hearts that had droopt for your Absence:

Dedication [to the Duchess.]

On its first production the play made a splendid success. Otway refers to this in the dedication,² and Downes says that *The Orphan, Venice Preserv'd*, and Southern's *Fatal Marriage* 'took above all the Modern Plays that succeeded'. Betterton scored a great triumph as Castalio, only to be equalled by his creation of Jaffeir. Colley Cibber³ says that Betterton's Castalio was superior to all performances that he had seen of that part. But, according to Davies,⁴

¹ Curiously enough, Sir Edmund Gosse (*Seventeenth Century Studies*) assigns the exultant note of the prologue to the death of Rochester, Otway's rival in love for Mrs Barry. But the text does not offer the remotest suggestion for this supposition. What is more, Rochester did not die till 26 July, about five months later.

² 'The World has been so kind to me to Judge of this Poem to my advantage . . . I lost a greater Honour, by your Royal Highnesses Absence, than all the Applauses of the World besides can make me Reparation for.'

³ *Apology for the Life of —*, 1740.

⁴ *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1785, iii. 206.

Mountfort's had the advantage over Betterton's in personal and vocal fitness. Williams acted Polydore and Smith Chamont. But the palm belonged to Mrs. Barry, who, according to Downes, by her rendering of Monimia in *The Orphan*, Belvidera in *Venice Preserv'd*, and Isabella in the above play by Southern, became renowned as 'the Famous Mrs. Barry at Court and City; for whenever She Acted any of those three Parts, she forc'd Tears from the Eyes of her Auditory'. Betterton¹ is credited with the statement that she could not utter 'Ah poor *Castalio*' in the Fifth Act of *The Orphan* without real tears in her eyes. According to Curll,² Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous actress, made her first appearance on the stage in the part of the Page. But his statement that she was then six years old is untenable, as she was born about 1663.³ The play enjoyed a splendid career on the English stage till the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Among the Lord Chamberlain's papers there is an order⁴ dated 3 March, 1693, granting £25 to Mrs. Barry for acting in it, which argues a revival about that time. Genest notes fifteen revivals between 1707 and 1815, and it was played at the Bath Theatre in 1819. Famous actors like Mountfort, Wilks, Ryan, Milward, Barry, and Charles Kemble have distinguished themselves as *Castalio*. Polydore has engaged the attention of Booth, Tom Walker, Havard, Delane, and Conway; and Chamont that of Verbruggen, Mills, Quin, and Garrick, of whom it was a favourite part. Mrs. Barry as Monimia has been followed by Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Yates, and Miss O'Neil. Colley Cibber says⁵ that he made his first appearance on the stage as the Chaplain. In our own days it was revived for two nights at Aldwych Theatre in 1925 by the Phoenix Society.

¹ Charles Gildon, *Life of Mr. Thomas Betterton*, 1710, p. 40, *Complete Art of Poetry*, 1718, 1. 290.

² *History of the English Stage*.

³ D.N.B.

⁴ Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.

⁵ *Apology for the Life of —*.

It is one of the two plays on which Otway's fame principally rests. The verdict of posterity on it has been what was prophesied by Robert Gould, a contemporary poet:

But thee, my *Otway*, from the Grave I'll raise,
And crown thy memory with lasting praise;
Thy *Orphan*, may thy *Venice* too shall stand,
And live as long as the Sea defends our Land.

*A Satyr against the Play-House.*¹

It has gone through many editions,² and been translated into French in the same series³ in which *Don Carlos* and *Venice Preserv'd* also appeared.

As Langbaine pointed out, the plot is derived from the 'history' of Brandon in *English Adventures. By a Person of Honour*, published in 1675, and attributed sometimes to Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery. Brandon has sometimes been identified with the founder of the Suffolk family, and the incidents related in the story have been alleged to be true. But Genest⁴ doubts it, and points out that the Duke of Suffolk was the only son of his father. Otway has followed his original closely, and on two occasions reproduces verbatim from it. They are in Act IV when Monimia says to Castalio:

Now I hope y'are satisfy'd,
and later to Polydore:

To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last Night?

But the play is Otway's own. He has breathed life and passion into the dry bones of his original, and made a moving human drama out of what is little better than an annal. He has added Chamont, Serina, the Chaplain, and the Page. In the scenes between Acasto, Castalio, and Polydore, he is indebted to *Cymbeline* in addition to his original. The theory that has sometimes been started about

¹ *Poems chiefly consisting of Satyrs and Satyrical Epistles*, 1689, p. 175

² The B.M. catalogue gives over twenty.

³ 'Chefs-d'œuvre des Théâtres Étrangers.'

⁴ *Account of the English Stage*, 1832, i. 279.

his indebtedness to *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle* (1614), by Robert Tailor, is groundless. Except the bare incident of the deception at night, there is nothing common to the two plays.

The popularity enjoyed by *The Orphan* has been a mixed boon, as it has called forth only the extremes of praise or blame, both of which it is necessary to avoid in order to arrive at a proper estimate of the play. The criticism that is sometimes advanced that its tragedy arises entirely out of situation, and has nothing to do with character, is ill-informed. The tragedy is really brought about by the base sensuality of Polydore, and the well-meaning deception of Castalio proceeding out of his honest but irresolute character. It is also wrong to say that Castalio has not sufficient excuse for keeping his marriage a secret. The excuse is to be found in his love for his brother. No doubt his action was foolish, as the secret was bound to be out sooner or later, but it is in keeping with his character that, instead of trying to solve the problem heroically, he should seek shelter in a temporary subterfuge. His action in leaving Monimia exposed to the advances of Polydore, like that of Jaffeir in offering Belvidera as a hostage, no doubt appears reprehensible to us. For this one should not blame the dramatist, but the contemporary attitude towards women. There can be little doubt that the Restoration audience did not see anything reprehensible in such conduct, as in an earlier age neither Shakespeare nor his audience saw anything outrageous in the wager of Posthumus, or the means adopted by Helena to capture Bertram. The objection of Voltaire about the improbability of the central incident deserves better consideration than it has received. It is difficult to see why Florella did not recognize either Polydore or Castalio from their voice in the conversation that she had with them in Act III. A more serious objection is that the theme is too slight for a five-act tragedy. Much of the play, like the portions dealing with the illness of Acasto and the conversation between Chamont and the Chaplain, is sheer padding, and the pathetic scenes

would have gained considerably by compression. The characterization, too, leaves much to be desired. The Chaplain is no more than a convenient butt for cheap and unprovoked gibes at the clerical order. That brainless blusterer and insufferable bully, Chamont, is entirely out of tune in this quiet domestic tragedy with his constant rattling of sword and gnashing of teeth at everybody. Old Acasto¹ is in veritable dotagê. He is feeble, platitudinous, incoherent. He cherishes the dearest memory of his wife, yet gives the following advice to his children:

Let Marriage be the last mad thing ye doe.

And this is not all. The words are hardly out of his mouth when Chamont asks him for the hand of Serina. And the good man not only encourages Chamont to 'pursue her, conquer, and possess her', but also promises him a third part of his fortune as dowry! Indeed, the only thing that can be said of Acasto is to repeat Polydore's words:

Old men always talk thus.

Like Don John of *Don Carlos*, Polydore owes his origin to Shakespeare's Edmund. But his profession of non-moral, natural love (at the conclusion of Act I), which has shocked generations of timid moralists since Jeremy Collier, need not be taken seriously. Fundamentally he is as conventionally moral and sentimental as anybody else in the play. He is really a spoilt schoolboy and not an intellectual libertine. But in his frankness, boldness, and even rudeness he is much more preferable to his elder brother. Castalio rarely convinces us that his distress is real. He lacks the iron that should go to the making of a tragic character, and his mawkish sentimentality makes the pathos of the play too feminine. He topples down into bathos when he grovels before Monimia's door, and seems to be enjoying a delicious Turkish bath of complacent

¹ According to Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1785, iii 197 sqq., Acasto was meant to suggest James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, and the courtier who superseded him, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

melancholy at the opening of Act V. Monimia interests us chiefly as a helpless sufferer. The pathetic scenes drag, and one wishes that Otway had written more passages like the brief 'Ah poor *Castalio*' of Monimia.

But, in spite of its defects, the play has a quiet charm of its own, like that of an old unhappy ballad or folk-tale. Its importance lies in the attempt made by Otway to introduce naturalness in contemporary drama. It is a domestic tragedy, and the persons are not the kings and queens who exclusively dominated the contemporary stage. The scene is laid in the country, away from courts and camps, and the fresh breeze blows through many a passage. Corresponding to the persons and the setting there is the simplicity of language. In this respect Otway is the pioneer of the new type of tragedy that was to be popularized by Southern and Rowe. Pope's remark that Otway failed to polish or refine really means that he wrote with the unaffected simplicity of nature.

The Souldiers Fortune was first performed at the Duke's Theatre, in all probability on 1 March, 1680, when it was witnessed by the King.¹ Downes says that it 'took extraordinary well, and being perfectly *Acted*, got the Company great Reputation and Profit'. The King saw it again on 18 April, 1681, and 9 November, 1682, which argues revivals about those times. Genest notes four revivals in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and the performance of an abridged version in 1748.

The prologue contributed by Falkland is referred to in a contemporary lampoon, *The Lover's Session*.²

She [Venus] perceiv'd little *Falkland* sneaking away,
And vow'd she admir'd how that frivolous Chit
Ever came to pass on the Town for a Wit.

And for full confirmation of all she did say,
She produc'd his damn'd Prologue to *Otway's* last Play.

Langbaine has detected the various hints from earlier

¹ Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.

² *Poems on Affairs of State*, ii, 1703, pp. 158-9.

writers that Otway utilized in this play. The behaviour of Bloody-Bones recalls that of the Bravo in Shackerley Marmion's *The Antiquary*, and that of Courtine under Sylvia's balcony is borrowed from Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*. The device by which Lady Dunce makes her husband carry her ring and letter to Beaugard is an old one, recently popularized by Molière in *L'École des Maris*.

The plot shows considerable improvement on that of *Friendship in Fashion*, and the movement is brisker, the conversation sprightlier. There are some really diverting moments, though Sylvia and Courtine belong to the average farce of the day, and Lady Dunce and Beaugard tend to degenerate into cardboard. Sir Davy Dunce is the typical cuckold of the period, and, like his prototypes, too much of a dunce to be really laughable. But Sir Jolly, who is extremely alive, and the best of Otway's comic figures, suggests great power in the creation of a highly difficult character. Otway has tracked down his perversities to their darkest roots, as he has done in the case of Antonio in *Venice Preserv'd*, and it is to be doubted whether there is a more convincing picture of a whoremaster in the whole field of English literature.

Venice Preserv'd was first performed at the Duke's Theatre at Dorset Garden on 9 February, 1682. This date is according to the folio half-sheet on which the prologue and epilogue made their first appearance, shortly after the first performance of the play. The King saw it two days later, on 11 February.¹ It scored a unique success, and was the piece selected for performance on 21 April, a day of great rejoicing among the Tories, when the Duke of York was entertained by his supporters at Merchant Taylors Hall. To celebrate the occasion of the Duke's visit to the theatre on that day, Otway wrote a special epilogue and Dryden a special prologue. It was likewise chosen for performance on the 31st of following May in honour of the visit of the Duchess to the theatre after her return from

¹ Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.

Scotland. On this occasion, too, Dryden wrote a special prologue and Otway a special epilogue. Betterton was the original Jaffier; Smith, Pierre; and Mrs. Barry, Belvidera. But the immediate success of the play was no less due to the acting of Leigh and Mrs. Curren in the comic scenes introduced for the purpose of satirizing Shaftesbury. Davies¹ says that their acting was greeted with applause as loud as the Tories could bestow. The popularity of the comic scenes is also seen from the fact that they suggested a contemporary poem, *The Cabal at Nickey Nackeys*, by Mrs. Aphra Behn.² That their satire went home is evidenced by another contemporary poem entitled 'Satyr',³ written by a Whig and a lover of Shadwell.

— Mr. *Otway's* last new Play,
 With th'Epilogue, which for the Duke he writ,
 So lik'd at Court by all the Men of Wit.
 I heard an Ensign of the Guards declare,
 That with him *Shadwell* was not to compare;
 He lik'd that Scene of *Nicky Nacky* more,
 Than all that *Shadwell* ever writ before.
 Was't not enough, that at his tedious Play,
 I lavish'd half a Crown, and half a Day;
 But must I find, patch'd up at ev'ry Wall,
 Such Stuff that none can bear, who starves not at *Whitehall*?
 As Rascals changing Rags for Scarlet Coats,
 Cudgel'd before set up to cut Whig's Throats;
 So ev'ry Blockhead, that can please the Court,
 Plucks up a Spirit, and turns Poet for't.

The stage-success of *Venice Preserv'd* has been one of the greatest of all English plays except those of Shakespeare. Genest notes twenty-one revivals between 1707 and 1829, and it was performed at Covent Garden under Macready between 1837-9, at Drury Lane in 1842, and at Sadler's Wells in 1845. In our times it was produced by the

¹ *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1785, iii. 228.

² *Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1684, p. 125.

³ *Poems on Affairs of State*, iii. 1704, p. 123; also Harle. MSS. 7317, p. 6 sqq. and 7319, p. 225 sqq. It will be seen that the last line of the passage is a direct parody of l. 34 of the epilogue it refers to.

Phoenix Society at the Lyric Theatre, in Hammersmith, for two nights in 1920. All the best English actors and actresses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have distinguished themselves in the principal characters of this play. Jaffair has engaged the attention of Wilks, Ryan, Barry, Garrick, J.P. and Charles Kemble, Kean, Macready and Phelps; Pierre of Mills, Quin, Garrick, Mossop, and Macready; and Belvidera of Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Siddons, of whom it was one of the best creations, Miss O'Neil, and Fanny Kemble. The comic scenes were omitted from performance from early eighteenth century,¹ and it is said that the last time they were acted was at the special command of George II, then Prince of Wales, when they were hissed off in spite of royal influence. The acting version prepared by J. P. Kemble for use at Drury Lane omitted Antonio and Aquilina altogether.

References to its popularity are well known and abundant.² It has gone through a large number of editions,³ and been translated in almost all modern European languages and performed in almost all countries over the Continent. The earliest writer to illustrate its influence abroad was Antoine de La Fosse, of France, in his tragedy of *Manlius*

¹ Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1785, iii. 243.

² See o'er the stage the Ghost of Hamlet stalks,
Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns,
And Belvidera pours her soul in love — THOMSON.

The striking passages are in every mouth. — JOHNSON.

The talents of Otway in his scenes of passionate affection rival at least, and sometimes excel, those of Shakespeare. More tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona. — SCOTT.

Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto: Shylock and the Moor

And Pierre cannot be swept or worn away. — BYRON.

As an instance of the great hold it had on popular imagination may be cited an event of 1794, when the Rev. William Jackson, previous to being sentenced to death for high treason, fell from poison in the dock pressing the hands of his counsel and uttering the dying words of Pierre: 'We have deceiv'd the Senate'. (*Secret Service under Pitt*, p. 192; quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vi, 38.)

³ The B.M. catalogue gives about twenty-five.

Capitolinus (1698). He is very largely indebted to Otway and sometimes translates him verbatim.¹

Otway derived his plot from the historical novel of *Le Conjururation des Espagnols contre la Venise en 1616*, by César Vischard, l'abbé de Saint-Réal, the same author from whom he had borrowed the story of *Don Carlos* before. Saint-Réal's novel was published in Paris in 1674, and an English translation² appeared in 1675 (reprinted 1679). The translation, though close, fails to reproduce the excellence of the original. But Otway used it and not the original, as is seen in Act III, where, in Renault's charge to the conspirators, Otway copies verbatim from the former even when it differs from the latter.³ The principal change introduced by him in the story is the shifting of the Duke of Bedamar, the mainspring of the conspiracy in the original, from the centre of the canvas. This was necessary,

¹ The extent of La Fosse's indebtedness to Otway and that of the latter to Saint-Réal has been fully investigated by M. Alfred Johnson in a dissertation entitled *La Fosse, Otway, Saint-Réal*, Paris, 1901.

² Entitled *A Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the State of Venice*

³ This has been proved by M. A. Johnson in the above dissertation, from which a few passages are quoted.

Otway.	Never did so profound repose forerun Calamity so great.
The Translation.	Never did Repose so profound precede a Calamity so great.
St-Réal.	Jamais repos si profond ne précéda un trouble si grand.
Otway	Without the least remorse then let's resolve With Fire and Sword t'exterminate these Tyrants.
The Translation.	Let us then without Reluctancy with Fire and Sword endeavour to exterminate these Tyrants.
St-Réal	Ne craignons donc point de prendre l'épée d'une main et le flambeau de l'autre, pour exterminer ces misérables.
Otway.	. . . Tribunals,
The Translation.	Stain'd by the Tears and sufferings of the Innocent. Tribunals stained by the Tears and Sufferings of the Innocent
St-Réal.	— tribunaux, souillés tant de fois des larmes et de la substance des innocents.
Otway.	That the most valu'd things have most allays.
The Translation.	That the most eligible things have the greatest allays.
St-Réal.	Que les plus louables actions sont sujettes aux plus grands inconvénients.

to make room for his Jaffeir and Pierre. Another important change is the lowering of the character of the Greek courtesan seeking redress of wrongs suffered at the hands of the Venetian senate, who is the original of Aquilina. This, also, was necessary, as in her original character she had the proportions of the heroine. The Duke of Ossuna is omitted altogether. The original Renault is the right hand of the Duke of Bedamar, and not the lecherous old villain that Otway has made him. Belvidera is Otway's own creation. He had only a bare mention of Priuli in the original, and in a very skilful way combines the two main threads of the play by making him the father of Belvidera. In all essential things Jaffeir and Pierre, too, are Otway's own. Otway has emphasized their friendship more, and finely contrasted their characters. The change in the original Jaffeir's mind is brought about by a spontaneous surging of pity at the sight of happy Venetians assembled to witness the Doge's wedding of the Adriatic. In Otway it is due to the influence of the lovely Belvidera. In the original the conspirators are killed in cold blood; Pierre is stabbed in his cabin on board his ship, and Jaffeir is banished and meets his death later in an insurrection against Venice. Otway's conspirators die on the wheel like heroes, and the catastrophe has been rendered more touching by the reconciliation of Jaffeir and Pierre and the madness of Belvidera.

The play had an underlying political purpose. The conspiracy against the Venetian senate was meant to represent the activities of the Whigs, under the leadership of Shaftesbury, against the government of Charles II. This is clearly seen from the sub-title 'A Plot Discover'd', from the references to the Popish Plot in the prologue and in the play (V. 127-49), and from the caricature of Shaftesbury as Antonio and Renault. There is also the challenge to the Whigs in the epilogue:

*Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there.*

But the political allegory will not bear examination. Antonio as Shaftesbury conflicts with Antonio as Venetian senator. Also, the artistic sympathy created for the conspirators clashes with the political sympathy solicited for the senate.

The comic scenes¹ between Antonio and Aquilina have become a subject of controversy. Devoid of the topical interest that gave them birth, and judged as pure comedy, they have, in later times, been generally regarded as grievous blots on the play, and omitted from performance, especially on account of the suggestions of sex-perversion that they contain. The only apologist worthy of consideration that they have found in this respect is Taine,² who regards them as Shakesperian in their revelation of 'la grande buffonerie amère, le sentiment cru de la bassesse humaine'. There is an element of fundamental truth in this remark, and the first comic scene has a vitality which will make it successful on any stage, and which is altogether lacking in Otway's comedies. There is, besides, a deeper justification for them which has been too easily overlooked. As Goethe³ is reported to have pointed out, they are essential to the play, for they alone account for and justify the conspiracy. We see in them how utterly unfit for government the senate had become. They cannot be omitted from performance without serious damage to the play.

The carelessness of construction noticeable in Act IV, where we find Jaffair arrested and the senate informed about the conspiracy before he has revealed it, is highly serious. The only explanation given is a flimsy one from Priuli:

— from unknown hands
I had this warning.

Even if it be that Otway meant that the hands were those

¹ There was a late tradition started by Derrick in *Dramatic Censor*, 1752, that the comic scenes were introduced at the request of Charles II.

² *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, 1863, i. 654.

³ *Crabb Robinson Diary*, ed. Sadler, 1869, i. 187.

of Belvidera—no hint of this is given—it destroys the very foundation of the tragedy, viz. Jaffeir's voluntary betrayal of his friends.

The tendency to lachrymose sentimentality noticed in *The Orphan* is not entirely avoided, but, in spite of this and other minor faults, the play remains great, certainly one of the greatest in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries after Shakespeare. As an acting play it has done credit to the stage in the past, and will do so in the present. From the rising of the curtain the action sweeps along like a charger in full gallop, and the bravery of the language is sustained throughout with all its inflexions finely marked, from the metallic sharpness of Pierre's cynicism to the soft cooing of Belvidera's love. The delineation of the central pathos arising out of the situation around Jaffeir, Pierre, and Belvidera has always been highly praised as the work of one who, in the words of Dr. Johnson, consulted nature in his own breast. But the greatness of the play does not consist in that alone. There is a profound irony in it which has been always lost sight of. The means with which Pierre and Jaffeir attempt to realize their dream of a new and better world carries within it the seed of its own destruction. Renault is the embodiment of the old-world corruption which they are out to destroy.

The Atheist, Otway's last authentic play, is called the second part of *The Souldiers Fortune*. Beaugard, Sylvia, and Courtine are the common characters. The date of its first performance should be between June and November of 1683. In the first Act there is a reference to the Rye House Plot which was discovered in the former month, and the play was entered in the Term Catalogues in the latter. What success it had on first performance is not known, nor is any revival noted. It influenced a contemporary poem, *The Cornuted Beaux: or a Satyr upon Marriage*,¹ which is

¹ Among the 'Remains of Mr. Thomas Brown' in *Familiar Letters of Love, Gallantry and several Occasions*, 1718, ii. 321. Also under the

written in the form of a dialogue between Beaugard and Courtine. As Langbaine pointed out, the main intrigue is borrowed from the tale of the Invisible Mistress in Scarron's *Le Roman Comique*. Scarron was familiar to English readers of Otway's time through the translations of John Davies, of Kidwelly,¹ and an anonymous translation of *Le Roman Comique* appeared in 1676.²

The following passages bear evidence to the popularity enjoyed by Otway's plays in his own time:

There was a time when *Otway* charm'd the Stage,
Otway the Hope, the Sorrow of our Age;
 When the full Pit with pleas'd attention hung,
 Wrapt with each accent from *Castalio's* Tongue.
 With what a Laughter was his Souldier read!
 How mourn'd they when his *Jaffier* struck, and bled!
 Yet this best Poet, tho with so much ease,
 He never drew his Pen but sure to please;
 Tho Lightning were less lively than his Wit,
 And Thunder-claps less loud than those o'th'Pit, . . .

*A Satyr upon the Poets.*³

'Twas then we sigh'd when *Otway*, from us torn,
 Made all the Swains and all the Muses mourn;
Otway! who more than any of his Age
 Did charm the Audience and adorn the Stage.

*On the Death of Dryden.*⁴

Otway's political poems, prologues, and epilogues are of considerable historical value. They are marked by a meticulous attention to detail in their treatment of contemporary affairs, and the best of them, such as *The Poet's Complaint*, are among the most comprehensive commentaries to the Whig and Tory controversy of the time. They

title 'The Repenting Husband', in Charles Gildon's *Miscellany Poems*, 1692, p. 47, where it is attributed to 'S W.'.

¹ *Novels; rendred into English, with some additions*, 1665, 1667

² *Scarron's Comic Romance. or, a facetious history of a company of strowling stage-players . . . turn'd into English*

³ *Poems on Affairs of State*, ii. 1703, p. 142. The rest of the passage is quoted on p. 29.

⁴ *Works of Robert Gould*, 1709, i. 224.

have, besides, a vigour of style which raises them above the average work of their kind in that period. That they were very effective in their day can be inferred from the hostility they provoked, as evidenced by the following scurrilous references to *The Poet's Complaint* and the Prologue to *The City Heiress*, made by the Whig writer of *The Tory-Poets: A Satyr* (1682):

Sure thou wast drunk, when in Pindarick strain,
'Gainst *Libels* didst thy dull Muse complain:
But why didst term it *Satyr*? *Satyr* tart
And piercing Verse, that wounds unto the heart;
But thou got dully drunk ore a Pint Pot,
Forget's thy Subject like a drunken Sot,
And 'stead of *Satyr* didst unto the praise
Of those that beat the Dutch a Poem raise;

Poetess *Afra* though she's damn'd to day
To morrow will put up another Play;
And *Ot*—y must be Pimp to set her off,
Lest the enraged Bully scoul and scoff,
And hiss, and laugh, and give not such applause
To th' *City-heresie* as the good *Old Cause*.
You're baulkt worse there then at a City Feast
To part with stolen half-Crown for — no jest;
Sham treats you may have paid for o're and o're,
*But who e're paid for a Sham-Play before?*¹

The History of the Triumvirates (licensed 11 January, 1686) was published after Otway's death. It is a translation of the French *Histoire du Triumvirat*, by Samuel de Broé, seigneur de Citri de la Guette. The first part ends with the death of Julius Caesar, and the second with that of Brutus. The history is then continued till the death of Cleopatra. The work hardly rises above the level of hack-writing, and has not been included in the present edition.

Works attributed to Otway.

It was widely believed that Otway had left an unfinished

¹ The last three lines, it will be noticed, are direct parodies of ll. 36, 41, 42 of the Prologue to *The City Heiress*.

play. *The Observer* advertised for it on 27 November and 4 December, 1686: 'Whereas Mr Thomas Otway sometime before his Death made Four Acts of a Play, whoever can give Notice in whose Hands the Copy lies, either to Mr Thomas Betterton, or Mr William Smith at the Theatre Royal, shall be well Rewarded for his pains.' A similar advertisement appeared in the *London Gazette*, no. 2194, 25-9 November, 1686. But the missing play did not turn up. In 1698 Gildon regretted in his edition of Langbaine that 'another [play] more excellent than all of them [Otway's plays], is, by some malicious or designing Person suppress'd, either hereafter to set up a Reputation to themselves, by owning it, or to procure a Profit by selling it for their own'. In 1719 appeared *Heroick Friendship*, 'a Tragedy by the late Mr. Otway', printed in quarto for W. Mears and R. King. In the preface one J. C. asserted that he 'had this Play several Years in his Hand, and that the Person whom he procur'd it from esteem'd it very much, and assur'd him it was Mr. Otway's'. But the play has no intrinsic claim to be regarded as such, and has been rejected as spurious from the earliest times. Giles Jacob¹ discredited it in the very year of its publication, as did Thomas Cooke [Scriblerus Tertius]² in 1730. Oldys dismissed it as 'a spurious piece of stuff fathered upon Otway', and in later times, too, it has been rejected universally.³

The following poems and verse-translations also should be excluded from the Otway canon. They come under the same, even under a worse, ban than *Heroick Friendship*. None of them made its appearance before the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and it is extremely

¹ 'Some pretend that he left a finish'd Tragedy behind him, but that Piece is a poor Performance, not in Mr. Otway's Hand, and very unworthy of him.'—*The Poetical Register*, 1719, p. 194.

² 'The D—F— said to be wrote by *Shakespear*, but no more his, than that spurious Piece of stuff call'd H. F. is Mr Otway's'—*The Candidates for the Bays*, 1730, p. 8, footnote. Oldys refers to it in a manuscript note to Langbaine.

³ Only Sir Edmund Gosse, in *Seventeenth Century Studies*, made a fruitless attempt to prove its authenticity.

unlikely that they would have remained unpublished so long if they had been authentic. The irresponsibility and unscrupulousness of the publisher of that age are well known, and we need not have any undue hesitation in rejecting works like these, attributed to an author in the most arbitrary manner, without authority or explanation. The more famous the author, the greater was the likelihood of such apocryphal matter attaching itself to his name, solely for the benefit of the publisher. Moreover, with the exception of the two poems for the inclusion of which Thornton was responsible, none of them found place in any of the collected editions of Otway's works from 1712 to 1813. Mr. Montague Summers is the first editor who has, in the most uncritical manner, dug them out of the grave to which they were rightly condemned after their first furtive appearance.

1. 'Epilogue at the Theatre in Drury-Lane. 1680', attributed to Otway in pp. 96-8 of *Miscellaneous Works, Written by His Grace, George, Late Duke of Buckingham*, 1704. The volume is highly untrustworthy. It calls itself the works of Buckingham on the title-page, but the individual contents are ascribed to various authors. Moreover, the piece in question has a sharp terseness of manner which is opposed to the diffuseness characteristic of Otway.

2-4. Three translations from the elegies of Tibullus, attributed to Otway in pp. 311-14, 314-15, 318-25 of *The Works of Petronius Arbiter . . . To which is added, Some other of the Roman Poets*, 1713-14. The collection is unauthoritative besides being late in date.

5-6. Two short poems entitled 'The Enjoyment' and 'The Enchantment', in pp. 308-9 of Thornton's edition of Otway, 1813. They do not appear in any of the earlier editions, and, contrary to his usual practice, Thornton does not mention the source from which he derived them. His silence seems significant.

7. A drinking song beginning 'Health breeds care; love

hope and fear', first published from a manuscript source by E. F. Rimbault in *Notes and Queries*, vol. 5, 10 April, 1852, p. 337. Gildon, in his edition of Langbaine, said that Otway was 'a great Lover of the Bottle, and Particularly of *Punch*; the last thing he made before his Death, being an excellent Song on that Liquor'. The song in question has nothing to do with punch. Moreover, its discoverer did not say in what collection of seventeenth-century manuscripts he found it, so that we have no means of judging its authoritativeness. His admission that 'the MS. does not appear to be an original, although the handwriting is of the author's period', nearly gives his case away. His argument that 'the half-bacchanalian, half-military character' of the song identifies it with Otway, because he was a lover of drink and once enlisted for military service, is not worth a moment's consideration. ^

A Note on the Prologue to 'Constantine the Great'.¹

In agreement with all previous editors I have included the Prologue to Lee's *Constantine the Great* among Otway's works. But there are several facts in this connexion which are not well known and call for careful attention.

The prologue and the epilogue (now accepted as the work of Dryden) made their first appearance in 1683 (12 November, according to a manuscript note of Malone in his copy of the first quarto of *Constantine the Great* now preserved in the Bodleian), shortly after the first performance of the play, on both sides of a single folio half-sheet printed for C. Tebroc. The significant thing about it is that there is no mention of Otway or Dryden or any other writer in it. And it is well known that in that age, when a writer other than the author of a play contributed the prologue or the epilogue to it, the publisher was as a rule careful to mention it. The absence of such mention meant that they were the work of the writer of the play himself.

¹ Reproduced from my letter to *The Times Literary Supplement*, 14 March, 1929.

Hence, on their earliest appearance, both the prologue and epilogue were attributed to Lee.

Then a somewhat unusual thing happened. In the following year came out another issue of the epilogue on one side of a similar single folio half-sheet¹ with the title 'A True Copy of the Epilogue to Constantine the Great. That which was first published being surreptitious and false printed. Written by Mr. Dryden.' Jacob Tonson was the publisher. This and the fact that Tonson again attributed the epilogue to Dryden in the *Miscellany Poems*, First Part, Third Edition, 1702, almost settle the question of Dryden's authorship. In the case of Otway, too, though I do not know if there was a similar second broadside issue of the prologue attributing it to him, yet it may be supposed that Tonson had definite knowledge of his authorship when he printed it as Otway's in the collected edition of 1712.

But a difficulty arises from the fact that early in 1684, the year of the second folio sheet, when the first quarto edition of the play was published, the prologue and the epilogue appeared in it without the attributions to Otway and Dryden, and hence presumably as Lee's, as on their first appearance. What is more important, Tonson was one of the publishers of this edition. It is difficult to understand why he did not make the correction here. All the authors concerned were alive.

The other difficulty is that though Tonson attributed the epilogue to Dryden in 1684 and 1702, and the prologue to Otway in 1712, Richard Wellington, no less reliable and important a publisher than Tonson, attributed them again to Lee in conformity with the pirated folio sheet and the first quarto in his first collected edition of that author in 1713. The same thing is found repeated in 1734.

¹ I have not been able to see a copy of it and have derived this information from Messrs Sotheby's catalogue of the sale of the Christie-Miller library, 28 March to 8 April, 1927.

C. BIBLIOGRAPHY

Irrespective of their length, all horizontal lines on title-page are indicated: (line).

Italics and black letter are here reproduced.

Pagination is in Arabic numeral, and at outer top corner of page unless otherwise mentioned.

In reference to copies, 'B.M.' stands for the British Museum, 'Bod.' for Bodleian, 'C.U.L.' for Cambridge University Library, and 'J.C.G.' for copy in my possession.

The Term Catalogues referred to are in Arber's edition.

SEPARATE PLAYS

THE following list of editions comprises all those that are known to me to have appeared before 1712, when the first collected edition was published.

I. *Alcibiades*

- (1) 1675 644 h. 75 B.M., copy in possession of Mr H. F. B
Brett-Smith, Oxford

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A³, B-1⁴, K²; pp (6)+66+(2).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5), prologue; (6), dram. pers.; 1-66, text; (1), epilogue; (2), errata.

Head-line *Alcibiades*. throughout on every page of text.

Two presses were engaged in the printing, as is seen from the fact that the page-numbers and head-lines in pp. 1-24 are of a different fount from those in pp. 25-66. Also, an average page in the former part accommodates more matter than in the latter.

- (2) 1687: 644. h. 80 B.M.; Malone L. 37 Bod.
Ref. Term Cat., Hilary (Feb.) 1688; price 1s. (11. 217).

ALCIBIADES. | A | TRAGEDY, | Acted at the | Theatre
Royal, | BY | Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS. | (line) |
Written by *THO. OTWAY*. | (line) | (Latin quotation as
in Q 1 except full stop after *illis*, *Horat* and *Serm*) | (line) |
LONDON, | Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *S. Magnes*, in
Russel-Street, in *Covent-Garden*. 1687. |

4to: A-H⁴; pp. (6)+58.

Page (1), title; (3), dedication; (4), prologue; (5), epilogue;
(6), dram. pers.; 1-58, text.

Head-line as Q 1.

2. *Don Carlos*

(1) 1676. Huth 137 B.M ; 4^o D. 8. Art Bod.

Ref. Term Cat , Michaelmas (Nov.) 1676; price 1s. (1 255).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A-I⁴, K²; pp. (8)+66+(2).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5-6), preface; (7) prologue; (8), dram. pers., errata and advertisement; 1-66, text; (1), epilogue.

Head-line *Don Carlos Prince of Spain*. on every page of text.

(2) 1679. 640. k. 2 B.M ; J.C.G.

Ref Term Cat , Michaelmas (Dec.) 1678 (1. 338).

DON CARLOS | Prince of Spain: | A | TRAGEDY: | As
it is Acted at the | Duke's Theatre. | (line) | Written by
THOMAS OTWAY. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1) |
(line) | *The Second Edition Corrected*. | (line) | LONDON, |
Printed by *E. Flesher*, for *R. Tonson*, at | his Shop within
Grays-Inn-Gate, next | *Grays-Inn-Lane*. 1679. |

4to. A-I⁴; pp. (8)+63+(1).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5-6), preface; (7), prologue; (8), dram. pers.; 1-63, text; (1), epilogue.

Head-line as Q 1.

(3) 1686. 11774. f. 21 B M , Malone L. 37, Malone B. 272 Bod.

Don CARLOS | Prince of Spain. | A | TRAGEDY. | As it
is Acted at the DUKE's Theatre. | (line) | Written by
Tho. Otway. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1) | (line) |
The Third Edition Corrected. | (line) | Licensed, *June 15*.
1676. | *Roger L'Estrange*. | (line) | LONDON, | Printed for
Richard Tonson within *Grays-Inn-Gate* next *Grays-Inn-Lane*, 1686. |

4to: A-I⁴; pp. (8)+55 (in error for 63)+(1).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5-6), preface; (7), prologue; (8), dram. pers.; 1-55, text; (1), epilogue.

Head-line as Q 1. Wrong pagination starts from I¹ (marked 49 instead of 57) and runs on to the end.

(4) 1695. 7115 Dyce Collection, S. Kensington; 644. h. 73 B.M.
 Don CARLOS | Prince of Spain. | A | TRAGEDY. | As it
 was Acted at the Duke's Theatre. | (line) | Written by
Tho. Otway. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1 except
 lower case 'u' in '*ultima*') | (line) | *The Fourth Edition*
Corrected. | (line) | Licensed, *June* 15. 1676. | *Roger*
L'Estrange. | (line) | LONDON: | Printed for *R. Bentley*, at
 the Post-House in *Russel-Street*, in *Covent-Garden.* 1695. |

4to: A-H⁴; pp. (8)+56.

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5-6), preface; (7), pro-
 logue; (8), dram. pers.; 1-56, text and epilogue.

Head-line as Q 1. The B.M. copy lacks the leaf containing
 the preface.

(5) 1704. Y. 8 31² C.U.L.; 644. h. 74 B.M.
 DON CARLOS, | PRINCE of SPAIN. | A | TRAGEDY. |
 As it was Acted at the | DUKE'S THEATRE. | (line) |
 Written by *THO. OTWAY.* | (line) | (Latin quotation as
 in Q 4) | (line) | The Fifth Edition, Corrected. | (line) |
 LONDON, | Printed for *Jacob Tonson*: And sold by *Tho.*
Chapman, at | the *Angel* in the *Pall-Mall*, over-against St.
James's-Square 1704. |

4to: A-H⁴; pp. (8)+54+(2).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5-6), preface; (7), pro-
 logue; (8), dram. pers.; 1-54, text; (1) epilogue; (2) cata-
 logue of books.

Head-line as Q 1, but with a comma after 'Carlos'.

The B.M. copy lacks the leaf containing the epilogue.

3. *Titus and Berenice*

with

The Cheats of Scapin.

(1) 1677. J.C.G., Malone L. 37, 4^o. D. 8. Art Bod.
 Ref. Term Cat., Hilary (Feb.) 1677; price 1s. (i. 267).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A-I⁴; pp. 62 (in error for 70)+(2).

A₁^r, title; A₂^r-A₃^v, dedication; A₄^r, prologue; A₄^v, dram.

pers.; B₁^r-E₄^v, text of the tragedy; F₁^r-I₃^v, text of the farce; I₄^r-I₄^v, epilogue.

Head-lines *TITUS* and *BERENICE*. on every page of text of the tragedy, and *Cheats of Scapin*. of the farce. Sheets A and B unpagged; C and D correctly pagged 17-32; E wrongly pagged 43-50; fresh mistake starts from F₁^r (marked 33) and is carried on to the end. The printing can be traced through three successive stages. In J.C.G., which represents the first stage, four lines of the text (Act I. ii. 110, 135-7) are wanting on page 17. They are supplied by a cancel in 4^o.D.8. Art Bod. which represents the second stage. Malone L. 37 Bod. rectifies finally.

(2) 1701.

Y. 8. 31⁴ C.U.L.

Titus and Berenice. | A | TRAGEDY, | Acted at the
DUKE's | THEATRE. | With a FARCE called the | Cheats
of Scapin, | (line) | By *THO. OTWAY*. | (line) | (Latin
quotation as in Q 1) | (line) | (Licensed etc. as in
Q 1) | (line) | LONDON: | Printed for *M. Tonson*, and are
to be Sold by *Tho. Chapman*, at | the *Angel* in *Pall-Mall*,
over-against St. *James's Square*. 1701. |

4to: A-D⁴, E¹; B-D⁴; pp. (8)+26+23+(1).

Page (1), title; (3-6), dedication; (7), prologue; (8), dram.
pers.; 1-26, text of the tragedy; 1-23, text of the farce;
(1), epilogue. The farce is treated as a separate item, with
separate sigs. and pagination.

4. *Friendship in Fashion*

(1) 1678.

J C.G.; Malone L. 37 Bod.

Ref. Term Cat., Trinity (June) 1678, price 1s. (i 320).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A³, B-K⁴; pp. (4)+68+(4).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; 1-68, text; (1), epilogue;
(2), catalogue of books; (3), prologue; (4), dram. pers. (In
J.C.G. the leaf containing the prologue and the dram. pers.
is placed after that containing the dedication.)

Head-line *Friendship in fashion*. on every page.

5. *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*

(1) 1680. Huth 138 B.M.; Malone B. 214 Bod.

Ref. Term Cat., Michaelmas (Nov.) 1679; price 1s. (1. 370).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A-I⁴, K²; pp. (8)+66+(2).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5-6), prologue; (7), blank; (8), dram. pers.; 1-66, text; (1), epilogue.

Head-lines *The History and Fall* on each verso, *Of Caius Marius*. on each recto of text.

(2) 1692. 644. h. 81 B.M.; Malone L. 37 Bod.

THE | HISTORY and FALL | OF | Caius Marius. | A |
TRAGEDY. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre Royal. |
(line) | By *Thomas Otway*. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in
Q 1) | (line) | LONDON, | Printed for *R. Bentley* in *Russel-*
street, | *Covent-Garden*, 1692. |

4to: A-I⁴; pp. (6)+65+(1).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5), prologue; (6),
prologue continued and dram. pers.; 1-65, text; (1),
epilogue.

Head-lines as Q 1 except lower case *o* in *of*.

(3) 1696. 644. h. 82 B M ; Malone B. 272 Bod.

Title-page, collation, &c., as Q 2 except upper case *S* in
Street, and change of date in the imprint on the title-page.

(4) 1703.

Y. 8 31^s C.U.L.

Title-page, collation, &c., as in Q 2 except the following
in the imprint: (after Printed for) *Rich. Wellington*, at the
Dolphin and *Crown* in *Paul's* | *Church-Yard*, and *E.*
Rumball in *Covent-Garden*. 1703. | (line) | (Publisher's
advertisement in six lines) |

6. *The Orphan*

(1) 1680.

J.C.G. , 641. h. 32 B.M.

Ref. Term Cat., Easter (May) 1680, price 1s. (1. 394).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A-K⁴; pp. (8)+71+(1).

Page (1), title; (3-5), dedication; (7), dram. pers.; (8), prologue; 1-71, text; (1), epilogue.

Head-line *The ORPHAN*. on every page of text.

(2) 1685.

C. 57. c. 51 B.M.

Ref. Term Cat., Hilary (Feb.) 1685; (u. 118).

THE | ORPHAN | OR, THE | Unhappy-Marriage: | A |
 TRAGEDY | As it is Acted | At His ROYAL HIGHNESS |
 THE | Duke's Theatre. | (line) | Written by *THO.*
OTWAY. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1) | (line) |
 LONDON. | Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes*, in
Russel-street, | in *Covent-garden*. 1685. |

4to: A-I⁴; pp. (6)+63+(3).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5), dram. pers.; (6), prologue; 1-63, text; (1), epilogue; (2-3), catalogue of books.

Head-line as Q 1.

(3) 1691.

1346 e. 10 B.M.; Malone L. 37 Bod.

Ref. Term Cat., Michaelmas (Nov.) 1691; price 1s. (ii. 387).

THE | ORPHAN | OR, THE | Unhappy-Marriage : | A |
 TRAGEDY. | As it is Acted | At His ROYAL HIGHNESS |
 THE | Duke's Theatre. | (line) | Written by *THO.*
OTWAY. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1) | (line) |
 LONDON. | Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the *Post-House*, in
Russel-street, | in *Covent-garden*. 1691. |

Collation, &c., as above.

(4) 1696.

Seen in book-shop of Messrs P. J. and A. E. Dobell,
London.

Title-page, collation, &c., as in Q 3 except (1) full stop at
 end of l. 4 of title-page, and (2) upper case *G* for *Garden* and
 the date changed to 1696 in the last line.

(5) 1703.

841. c. 8 (5) B M.

THE | ORPHAN | OR, THE | Unhappy-Marriage. | A |
 TRAGEDY. | As it is Acted | At His ROYAL HIGHNESS |
 THE | Duke's Theatre. | (line) | Written by *THO.*
OTWAY. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1) | (line) |
 LONDON, | Printed for *R. Wellington* at the *Dolphin* at
 the *West end* of *St. Paul's* | *Church-Yard*, and *E. Rumball*
 at the *Post-House* in *Russel-Street*, | in *Covent-Garden*
 1703. | (Publisher's advertisement of four lines) |

4to: A-I⁴; pp. (6)+63+(3).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5), dram. pers.; (6), prologue; 1-63, text; (1), epilogue; (2-3), blank.

Head-line as Q 1.

(6) 1705.

11774 g. 32 B M ; M. adds. III. e. 72 Bod.

THE | ORPHAN: | OR, THE | Unhappy-Marriage. | A |
 TRAGEDY. | As it is Acted | At His ROYAL HIGHNESS |
 THE | Duke's Theatre. | (line) | Written by *THO.*
OTWAY. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1) | (line) |
 LONDON, | Printed for *R. Wellington* at the *Dolphin*, at
 the *West End* of *St. Paul's* | *Church-Yard*, and *E. Rumball*
 at the *Post-House* in *Russel-Street*, | in *Covent-Garden*.
 1705. | (Publisher's advertisement of nine lines) |

4to: A-I⁴; pp. (6)+63+(3).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5), dram. pers.; (6), prologue; 1-63, text; (1), epilogue and catalogue of books; (2-3), catalogue of books.

Head-line as Q 1.

The Bod. copy, which is the earlier impression, ends with p. (64), and does not print the catalogue of books on that page. It misplaces the leaf containing the dram. pers. and the prologue before that containing the dedication, and presents several variations on the title-page, like inverted apostrophe in Duke's, Fnd for End, *Rumbal* for *Rumball*, &c., and the publisher's advertisement in ten lines instead of nine.

(7) 1711.

641. a. 33 B.M.

THE | ORPHAN: | OR, THE | UNHAPPY MARRIAGE. |
A | TRAGEDY. | Written by THO. OTWAY. | (orna-
ment) | Printed for T. JOHNSON. | Bookseller at the
Hague. | (line) | M.DCC.XI. |

8vo: A-E⁸, F⁵; pp. 90.

Page (1), title; (2), Latin quotation; (3-4), prologue; (5),
epilogue; (6), dram. pers.; (7)-90, text.

Head-line THE ORPHAN. on every page of text.

7. *The Souldiers Fortune*

(1) 1681.

1346. e. 8 B.M.; Ashley Lib.

Ref. Term Cat., Michaelmas (Nov.) 1680; price 1s. (1. 418).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A-K⁴; pp. (8)+71+(1).

Page (1), title; (3-5), dedication; (6), dram. pers.; (7), pro-
logue; (8), catalogue of books; 1-71, text and epilogue;
(1), epilogue continued.

Head-line *The Souldiers Fortune*. on every page of text.

(2) 1683.

Malone 997 Bod.; 839. h. 42 B.M.

Title-page as Q 1 except S. (before *Magnes*), and change
of date in the imprint.

4to: A², B-I⁴, K²; pp. (4)+61 (in error for 65)+(3).

Page (1), title; (3), dedication; (4), dedication continued
and dram. pers.; 1-61, text; (1), prologue; (2-3), epilogue.

Head-line as Q 1.

(3) 1687.

839. h. 44 B.M.; Malone L. 37 Bod.

THE | Souldiers Fortune. | A | COMEDY. | Acted by
their | MAJESTIES | SERVANTS | AT THE | Theatre
Royal. | (line) | Written by THOMAS OTWAY. | (line) |
(Latin quotation as in Q 1) | (line) | LONDON, | Printed
for R. Bentley, and S. Magnes, in Russel-Street in Co-vent-
Garden. 1687.

Collation, &c., as Q 2, including even the error in pagination.

(4) 1695. 839. k. 28 B.M.; Exeter College Lib., Oxford.

Ref. Term Cat., Trinity (June) 1696 (ii. 590).

THE | Souldiers Fortune. | A | COMEDY. | Acted by His |
MAJESTIES | SERVANTS | AT THE | Theatre Royal. |
(line) | Written by THOMAS OTWAY. | (line) | The
Third Edition. | (line) | (Latin quotation as in Q 1) |
(line) | LONDON | Printed for Richard Bentley, in Russel-
Street near | Covent-Garden, 1695. |

Collation, &c., as Q 3.

Wrongly called the third edition.

8. *Venice Preserv'd*

(1) 1682. J.C.G.; Malone L. 37, Malone B. 272 Bod.; 644.
h. 77 B.M.

Ref. Term Cat., Easter (May) 1682; price 1s. (i. 485).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A-K⁴; pp. (8) + 72.

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; (5), prologue; (6-7),
epilogue; (8), dram. pers.; 1-72, text.

Head-lines *Venice Preserv'd*, or on each verso, *A Plot Dis-*
cover'd. on each recto of text.

Two presses were engaged in the printing. This is easily
seen from the fact that the head-lines in pp. 1-40 are of a
different fount from those in 41-72. The result is the
altered spelling of some proper names in the text.

(2) 1696. 841. c. 8 (3) B.M.; 7115 Dyce Collection, South
Kensington.

Venice Preserv'd, | OR, | A Plot Discover'd. | (line) | A |
TRAGEDY. | As it is Acted at the | DUKE'S THEATRE. |
(line) | Written by THOMAS OTWAY. | (line) | LON-
DON, | Printed for R. Bentley at the Post-house in Russell-
street, and James Knapton at the Crown in St. Paul's |
Church-Yard, 1696. |

4to: A-H⁴; pp. (6) + 58.

Page (1), title; (3), dedication; (4), dedication continued
and dram. pers.; (5), prologue; (6), epilogue; 1-58, text.

Head-lines as Q 1. Confused pagination in sheet E. Another copy seen of this edition (644. h. 78 B.M.) omits 'R. Bentley . . . and' from the imprint, but agrees in every other respect.

(3) 1704. 643. i. 21 (8) B M., Christ Church Lib., Oxford. Venice Preserv'd, | OR, | A Plot Discover'd. | (line) | A | TRAGEDY | As it is Acted at the | *DUKE'S THEATRE*. | (line) | Written by *THOMAS OTWAY*. | (line) | *LONDON*; | Printed for *Benj. Tooke*, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, in | *Fleetstreet*; and *George Strahan*, at the *Golden Ball*, | against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*. 1704. |

4to: A-I⁴; pp. (8) + 62 + (2).

Page (1), title; (3-5), dedication; (6), dram. pers.; (7), prologue; (8), epilogue; 1-62, text and a catalogue of books; (1-2), catalogue of books continued.

Head-lines as Q 1 except semicolon after *Preserv'd*. Sheet F wrongly paged 41-48.

9. *The Atheist*

(1) 1684. J.C.G.; Malone L. 37, Malone 997 Bod. Ref. Term Cat, Michaelmas (Nov.) 1683, price not given (11. 47). Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A-E⁴, G-K⁴, L²; pp. (8) + 75 (in error for 67) + (1).

Page (1), title; (3-5), dedication; (6), prologue; (7), prologue continued and epilogue; (8), epilogue continued and dram. pers.; 1-75, text.

Sheet A unpagged; B-E rightly paged 1-32; F (33-40) absent, though this does not affect the text; G₁^r marked 41, and the pagination thus started is continued to the end. The first two copies have a fresh error on p. 74 which is marked 72. The confusion in collation was due to the fact that the printing was done by two presses. Sheets G-L are set with types of a different fount from those in B-E. The easiest way to detect this is to compare the type-fount and spelling of the page-numbers and head-lines of the two parts. Head-lines *The ATHEIST: Or*, (verso) and *The Soldier's Fortune*. (recto) for sheets B-E; *The ATHEIST; or*, (verso) and *The Souldier's Fortune*. (recto) for sheets G-L.

POEMS AND VERSE-TRANSLATIONS

The date noted is that of first appearance.

Included in 1712 and later collected editions unless otherwise noted.

1. *The Poet's Complaint of His Muse*, 1680.

11626 d. 45 B.M.; God P 1274 (1, 3) Bod.

Ref Term Cat, Hilary (Feb) 1680; price 6d. (i. 384).

Title-page as in present edition.

4to: A², B-D⁴; pp. (4)+22 (in error for 23)+(1).

Page (1), title; (3-4), dedication; 1-22, text. Pagination within square brackets at middle of top margin. Pages 22 and 23 misnumbered 23 and 22 respectively.

No head-lines.

2. *Phaedra to Hippolytus*.

11352 df. 3 Bod.

Title as in present edition.

Pp. 203-14 of 'Ovid's Epistles, translated by several hands . . .', Jacob Tonson, 1680, 8vo.

3. *Prologue and Epilogue to Venice Preserv'd*.

(i)

162. m. 70 (2) B.M.

Prologue. | By Mr. Otway to his *Play* call'd *Venice preserv'd*, or the *Plot discover'd*. Acted at his Royal Highness the Duke of | *YORKS THEATER*, the 9th of *February*, 1681. | (text of prologue) |

(verso) Epilogue. | (text of epilogue) | *LONDON*, Printed for *A. Green*. 1681. |

Folio half-sheet.

(ii)

Wood 276^a (563) Bod.; 644. l. 20 (7) B.M.

PROLOGUE | To a New *PLAY*, called | *Venice Preserv'd*; | OR | The *PLOT* | Discover'd. | *At the Duke's Theatre*; Spoken by *Mr. SMITH*. | (text of prologue) |

(verso) EPILOGUE | To the Same. | Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON. | (text of epilogue) | *London*, Printed for A. Banks. 1682. |

Folio half-sheet.

4. *Epilogue to Venice Preserv'd on the Duke's coming to the Theatre.*

Wood 276^a (562) Bod ; 644. 1. 20 (8) B.M.

Title as in present edition.

Text on both sides of a folio half-sheet. [At bottom of verso]
Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh at the Black Bull in Cornhill,
1682.

5. *Prologue to the City-Heiress.*

Wood 417 (92) Bod , 162. m 70 (8) B.M.

Title as in present edition.

Text on recto of a folio half-sheet.

(Verso) text of epilogue and the imprint: *London*, Printed for J. Tonson, at the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-lane*, 1682.
First included in Thornton's edition, 1813.

6. *Epilogue to Her Royal Highness.*

Huntington Lib.; copy in possession of Mr. G. Thorn Drury.

Title as in present edition.

Text on recto of a folio half-sheet.

[At bottom] Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-lane*, 1682.

The Huntington copy contains a manuscript note in Narcissus Luttrell's hand, 'At ye Dukes theater at Venice preserv'd &c Acted. 31 May. 1682,' the date (when he bought it) 1 June. 1682, and the price 1*d*.

7. *To Mr. Creech Upon his Translation of Lucretius.*

90. b. 12 Bod.; 11375. b. 22 B.M.

Title as in present edition.

d₁^r-d₁^v of 'T. Lucretius Carus . . . Done into English Verse', second edition, Oxford, 1683, 8vo. [By Thomas Creech.]

8. *Prologue to Constantine the Great.* Malone Q. 19 Bod.

THE | Prologue and Epilogue, | *TO THE LAST NEW PLAY*; | Constantine the Great. | (line) | PROLOGUE, | *Spoken by Mr. Goodman*: | (text of prologue) | (verso) EPILOGUE. | *Spoken by Mrs. COOK*, | (text of epilogue) | (line) | Printed for C. Tebroc, 1683. |

Folio half-sheet.

Note: As this was a pirated issue (see p. 65), the present text is given from the first quarto edition of the play (Malone 137 Bod.).

9. *Epistle to R. D.* 208. m. 304 Bod ; 995 b. 23 B.M.

Title as in present edition.

Pp. 218-24 of 'Miscellany Poems', Jacob Tonson, 1684, 8vo.

10. *The Sixteenth Ode of Book II of Horace.*

208. m. 304 Bod ; 995 b. 23 B.M.

Title as in present edition.

Pp. 321-3 of 'Miscellany Poems', Jacob Tonson, 1684, 8vo.

11. *Windsor Castle*, 1685.

J.C.G.; Pamph. 169 Bod.; C. 70. e. 15 B.M.

Ref. Term Cat., Easter (May) 1685; price not given (ii. 126).

Title as in present edition.

4to: A-D⁴, E¹; pp. (4)+30.

Page (1), title; (3), dedication; 1-30, text. Pagination within square brackets in middle of top margin.

No head-lines.

First included in Thornton's edition, 1813.

12. *The Complaint.* 2805. e. 739 Bod.; 1078 l. 9 B.M.

Title as in present edition.

Pp. 55-7 of 'Miscellany, Being A Collection of Poems by several Hands . . .', ed. Mrs. A. Behn, 1685, 8vo.

13. *A Pastoral on the Death of His Majesty.*

2799. e. 345 Bod., 11626. bb. 5 B.M.

Title as in present edition.

Pp. 81-2 of 'A Miscellany of Poems' in 'Lycidus: or the Lover in Fashion . . . By the same Author of the Voyage to the Isle of Love [i.e. Mrs. A. Behn] Together with a Miscellany of New Poems. By Several Hands,' 1688, 8vo.

PROSE WORKS

1. *The History of the Triumvirates*

(1) 1686.

Radcliffe e 70, 8°. Z. 70 Art Bod.

Ref. Term Cat, Hilary (Feb) 1686, price not given (u. 157).

(Within double-line border) THE | HISTORY | OF THE | TRIUMVIRATES. | The First that of | *Julius Caesar*, *Pompey* and *Crassus*. | The Second that of | *Augustus*, *Anthony* and *Lepidus*. | BEING | A faithfull Collection from the best Historians, | and other Authours; concerning that Revolu-|tion of the *Roman* Government which hap-|ned under their Authority. | (line) | Written originally in *French*, | AND | Made *English* by *Tho. Otway*, lately deceased. | (line) | LONDON, | Printed for *Charles Brome* at the *Gun*, at | the West end of *St. Paul's*. 1686. |

8vo: A⁸, a⁸, B-Z⁸, Aa-Tt⁸; pp. (32) + 655 + (1).

Pp. (1-15), the French preface; (16-32), index; 1-655, text.

Never included in any collected edition. Note: The Term Cat. mention a second edition in February, 1693 (u. 443), which I have not seen.

2. *Love-Letters*

10920. bb 26 B.M.; copy in possession of Mr. G. Thorn Drury.

Title as in present edition.

Pp. 75-92 of 'Familiar Letters: Written by the Right Honourable John late Earl of Rochester. . . . With Letters Written by the most Ingenious Mr. Thomas Otway . . .', printed by W. Onley for Sam. Briscoe, 1697, 8vo.

Included in 1712 and later collected works.

COLLECTED EDITIONS

- (1) 1692. Malone L. 37 Bod.; 7115 Dyce Collection, S. Kensington.

THE | WORKS | OF | M^r Thomas Otway. | In one
VOLUME. | Containing these following | TRAGEDIES
and COMEDIES. | (list of nine plays in two columns) |
(double line) | LONDON, | Printed for R. Bentley, at the
Post-House in Russel-|street, Covent-Garden, 1692. |

Separate quarto editions of the plays bound together with
the above title-page. The dates of the individual plays
vary in different volumes.

- (2) 1712. 644. a. 21-2 B M.

THE | WORKS | OF | Mr. Thomas Otway, | In Two
VOLUMES. | Consisting of His | PLAYS, POEMS |
AND | LOVE-LETTERS. | (double line) | LONDON: |
Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand, and Sold | by W.
Taylor at the Ship in Pastor-Noster-|Row. MDCCXII. |

12mo: Vol. I. A-R¹², S¹⁰; pp. (24)+402+(2).

Vol. II. A-R¹²; pp. 403+(5).

Frontispiece to Vol. I., portrait of author; pp. (7-18),
account of author's life and work, which is repeated in
subsequent editions up to 1768.

- (3) 1718-7. Worcester Coll. Lib., Oxford.

THE | WORKS | OF | Mr. Thomas Otway, | In Two
VOLUMES. | Consisting of His | PLAYS, POEMS, |
AND | LOVE-LETTERS. | (double line) | LONDON: |
Printed for J. T. And Sold by W. Mears, J. | Brown and
F. Clay, without Temple-Bar, 1718. |

12mo: Vol. I (dated 1718), A-R¹², S⁶; pp. (20)+394 (in
error for 398)+(2).

Vol. II (dated 1717), A-Q¹², R⁶, pp. 396.

- (4) 1722. J.C.G.

THE | WORKS | OF | Mr. Thomas Otway, | In Two
VOLUMES: | Consisting of His | PLAYS, POEMS, |

AND | LOVE-LETTERS. | (double line) | LONDON: |
Printed for *D. Browne, J. Tonson, B. and S. | Tooke, G. Strahan, and M. Poulson, 1722.* |

12mo: Vol. I. A-R¹², S⁶; pp. 418+(2).

Vol. II. A-Q¹², R⁶; pp. 396.

(5) 1728.

12 θ. 1104-5 Bod.

Collation, title, &c., same as 1722 except the following in the imprint: (after 'Printed for') J. TONSON, G. STRAHAN, | B. MOTTE, D. BROWNE; RI-|CHARD, JAMES, *and* BETHEL WEL-|LINGTON. | M.DCC.XXVIII. |

(6) 1736.

12 θ. 1106-7 Bod ; Exeter Coll. Lib , Oxford.

PLAYS | Written by | Mr. THOMAS OTWAY. | (line) |
VOLUME the FIRST. | (line) | (ornament) | (double line) |
LONDON: | Printed for *J. and R. Tonson, W. Feales, | G. Strahan, B. Motte, D. Brown, R. Wel-|lington, J. Brindley, and C. Corbet.* | (line) | MDCCXXXVI. |

Vol. II same title-page as Vol. I except SECOND for FIRST and different ornament. The volumes are in 12mo.

Separate plays with separate dates, title-pages, signatures, and pagination bound together with the above general title-pages. Each play has an illustration as frontispiece.

(7) 1757.

J.C.G.; 84o. c. 28-30 B.M.

THE | WORKS | OF | Mr. THOMAS OTWAY; | IN
THREE VOLUMES. | Consisting of his | PLAYS, POEMS, |
AND | LETTERS. | (double line) | LONDON: | Printed
for C. HITCH and L. HAWES, D. BROWNE, | H.
LINTOT, J. and R. TONSON, J. HODGES, | C.
BATHURST, J. BRINDLEY, C. CORBET, | T. WALLER,
A. STRAHAN, and T. LONGMAN. | MDCCLVII. |

12mo: Vol. I. A⁶, B-O¹²; pp. xii+308+(4).

Vol. II. A-R¹²; pp. 406+(2).

Vol. III. A-Q¹²; pp. 382+(2).

Frontispiece to Vol. I, portrait of author.

(8) 1768.

239 e. 26, G. 18744-6 B M.

Collation, title-page, &c., same as 1757 except the following in the title-page: (1) CONSISTING OF HIS (2) Printed for C. Bathurst, T. Waller, J. Rivington, | L. Hawes and W. Clarke and R. Collins, W. Johnston, T. Caston, T. Longman, C. Corbet, W. | Nicoll, T. Cadell, B. White, T. Lowndes, | G. Robinson and J. Roberts, T. Davies, | T. Becket, and M. Reeves. | (line) | MDCCLXVIII. |

(9) 1812.

11771. e. 21 B M.

THE | WORKS | OF | THOMAS OTWAY, | CONSIST-
ING OF HIS | PLAYS, POEMS, | AND | LETTERS. |
(line) | WITH | A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, | ENLARGED
FROM THAT WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON. | (line) |
IN TWO VOLUMES. | (double line) | (contents of the
volumes) | (double line) | London: | PRINTED FOR
F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. PAYNE; WILKIE ND
ROBINSON; | LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,
AND BROWN; CADELL AND DAVIES; | J. MURRAY;
J. MAWMAN; AND R. BALDWIN. | (line) | 1812. |

8vo: Vol. I. A-Z⁸, A A-H H⁸; pp. 16+478+(2).Vol. II. A², B-Z⁸, A A-G G⁸, H H¹; pp. (4)+466.

Frontispiece, portrait of author. An illustration before each play.

(10) 1813.

M. adds. 107 d. 5-7 Bod.

THE | WORKS | OF | THOMAS OTWAY. | IN THREE
VOLUMES. | WITH NOTES, | CRITICAL AND EX-
PLANATORY, | AND | A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, |
BY | THOMAS THORNTON, ESQ. | (line) | VOL. I. |
(double line) | LONDON: | PRINTED FOR T. TURNER,
87, STRAND, | (SUCCESSOR TO JOHN MACKINLAY); |
By B. McMillan, Bow Street, Covent Garden. | (line) |
1813. |

8vo: Vol. I. a-c⁸, d⁶, B-Q⁸, R⁴; pp. 1x+247+(1).Vol. II. B-Z⁸, A a-B b⁸, C c⁴, D d²; pp. 396.Vol. III. B-Y⁸, Z⁴; pp. 340+(4).

Portrait of author, frontispiece to Vol. I. An illustration frontispiece to the other volumes.

(11) 1926. M. adds. 107. d. 13-15 Bod.; J.C G.
 (Within ornamented border) THE COMPLETE WORKS
 OF | THOMAS | OTWAY | *Edited by* | MONTAGUE
 SUMMERS | (line) | (contents of the volumes) | (line) |
 BLOOMSBURY | THE NONESUCH PRESS | 16 *Great*
James Street, W.C. | MCMXXVI |

Vol. I. pp. civ+233+(1).

Vol. II. pp. 369+(1).

Vol. III. pp. 328+(2).

PRINCIPAL SELECTIONS

- (1) Don Carlos, The Orphan, The Soldier's Fortune, Venice Preserved, and Love-Letters; ed. Roden Noel (Mermaid Series).
- (2) The Orphan and Venice Preserved, ed. C. F. McClumpha (Belles-Lettres Series).

D. THE TEXT

Short History.

THE history of Otway's text up to the latest edition by Mr. Summers is one of steady corruption. The first editions are the only authorities, but no later editor has presented the original text in its entire purity. This is all the more regrettable in view of the fact that, generally speaking, the original text was such as to call for little correction or alteration. It was naturally subject to ordinary printers' errors, but they were neither too many nor difficult to guess. The sole business of the later editor was to remove these errors, and leave the rest of the text alone. But all later editors have attempted to 'improve' the text, with the result that, while there has been no end of corruption introduced by them through wilful interference or lack of understanding, several of the serious original errors have remained unnoticed to the present day.

The principal source of corruption was the first collected edition of 1712. One regrets that it was not brought out with greater care, especially in consideration of the undeserved respect with which it has been treated by most later editors. It omitted *Windsor Castle* and the Prologue to *The City Heiress*, and, though it corrected some of the obvious misreadings and faulty line-arrangements and stage-directions of the first editions, it introduced many variations in respect of punctuation, spelling, and typography, and, what is more serious, many mistakes of its own. To give only two instances of the last, it printed 'funeral' for 'fucal' in *Titus and Berenice*, III. 449, and 'Stage' for 'Sage' in l. 30 of the Prologue to *The Atheist*. The work of corruption went merrily on for a century, and Thornton's edition of 1813, which remained the standard for the next hundred and twelve years, entirely divested the text of its original character in respect of punctuation, spelling, and typography. What was more serious, besides

perpetuating the mistakes of the 1712 and later editions (e.g. those quoted above), Thornton introduced some of his own; e.g. 'cockatoo' for 'Cuckoo too' in *Venice Preserv'd*, I. 189. And though he was the first editor to collect all the genuine poems of Otway, he was also responsible for the inclusion of two that are apocryphal.

More than a century after Thornton, and in an age when scientific editing has almost reached perfection, Mr. Summers brought out his edition in 1926. The principal features of his text as they are set forth in vol. I. xi require a little detailed examination.

Mr. Summers claims with pride that he has included five poems which 'have not hitherto been collected in Otway's works'. As has been already shown in pp. 63-5, these poems are spurious, and their inclusion reflects doubtful credit on Mr. Summers. His assertion that the second quartos of *Don Carlos*, *The Orphan*, and *The Souldiers Fortune* have been collated by him, and that 'the variants are marked in the Textual Notes', was certainly not made with proper reference to facts. For in the so-called Textual Notes there is not even a single mention of the second quarto of *Don Carlos*, and the second quartos of the two other plays are referred to only fourteen times in all. Mr. Summers becomes more misleading when he says that his text 'is in every case exactly given from the original editions. . . . With regard to the plays the first quartos are scrupulously followed'. The utmost that he can claim is that in some respects, especially in spelling and typography, he is nearer to the original quartos than Thornton and the earlier editors were. But he is still a long way off from the first quartos. He has never 'scrupulously followed' them. His unconscious variations from them are countless and would fill volumes. To give only one instance, the following table of readings from the Prologue to *The Atheist* will show whether he 'scrupulously followed' the first quarto or a later collected edition:

	Q 1	Summers	Works, 1728
1. 3	very	very	very
6	Great	great	great
	Masters	Master's	Master's
7	chance,	Chance,	Chance,
10	Vices	Vices	Vices
14	Small	small	small
18	pothor ;	Pothor ;	Pothor ;
20	chance,	Chance,	Chance,
23	joyn'd.	join'd.	join'd.
24	Two	two	two
	joyning,	joining,	joining,
	hold,	hold	hold
28	Jennyes	Jenneys	Jenneys
30	Sage	Stage	Stage
43	Reign [?]	reign [?]	reign [?]
46	e'er	ere	ere
50	Applause,	Applause	Applause
51	till	'till	'till

Eighteen variations in fifty-one verse-lines, and some of them corruptions of the grossest kind, like 'Stage' for 'Sage'. And when we consider that the first quarto of *The Atheist* is the most easily available among Otway's plays, we can imagine what he has done to the rest. But he goes even further, and claims that his text of four prologues and epilogues is from the original broadsides. The following table will show whether his text of the Prologue to *The City Heiress* is from the original broadside or from Thornton's edition (this prologue was not available in the collected edition of 1728):

	Summers	Thornton	Broadside
1. 3	impeach ;	impeach ;	impeach,
4	teach	teach	teach,
10	gloat	gloat	gloat,
12	place,	place,	place
14	ye	ye	you
15	so ;	so ;	so,
18	In reverend	In reverend	In a reverend

	<i>Summers</i>	<i>Thornton</i>	<i>Broadside</i>
19	it's	it's	its
20	Sometimes,	Sometimes,	Sometimes
21	'Twould	'Twould	'Twou'd
	apostolic	apostolic	apostolick
22	But	But	But,
	swore!	swore!	swore.
24	his	his	its
26	his	his	its
28	Pug	pug	Pug,
30	us;	us;	us:
31	Ananias:	Annanias:	Ananias
33	it's	it's	its
36	Guiney	guinea	Guinny
40	Sham-	sham	Sham-
	Thanksgivings?	thanksgivings?	Tanksgivings?
42	whoe'er	whoe'er	who e'er
43	all	all	all,
46	could	could	cou'd

In the case of the Prologue to *Constantine the Great*, far from following the original broadside, Mr. Summers does not seem even to have seen it or known anything about it. Otherwise how to account for the more than forty variations of all kinds between it and his text? Moreover, Nemesis overtakes him here. It was not known to him that this broadside was pirated, and not worth reproducing.

But it will be unjust to say that Mr. Summers is never faithful to the original text. If he alters where alteration is unnecessary or unjustified, he atones for that by retaining the errors; e.g. 'Thou' and 'these fair Nymphs' in *Caius Marius*, III. 252 and IV. 416; 'dippappers' in *The Souldiers Fortune*, I. 377; and 'Brave strippons' in *The Atheist*, IV. 84. Even Thornton, whom Mr. Summers calls 'unsatisfactory' and 'unscholarly', gave the correct readings for the first and the third. In the case of the last, though Thornton's emendation was wrong, he has shown himself superior to Mr. Summers by the fact that he at least perceived the original passage to be defective.

Present Text.

With the exception of the pirated folio half-sheet containing the Prologue to *Constantine the Great* (see pp 65, 79), the first edition of every work has been used as the basis of the present text. The copies that were sent to the press were either the original quartos in my possession or rotographs made in the British Museum, Bodleian, and Huntington Library. As a rule, a second copy of the first edition has been consulted throughout, in order to ensure accuracy of the text and to detect any variations arising from corrections or accidents during the process of printing. Of the copies referred to in the Bibliography, the first is, in the case of every work, the copy from which the present text has been set up, and the second the copy that has been used for consultation. Bibliographical examination has also been made of as many additional copies of the first edition as have been readily available. These, too, have been mentioned in the Bibliography. So far as the text is concerned, all the copies of the first edition so used have been found to agree in every respect except the typography and spelling of an insignificantly small number of words. Material variation has been noticed in only one case, viz. in *Titus and Berenice*, where four lines left out by mistake in the first stage of printing were supplied later (see p. 70).

Presentation of the Text.

In the treatment of the original edition the primary principle followed has been conservative. Every characteristic and peculiarity of the original text in respect of spelling, punctuation, use of capitals and roman and italic founts, abbreviations, &c., have been carefully retained. To divest a seventeenth-century text of these peculiarities is like scraping a work of old architecture, and destroys both its beauty and historical character. Moreover, in the case of Otway's text, these peculiarities will not, as a rule, handicap the modern reader. Those that may require a

little attention have been noticed below and in the Explanatory Notes.

Corrections.

Corrections have been made very sparingly, and only when the original readings obscure the sense. Moreover, all corrections, with the exception of those noted below, have been acknowledged at the foot of the text, so that the original readings may be restored at a glance. On three occasions the sense of the original reading was not clear: 'Goblins' (*The Orphan*, III. 38), 'Crapish' (*The Souldiers Fortune*, I. 337), and 'stokes' (*ibid.*, IV. 460). The words have been commented upon in the Explanatory Notes and the best emendations suggested. But no alteration has been made in the text.

Stage directions, when referred to for the sake of correction, have been indicated by the number of the line *after* which they appear. Dropped letters have been indicated: (*d. l.*). Characters omitted from the *dramatis personae*, additional stage-direction thought to be indispensable for a proper understanding of the text, and words or letters missed out in the stage-directions and *dramatis personae* have been supplied within corner brackets.

Additional Textual Notes.

As only general principles will be laid down in this chapter, a few additional textual notes have been supplied before the Explanatory Notes to the works. They deal with features that are special to the individual works, and they should be borne in mind while consulting the list of original readings at the foot of the page.

Proper Names.

With regard to the spelling of proper names it has not been always possible to observe the principle of non-interference. Varying spellings of the same name have been allowed to stand, but when the difference of spelling was such as to give different names to the same person, it has been thought necessary to arrive at uniformity. Thus in

Venice Preserv'd both 'Pierre' and 'Peirre' have been retained; but in the case of 'Priuli' and 'Prinli' decision has been made in favour of the former. The grounds on which this and similar decisions have been made will be found in the Additional Textual Notes.

Second Quartos.

Three of the plays, *Don Carlos*, *The Orphan*, and *The Souldiers Fortune* appeared in a second edition during the author's lifetime. But this has not given rise to any textual problem, as, apart from a few omissions and mistakes made through obvious negligence, and the correction of a few easily detectable misreadings, the changes introduced in the second editions were entirely in respect of typography, spelling, and punctuation. Whenever any of these changes has been considered to be a material improvement on the first edition, it has been accepted with due notice. The only occasion for the recording of variant readings has been that offered by the Prologue and Epilogue to *Venice Preserv'd*.

Some peculiarities of the Original Text that have been retained.

Isolated instances of the use of old forms, contractions, phonetic spellings, &c., that may require explanation have been dealt with in the Explanatory Notes. But the knowledge of the following usages has been taken for granted:

(1) Occasional employment of an apostrophe before the terminal -s of (a) plural nouns and (b) third person singular verbs; e.g. Devil's (*Don Carlos*, III. 362); Idea's (*Titus and Berenice*, III. 377); world's (*ibid.*, III. 479); Guinea's (*Cheats of Scapin*, II. 277, 279); Beau's (*The Atheist*, Prol., 33); Alarm's (*Alcibiades*, II. 261); put's (*Don Carlos*, III. 245); weep's (*Titus and Berenice*, II. 213); stoop's (*Venice Preserv'd*, I. 255). Many more instances may be quoted, which shows that they were not misprints from the original printer's point of view.

(2) Misplaced, superfluous, or omitted apostrophe in contracted forms; e.g. what's, whats; 'sdeath, s'death; canst, can'st, cans't; t'other, to'ther (the other); be'nt, ben't (be not); 'em, e'm (them); 'tis, tis, t'is (it is); 'twill, twill, t'will (it will); I've, Iv'e (I have); I'le, I'll, I'l, 'Ile, Ile, Ill (I will); e'en, e'n (even); o'er, o're, or'e, o'r, 'ore, ore (over); ne're, ne'er, ner'e, n'ere, ne'r, nere (never); e're, e'er, er'e, 'ere, ere, e'r, er', 'er (ever, ere). The original printer did not care where he placed the apostrophe, the fact that he placed it somewhere marked the contraction.

Silent Corrections and Alterations.

The following corrections and alterations have been silently made, so that the list of original readings may not be overburdened:

- (1) The long f and vv have been discarded.
- (2) All turned letters except b, p, d, n, u have been silently justified.
- (3) Italic punctuation points have been used after words in italic, and roman punctuation points after words in roman. The original printer sometimes mixed them up.
- (4) The initial capital of a word in roman has been printed in roman, and that of a word in italic has been printed in italic. The original printer sometimes mixed these up, too.
- (5) The possessive suffix 's', when preceded by the apostrophe, has been discriminated from the proper name to which it is attached by being printed in roman when the name is in italic, and vice versa. This is the usual practice of the original printer, though he was sometimes careless about it. Similarly, when the apostrophe does not appear, the original printer's practice of employing the same fount for both the word and the suffix has been strictly adhered to.
- (6) In the stage-directions the proper names have been printed in roman when the rest of the passage in which they appear is in italic, and vice versa. This, too, is the

usual practice of the original printer. [Similar correction made in the text proper has been always acknowledged.]

(7) There are a number of instances (notably in *The Cheats of Scapin*) when 'I' was misprinted in italic. The correction has been silently made.

(8) In printing stage-directions all entries have been uniformly shifted to the middle of the page and the original brackets preceding or enclosing them have been discarded. Similarly all exits have been shifted to the right-hand side and printed after a square bracket. The full stop has been uniformly used after speech prefixes, in the *dramatis personae* (when there is any punctuation point), and at the end of stage-directions. Redundant speech-prefixes have been discarded.

(9) New lines have been begun for new speeches, and the brackets within which the speech-prefixes were sometimes enclosed have been discarded.

(10) Punctuation points, brackets, and letters (care being taken that they do not denote contracted forms) displaced above or below the line have been justified.

(11) While rectifying verse-passages misprinted as prose, or two verse-lines run on into one, the initial letters of the corrected lines have been silently printed as capitals. In the converse case of one verse-line misprinted as two, the initial letter of the second line has been retained as capital when it has been thought that the original printer would have done the same; otherwise it has been silently reduced to the lower case.

(12) Two or more words misprinted as one have been separated without note when the combination did not produce a new word; otherwise the correction has been acknowledged. Thus 'inthis' has been corrected silently, but not 'withall'. [N.B. No words have been joined together without note.]

(13) In order to facilitate the line-numbering of verse-plays, all part-lines that have been counted metrically as one have been set out in the modern fashion. The device

sometimes employed by the original printer of beginning a line with a dash to show its metrical connection with the line preceding has been discarded.

(14) Ornamented top-borders have been supplied on pages where the first quartos had one, but no attempt has been made to reproduce the originals.

ALCIBIADES.

A Tragedy,

Acted at the DUKE'S Theatre.

Written by *Tho. Otway.*

——— *Landetur ab his Culpetur ab illis,*
Horat • Serm : Lib. 1st. Sat. 2.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Cademan* at the sign of the *Popes Head* in the Lower walk of the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*, 1675.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *MIDDLESEX*.

My Lord,

I Am sufficiently sensible of my own Arrogance, in that being almost a Stranger to every thing of You but your Fame, I durst obtrude so abject a Trifle as this, under the Patronage of so eminent a Person; but 5 that generous Candour, wherewith you oblige all the World, gave me Courage to hope you might at least pardon this first offence in me. And though perhaps, the best presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my wishes, if the 10 sincerity of my Zeal, may atone for the meanness of the Offering: That is the farthest prospect I take, which whilst I have in view, I dare not (though perhaps as justly as some others have done I might) complain of the censures of the World; for since I've heard that 15 your Lordship prov'd indulgent, I were unworthy of the favours you bestow'd, should I be concern'd at the malice or petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs think it modish to be Critical, but in the mean while forget 'tis as gentile to be civil. No my Lord, 'tis 20 under your Vmbrage only I would court protection, to whom Heav'n has given a soul, whose endowments are as much above flattery, as it self abhors it; and which are as impossible to be describ'd, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest Pilgrims, 25 when they visit shrines, will make some presents where they kneel: so I have here brought mine, by your own goodness only made worthy to be preserv'd; in

*whose defence I can say nothing more, than that with
it all my best endeavours are, and ever shall be, ready 30
to testify how much I am, my Lord*

The most earnest of Your
Servants, and Admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

30 be

PROLOGUE spoken by Mr. *Harris*.

NEver did Rymer greater hazard run,
 'Mongst us by your severity undone:
 Though we alas! to oblige ye have done most,
 And bought ye pleasures at our own sad^d cost: }
 Yet all our best endeavours have been lost. } 5
 So oft a States-man lab'ring to be good,
 His Honesty's for Treason understood:
 Whilst some false flatt'ring Minion of the Court,
 Shall play the Traytor, and be honour'd for't.
 To you known Judges of what 's sence and wit, } 10
 Our Authour swears he gladly will submit.
 But there 's a sort of things infest the Pit,
 That will be witty, spight of Nature too,
 And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
 Hither sometimes those wou'd-be Witts repair, } 15
 In quest of you; where if you not appear,
 Crys one—Pugh! Dam me what do we do here?
 Strait up he starts, his Garniture then puts
 In order, so he Cocks, and out he struts.
 To th' Coffee-House, where he about him looks: } 20
 Spyes Friend, crys Jack—I've been to Night at th' Dukes:
 The silly Rogues are all undone my Dear,
 I gad! not one of sence that I saw there.
 Thus to himself he'd Reputation gather
 Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither. } 25
 Wit has indeed a Stranger been of late,
 'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.
 Both Houses too so long a Fast have known,
 That coursest Non-sence goes most glibly down.
 Thus though this Trifler never wrote before, } 30
 Yet Faith he ventur'd on the common score:
 Since Non-sence is so generally allow'd,
 He hopes that his may pass amongst the Crowd.

PROLOGUE 10 sence, and wit 28 too to Q 1, 2 too too later edd.

Actors Names.

<i>Agis</i>		Mr. Medbourn.
<i>Alcibiades</i> ,	{ General of <i>Athens</i> , but fled thence in discontent & made General of <i>Sparta</i> , betrothed to <i>Timandra</i> .	Mr. Batterton.
<i>Tissaphernes</i> ,	{ the old General of <i>Sparta</i> :	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Patroclus</i> .	{ His Son and Friend to <i>Alcibiades</i> .	Mr. Crosby.
<i>Theramnes</i> ,	{ The now <i>Athenian</i> General, in Love with <i>Timandra</i> .	Mr. Harris.
<i>Polyndus</i> ,	{ A young Noble of <i>Athens</i> , his friend.	Mr. Gillow.
<i>Deidamia</i> ,	{ Queen of <i>Sparta</i> in Love with <i>Alcibiades</i> ,	Mrs. Mary Lee.
<i>Timandra</i> ,	{ A noble <i>Athenian</i> Lady, betrothed to <i>Alcibiades</i> .	Mrs. Batterton.
<i>Draxilla</i> .	{ Sister to <i>Alcibiades</i> and her friend.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Ardella</i> .	{ Lady of Honour to the Queen of <i>Sparta</i> .	Mrs. Gillow.

Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, Spirits, Guards, Messengers, Villains, Ladys, &c.



ALCIBIADES.

A Tragedy.

ACT First. SCENE First, a Palace.

Timandra and *Draxilla*; shouts without,
Theramnes, Theramnes, Theramnes.

Enter Servant.

Tim. **W**Hat mean these shouts?
Serv. Oh all your hopes are crost,
The Gallant *Alcibiades* is lost.

Tim. Hah!—

Serv. When last Night the Youth of *Athens* late
Rose up the *Orgia* to Celebrate,
The *Bacchanals* all hot and Drunk with Wine, 5
He led to the Almighty Thund'ers shrine,
And there his Image seated on a Throne
They violently took and tumbled down:
This opportunity *Theramnes* got,
To supplant him, and his own ends promote; 10
For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his Rival shou'd in all succeed;
But he the threat'ning danger to evade,
Is to the *Spartan* Camp for Refuge fled:
And now by order from the Senate, all 15
With shouts proclaim *Theramnes* General.

Tim. But is he fled? has he so meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth?
Oh too unkind, false and unconstant Youth! 20

[*Exit Serv.*

1. i. *Draxilla* (stage dir.)

4 Celebrate

18 alone.

Drax. Madam, believe not but my Brothers just,
You wrong his honour by this mean distrust;
Think you that distance can his Love rebate?

Tim. Thy young Experience never felt the weight
Of Lovers fears; if Just, he'l easily 25
Excuse that Love that breeds this Jealousie.

Drax. But Madam, for these doubts no grounds you
have.

Tim. Alas! goe ask of Mad-men why they Rave.
What more could Fate do to Augment my Woe?
I Love, am Mad, and know not what I do. 30
I, who before had nothing in my Eyes,
But Glory and Love growing to delight,
Like Chymists waiting for their labours prize;
My hopes are dash't and ruin'd in their height.

Drax. Alas, we but with weak intelligence 35
Read Heaven's decrees, Th'are writ in Mystick sence;
For were they open lay'd to Mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Dieties.
Perhaps the wiser pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing happiness allay, 40
Lest should it in its high perfection come,
Your soul for the Reception might want roome.

Tim. Thy Reasons kind *Draxilla*, weakly move,
What Woman e're complain'd of too much Love?
No, had I naked to the World been left, 45
Of Honour, and its gawdy Plumes bereft:
Yet all these I with gladness could resign,
So *Alcibiades* had still been mine;
But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the casket when the Jewel's gone? 50

Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler lustre, and return again:
Think you his great soul could with patience see
His rifl'd Honours heap'd on's Enemy;
And not his Rage have grown to that excess, 55

As must have ruin'd all your happiness?
But he withdrew, and like a Zealous Hermit did forgoe
Those little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.

Tim. That Zeal must needs be very weak and faint,
That lets the Votary forsake his Saint; • 60

No, he is happy in some other flame,
And from his breast has blotted out my name:
So that there nothing more remains for me,
But a kind Death, or a long Misery.

But Death alone's th'unhappy Lovers ease, 65
That Seals up to us an Eternal Peace;

By that our souls to endless pleasures move,
And we enjoy an Everlasting Love.
Yet e're I dye, as dye I feel I must,
To *Alcibiades* I would be just; 70

Fain would I let him know how I resign
All in him, that his past Vows had made mine;
Then to its seat in peace my soul should flye,
And calmly at my Lovers feet I'd dye.
Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldst thou do? 75

Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to see you dye.

Tim. Some safe disguises for us then provide,
From watchful eyes our sudden flight to hide; 80
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'll forthwith move,
Born on the wings of Jealousy and Love;
For I'm resolv'd to know the worst of Fate;
I wou'd be blest; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave, 85
To meet a faithful Lover, or a Grave.

Theramnes at the Door.

Th. Stay kind *Polyndus* here
Whilst I go pay my just devotion there: [*Stepping to Tim.*
See, fairest Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfulest & humblest Worshiper: 90

56 happiness. 87 *Th.*—Stay 89 See | Beauty here, 90 Worshiper.

Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice,
 To those Eternal Glorys of your Eyes.
 It is a heart as spotless and sincere,
 As the chast Vows of holy Vestals are ;
 Accept Divine one, and pronounce my doom. 95

Tim. Are you my Lord to mock my Sorrows come ?

Th. No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
 To pay my duty, and present my flame.

Tim. What flame or duty can you owe to me ?

Th. Next what the Holy to the Diety, 100
 When they for blessings at the Altars move:
 'Tis Adoration Madam, joyn'd with Love.

Tim. Love! I thought that had been e're this o'reblown ;
 I'm sure it had small hopes to live upon.

Th. That Love which only tedious hopes sustain, 105
 Is a dull, easie, and ignoble pain:

Mine's an enliv'ning and transporting fire,
 Whose flames encrease, and still are piercing higher.

Tim. Yes, as from Piles some wilder flames essay 110
 To mount, but baffled part in fumes away ;
 So all that love you now so strongly boast,
 Sever'd from hope in a weak Vapour's lost ;
 But you too urgent in your suit appear.

Th. Oh what too urgent for a joy so dear!

Tim. Since then you constancy so firmly Vow, 115
 Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do so too. [*Gives her hand.*

The. Thus when the storms of Love are over-past,
 We gain the wisht-for Port of bliss at last.
 I ne're could doubt—— [*Kisses her hand.*

Tim. Then know I ne're can cease 120
 From my Vow'd Love to *Alcibiades*.

Th. I'm lost, and all those Joys I saw so near,
 Vanish, and leave me wandering in despair:
 Thus Madam Barb'rous Cruelty y'ave shown,
 Raising me up only to throw me down.

Tim. Not to deceive you, I (*Theramnes*) know 125

92 Eyes: 101 move, 109 essay,

How much I am oblig'd t'your Love and You.

Since you such ample kindness did express,

In favour of my *Alcibiades* :

How poorly did you envy the esteem

I for his matchless Vertues had, and Him!

130

When finding him abandon'd by the State,

You, to advance your int'rest, did create

New feuds;—

As if my Love were ballanc't by his Fate:

No, he had nobler Charms my breast to move,

135

Unblemish't Honour, and a spotless Love;

Which though perhaps now know another flame,

Yet I have love and passion for their Name.

Th. Am I then of all hopes of bliss debarr'd?

Oh too soft Charms sway'd by a heart too hard.

140

Tim. Y'are something discompos'd Sir I perceive,

And 'tis but modesty to take my leave.

Th. Oh stay and pity a poor Lovers Fate!

Tim. If pity Sir, is all you ask, take that.

Th. Heavens, can she at those Chains she gave me scoff!

Tim. You at your pleasure Sir, may shake 'em off.

146

[*Exeunt Tim. and Drax.*]

Enter Polyndus.

Pol. How fares my noblest Friend?

Th.

As those who are

Tott'ring upon the brinks of dire despair.

Help and retrieve me with th'assisting hand,

Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.

150

Pol. Then Sir turn back and face your driving Foe.

Th. Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?

The more I strive, the faster I am bound,

As ign'rant swimmers are with struggling drown'd.

Pol. *Timandra* surely can't in honour less

155

Then Crown your Love with prosperous success,

When she believes, (as certainly she must)

That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjust.

148 despair,

155 *Timandra*, | less,

158 unjust;

Th. Alas, she Loves him with much greater flame,
 And pays devotion to his very name: 160
 Distance adds to their Loves a Violence;
 And their souls hold from far Intelligence.
 Thus my mistaking Policy out-run
 My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.

Pol. Why do you let your soul be so opprest? 165
 'Tis Patience best befits a gallant Breast.

Th. Patience! Whats that? The Mistress of tame Fools,
 That can in nothing else employ their souls;
 No, since *Timandra* thou canst disapprove
 My just flame for an absent Rivals Love, 170
 I'll find that Rival out, and snatch his breath,
 Though ev'ry step I tread, encounter Death.

Pol. Now Sir y'are brave——
 Already y've disarm'd *Timandra's* charms,
 Me-thinks I see you Rev'ling in her Arms; 175
 Let's then o' th' Wings of Love and honour fly
 To th' Field, and meet th' insulting Enemy:
 Where through the paths of death and blood, we'll go
 To meet your Rival, and his Countrys Foe:
 There the remembrance of *Timandra's* charms, 180
 Shall add fresh courage to your Conq'ring Arms.
 But if Fate the success so order shall,
 That by your Rivals Sword you chance to fall:
 I then (as honour justly will command,)
 Inspir'd by Friendship and *Timandra's* Name, 185
 Will bravely stem him, and with this bold hand
 Revenge, or fall a Victim to your flame.

Th. Oh noble generous Youth! whose tender years
 Such gallant courage and such honour wear! }
 How can my aymes but in my wishes end, } *Embraces*
 That have so worthy and so brave a Friend? } *him.* 191
 Come my *Polyndus*.——

Pol. On my Friend I'll wait,
 Through all the Labarinths of Love and Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE:

The Tent of a Pavilion Royal; the King and Queen of Sparta, Alcibiades, Tissaphernes, Patroclus, Guards, Ladys, &c.

K. Now must proud *Athens* lay her Tryumphs down,
And pay her Glorys Tribute to my Crown; 195
No more shall stupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
Nor make disadvantageous peace for fear;
But she her self must in subjection come,
And humbly at my feet expect her doom.

Tiss. Yes Sir; all Glorys must when Yours break forth,
Go out, and lose their Beauty, and their Worth; 201
And like false Angels Vanish and be gone,
Dreading those shapes they durst before put on.

Pat. *Athens*, the Worlds great Mistress will not be
Courtèd with low and vulgar Gallantry. 205
Her Glory aymes at higher Characters,
Then heavy Gown-men clad in formal Furs:
Who wins her deeds 'bove common Fate must do,
And so she's only Mistress fit for You.

K. Yes, and I only will enjoy her too. 210
But noble generous Youth, thou hast alone } To
Things Worthy the *Athenian* honour done: } *Alcibiades.*
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle soard'st above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move;
A flight too high for their dull souls to use, 215
Which prompted 'em that honour to abuse:
Thinking their baseness they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State.
But let them that black mistery pursue,
By worth and honour Empires greatest grow; 220
Which when abus'd, their glory does suppress,
As revers'd prospects make the object less.

Alcib. Yours Sir, like Heav'ns great soul is General;
Dispensing its kind influence on all.
This makes success and Victory repair, 225

211 thou has

To move with you as in their proper Sphear ;
 As fragrant dewes leave the corrupter earth,
 Exhal'd by th' Sun from whom they had their Birth.

K. The truth of that we by your Lawrels know,
 Conquest your Arms, Triumph still waits your brow ; 230
 By your success th' *Athenian* greatness rose,
 Your courage scatter'd their insulting Foes ;
 And from that height to which by you th' are grown,
 'Tis your success alone must throw 'em down.
 Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force ; 235
 And all those honours you were rob'd of there,
 We'll make our study to redouble here.

Tiss. And I, (if that my Malice tell me true,) } [Aside.
 As diligently shall his Plagues pursue. }

Alcib. Of all my Courage or my Sword shall do, 240
 I the success must to your influence owe:
 The honour and the justice of your cause,
 So glorious are, Fate must from them take Laws:
 So You o're *Athens* this advantage have,
 You Fortune rule, to whom she's but a Slave. 245

K. Enjoy my *Tissaphernes* now thy ease,
 And plant fresh Lawrels in the shades of Peace.
 The glorys thou hast won, so num'rous are,
 They seem as many as thy age can bear.
 But if thy spacious soul thou canst confine, 250
 Within this narrow Mansion of mine:
 Be this the utmost of thy wishes bound,
 Possess his grateful heart, whose head th' ast Crown'd.

Tiss. Heav'n knows my Age does feel no sharper sting,
 Then to want pow'r to serve so good a King. 255
 But since time tells me that my glass is run,
 Setting me backward where I first begun ;
 Since no way else they can their duty show,
 I'll only employ my hands to Heav'n for you : }
 And what my Sword can't, may devotion do. } 260

K. How truly he a glorious Monarch is,

That's Crown'd with blessings so sublime as these!
 How can I but in all things happy be,
 Propt by such Courage and such Piety?
 To me with Gods similitude is giv'n: 265
 'Tis pow'r and vertue that supports their Heav'n.
 Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
 T' Alarm it to Obedience, or to War;
 To Morrow must decide th' *Athenian* Fate,
 This day to joy and ease we'l Consecrate. 270

[*Exeunt Om. prat. Tiss.*]

Tiss. Ungrateful King! thy shallow aymes pursue,
 But my brisk Up-start Fav'rite, have at you.
 Was it for this my active Youth I spent
 In War? and knew no dwelling but a Tent?
 Have I for this through Invious Mountains pass't? 275
 Demolish't Cities, and lay'd Kingdoms wast?
 Still in his Cause unwearied courage shown?
 And almost hid his head in Crowns I won?
 Upon my Breast receiv'd so many Scarrs,
 They seem a War describ'd in Characters? 280
 And must the harvest of my toyle and blood,
 Upon a fawning Rebel be bestow'd?
 Who having false to his own Country been,
 Comes here to play his Treasons o're agen?
 Must he at last tumble my Trophies down, 285
 And Revel in the Glorys I have won?
 Whilst from my Honours, they me disengage,
 With a dull Complement to feeble Age,
 What ayles this hardy hand, that yet it shou'd
 Tremble at death, or start at reeking blood? 290
 Me-thinks this Dagger I as firmly hold, [*Draws a Dagger.*]
 And with a strength as resolute and bold,
 As he who kindly would its point impart,
 A present to an envy'd Fav'rites heart;
 And I fond Youth will try to work thy fall, 295

270 *stage dir. against ll. 269-70*
 280 Characters! 287 disengage

274 Tent!
 288 Age.

278 won!

Though with my own I Crown thy Funeral.
 Envy and Malice from your Mansions flie,
 Resign your horror and your Snakes to me;
 For I'll act mischiefs yet to you unknown;
 Nay, you shall all be Saints when I come down.

300

Finis Actus primi.

ACT Second.

Scene First. *A Grove adjoyning to the Spartan Camp.*

Timandra and Draxilla.

Tim. **W**Hat uncouth Roads Afflicted Lovers pass!
 How strange prepost'rous steps their Sorrows
 trace!

Oh *Alcibiades*, if thou art just,
 Forgive th' excess of Love that bred distrust.
 Driven by that, disguis'd I hither came,
 Yet here and ev'ry where my grief's the same.
 But kind *Draxilla's* Friendship can dispel
 The thickest Clouds that on sad Bosoms dwell.
 That does alleviate my griefs, and give
 My wearied soul a soft and kind Reprieve;
 Which ever to forget, would be as hard,
 And as impossible, as to Reward.

5

10

Drax. The serving you, my happiness secures,
 I'm only something by my being yours;
 Since equally with yours, my hopes were crost,
 When in your Lover I a Brother lost;
 Then like an Orphan destitute and bare
 Of all but Misery and sad despair,
 Your Kindness gave my yeelding spirits rest,
 And rais'd me to a dwelling in your breast:
 Then ought I not in all my soul resign,
 To ease her griefs that kindly pitt'y'd mine?

15

20

11. i. 7 dispel, 8 dwell,

Tim. In that I did what honour urg'd me to.

Drax. And honour tells me Gratitude is due.

Tim. But how grows Gratitude to that degree, 25
To be afflicted thus, and weep for me?

Drax. Alas, that is the least that I could do,
To our worst Enemies our Tears we owe.
Friendship to such a noble height should rise,
As their devotion does in Sacrifice, 30
Who think they shew a zeal remiss and small,
Except themselves as nobler Victims fall.
With as great courage could I for you dye,
And my Triumphant Soul to Heav'n should fly;
There I again my Friendship would renew, 35
And lay up chiefest joyes in store for you.

Tim. What vast and boundless flights does Friendship
take!
Beyond what search can see, or fancy track!
'Tis the improvement of the part divine,
When souls in their Seraphick transports joyn; 40
In souls united, so we friendship see,
As many glories make a Diety.

Enter Alcibiades from the back part of the Scenes.

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who must retrieve
Your drooping hopes, and your faint joyes revive.

Tim. My *Alcibiades*! how I begin 45
To think my misplac't jealousy did sin!
Go meet him, seem all troubled, and in tears,
And with the tale I taught thee wound his ears:
Mean while I will with-draw my self this way, } [*Goes to*
Nor would my swelling passions let me stay. } *the Door.*

Alcib. What ayrie Visions o're my eyes there move, 51
Like the good genius of an absent Love!
Where e're I turn me, I me-thinks espy
Timandra's Image softly gliding by.
Such fond Ambition, Love his Slaves does teach, 55
To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach.

For oh Divine One!—

How sickly joyes, honour and greatness grant,
When thee the glory of my soul I want!

Drax. My Lord!—

Alcib. Guard me, ye pow'rs! *Draxilla* here, 60
And weeping too! Oh my Prophetick fear!

What is't your coming here would seem to tell?
Relate, oh quickly, is my Princess well?

Drax Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the Spartan Camp you took your flight, 65
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forsake your Country and your Love:

Timandra, and my self, as we were sate
In her Apartment, grieving for your fate:
No sooner with sad Jealousies opprest, 70

Her wearied soul in sleep sought after rest,
But grief new Scenes of misery brought in,
And plaid in Dreams its horrors o're agen:
Sometimes her tender Arms she'd forward stretch,
Then fiercely at the empty ayr would catch: 75

Wearied with grief, she then would milder be,
And in a hollow sigh send out, Ah Me!
At last she rose, and 'bout the Chamber walkt;
Sometimes she started, then stood still and talkt:
Anon, repeat some short and pithy pray'r; 80

Agen grow wild, and tear her pretious hair;
Till having so wrought sorrow to that height,
That her soul grew too tender for the weight:
E're I my courage could collect to go,
And give a hindrance to the fatall blow, 85
She with her Dagger stab'd her self, and said,
Thus dy'd *Timandra* that unhappy Maid.

Alcib. Ye Gods! Is't thus your Justice you dispence,
To lay th' reward of Guilt on Innocence?
What, though these Sacriedgious hands have thrown 90
Your Images, those Pageant Glorys down,

60 pow'rs 67 Love, 68 and we 90 What 91 down!

Must you revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
 You might have damn'd me, so y'ad pitt'y'd her.
 But thus I'll send my soul, where it may tell } [*Offers to*
 She lov'd too rashly, but not lov'd too well; } *fall on his*
 Oh Sister! do not hinder me my death; . } *Sword, but*
 Sighs are the only use I've left of breath: } *is hindred*
 One blow will put an end to grief and Me. } *by Draxilla.*

Enter Timandra.

Tim. That Sir you must not do, nor must I see. [*Al. starts.*
 Why fly you back? nay, if you shun me now, 100
 I shall grow apt to think my fears too true.

Alcib. Ye Gods! does then my dear *Timandra* live!
 The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
 This was the greatest bliss Heav'n had to give.
 How rashly did my impious rage prophane 105
 Your Goodness! oh but wash away that stain,
 Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
 And have a Sacrifice for ev'ry God;
 Till by those holy fires, this black offence
 Be purg'd and purify'd to Innocence. 110
 But dearest, how could you so cruel be,
 To let such bliss be drest in misery?
 To tell me you were dead!
 How could you think but th' horror of that breath,
 Must damp my Soul, and chill me into death? 115

Tim. Alas, my fears could find out no relief,
 But thus t' assault you in the garb of grief;
 This tryal of your Faith my Joy secures,
 As Thunders usher in refreshing show'rs.

Alcib. Let us no longer then to doubts give way, 120
 But hast to th' Consummation of our Joy:
 So with our bright united flames, dispell
 Those anxious mists that on our bosoms dwell:
 Being of no other Jealousie possest,
 But which shall kindest prove, and love the best. 125

108 God.

115 death.

121 Joy,

123 dwell,

Tim. And when our faithful happy hearts shall be
 Nearer united by that sacred tye,
 How in an endless Road of bliss we'll move,
 Steering our motions by our perfect Love!
 There we with pleasure will recount each woe 130
 Which we have pass't, and others undergoe.
 There we'll reflect o'th' various hopes and fears,
 The mournful sighs and the impatient tears
 Of distrest Lovers, whilst we'll kindly thence, }
 Through a strange mystical Intelligence, } 135
 Give 'em Redresses by our influence:
 Till so by ours,——
 Their full-grown Joyes receive a happy birth,
 As Planets in their kind Conjunctions bless the Earth.
Alcib. Then my *Timandra* to our Bliss let's fly, 140
 There's but one minute more to Extasy. [Exeunt.]

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Oh my *Ardella*, whither shall I turn?
 I'm all o're flame, in ev'ry part I burn.
Ar. Your Majesty——
Queen. Fool, Majesty! what's that?
 Th' Ill-natur'd pageant mockery of fate; 145
 When her ungrateful sportive pow'r she'd show,
 Raising us high——
 To barr us of the benefits below.
 But I'll her servile Policy despise,
 And make her stoop to Loves great Victories. 150
 Th' Almighty Pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
 To tast the sweets of Am'rous Excellence:
 Why then should Princes that are Gods below,
 Think that a sin which Heav'n is proud to do?
Ard. But Madam, is it not a cruel thing, 155
 T'abuse a Loving Husband and kind King?
Qu. Dull Girle, thou knowst not what a Husband is.
 Alas, they never reach the height of bliss,
 But ignorantly with Loves Magick play,

Till they raise Spirits they want pow'r to lay. 160

In that brave *Alcibiades* there swarm

So many graces, he's all over charm;

Such killing Ayres in each part of him move,

His Brow darts Majesty, and his Eye Love:

Oh my *Ardella*, I am lost in thought! 165

I fain wou'd have thee—yet 'tis false, I'd not.

Ard. Madam, your Royal pleasure but relate,
I'll be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.

Qu. Art thou then skilful in Loves subtle arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuscades for hearts? 170

Canst thou express a melting kind desire,

And give a feeling draught of Loves soft fire?

Ard. Madam, so subt'ly I'll his heart betray,
As one, who by some great Magicians pow'r,
Is hurry'd through the Regions in an hour, 175
And for return again, can find no way.

Qu. My better Angel! fly then swift as time,
Or thought; thou gain'st a Queen in gaining him.
But use such secrecy as stoln Loves should have,
Be dark as the hush't silence of the Grave. 180

Ard. Madam, distrust not but that I shall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due.

Qu. Honour! a very word; an empty name:
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame! 185

Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd;

Free as the Ayr, and boundless as the Wind:

Nature was then in her first excellence,

When undisturb'd with puny Conscience,

Mans Sacrifice was pleasure, his God, sence.

Enter Tissaphernes.

Tiss. Madam by th' Kings command I'm to you sent,
Wh' attends your Royal presence in his Tent. 191

Qu. I go.— [Exeunt. *Qu.* and *Ardella*.

Tiss. Now all is Ripe, me-thinks I see

161 swarm,

178 'gainst

189 Tessaphernes. (*stage dir.*)

Treason walk hand in hand with Destiny,
 And both in a kind Aspect smile on me.
 Now the whole Court proceeds to solemnize 195
 The Nuptials of proud *Alcibiades*.
 Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wish combine,
 To give a happy end to my designe.
 It is our custom at a Marriage Feast,
 The Bridegroom— 200
 With a full Bowl presents his chieftest guest.
 The Cup's by my great secresy and care,
 With strongest potion all infected are:
 Which when our *Alcibiades* shall bring,
 And offer as his duty to the King, 205
 The poyson and his sudden death will seem
 Fully a Trayterous design in him.
 Then must the Crown descend on me, and so
 I feast my Rage, and my Ambition too.
 Let Cowards spirits start at Crueltie, 210
 Remorse has still a stranger been to me.
 I can look on their pains with the same eyes,
 As Priests behold the falling Sacrifice.
 Whilst they yell out the horror of their moans,
 My heart shall dance to th' Musick of their groanes. [*Exit.*]

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. Look that your care and diligence be great, 216
 See the Guards doubled, and each Cent'nal set. [*Exit.*]

*The Scene drawn, discovers the Tent of a Pavilion; in it an
 Altar, behind which are seated the King and Queen attended
 by Tissaphernes, Patroclus, and the rest of the Camp;
 about the Altar stand several Priests of Hymen.*

K. Each day brings some surprize of pleasure, here
 Love vyes his Tryumphs with the God of War.

Six Priests of Hymen Dance.

*The Dance ended, Enter chief Priest and Priestess of Hymen;
 Priest leading Timandra, and the Priestess Alcibiades.*

206 seem,

Priest *Sings*.

Distracting Jealousies and fears, 220
Heart-breaking sobs and restless tears
Fly to the breasts that are
Wrack't with despair.

In this,

Priestess. Or this,

Cho. No tears but those of Joy, no pantings but of bliss.

Priestess. Yes, yes, by Love alone we see 226

On Earth the glorys of a Diety:

For 'tis the greatest work above,

To be innocent and Love.

Those then that flame so nobly here, 230

What Ravishing delights must they have there!

Cho. Who on Earth to their honour are just, and their Love,

Must reap the chief blessings above.

Priest. Let's then proceed, and Hymens aid implore,

To joyn those hands whose hearts were link't before. 235

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Cho. Hymen, Oh Hymen, come away, 240

Crown the wishes of this day.

See, see, these pure refin'd desires

Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch to improve their fires.

*Whilst this Chorus is singing, Hymen enters with his Torch,
and joyns their hands with a Wreath of Roses, which the
Priestess strikes with her Spear and breaks, then they offer
both parts upon the Altar.*

*This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Priests
and Priestesses of Hymen, all carrying in their hands short
Spears muffle'd with flowers and boughs of fruit, after which
a Bowl is brought in, and presented to Alcibiades, who*

223 despair 224 *Priest*. Or this. 225 paintings 226 *Priestess*.
232 Love 236 *Priestess*. 237 *Priest*. 238 *Priest*. 239 *Priest*.
242 See, see | desires,

immediately upon the receipt bows to the King, who descends with the Queen, and receives the Bowl of him, then speaks.

K. To shew how strict a Reverence I have
 For ev'ry thing that Loyal is, and brave, } *[Drawing near to*
 This signal honour only due to me, } *Tissaphernes.*
 Thus *Tissaphernes* I confer on thee. *[Presents him the Bowl.*
Tiss. Confusion! what means this?

K. Nay, do not start,
 It is the offering of a grateful heart:
 Come drink to such a depth as may express 250
 Thy wishes for their Joy, and *Sparta's* happiness.

Tiss. I must obey your Majesty——
[Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl,
and seems to Swoun back.

Pat. Alas my Father!

K. How fares our worthy Friend?
 Hence quickly for our chief Physitians send.
 So much this Aged Hero I esteem, 255
 I rather could part with my Crown than him.

Tiss. My health Sir needs no other help than this, *[faintly.*
 That you will pardon its Infirmities.
 The Wine was of so strong an Excellence,
 Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my sence. 260

Alarum without. Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, your Camp th' *Athenian* Force Alarm's:
 Without the City Gates th' appear in Arms.
 And with a numerous and Warlike train,
 Begin their March upon the Neighb'ring Plain.
 Their bloody Ensignes all display'd appear, 265
 And hold an am'rous Combat with the Ayre:
 Loosly they flye, and with a Wanton play
 Seem to salute the Sun-beams in their way:
 Whilst their shrill Trumpets rattle in the skye,
 As if with Musick they'd charm Victory. 270
 And this Triumphant Pride does higher grow,

247 *This line and stage dir. are printed twice.* 248 Confussion!
 267 play,

That they may make a Conquest fit for you.

K. 'Tis well, ev'ry Battalia Re-inforce
With my late fresh supplies of *Persian* Horse:
Their Fate no longer will delay endure; 275
Prepare to fight 'em in this very hour.
I'd have this day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory.

[*Shouts from afar. Enter another Officer.*

2d. *Off.* The Enemy Sir does on the Plain appear,
And with Re-ecchoing shoutings pierce the Ay. 280

K. So Beasts, decreed for slaughter, e're they fall,
With their own Bell'wings ring their Funeral.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT Third.

Scene First: The Camp.

Tissaphernes.

Tiss. **C**urse on my niggard Starrs, they were so poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their pow'r:
My fury had begot so vast a Birth,
Fate wanted strength enough to bring it forth.

[*Trumpets afar-off sound a Charge.*

That sprightly sound darts fiercely through my soul, 5
Oh that I might one minute fate Controule;
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To send it self into the Gen'ral's heart.

Enter King and Queen attended.

K. Thus must proud States submit when Monarchs claim:
They govern in a rude disorder'd frame, 10
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But vanish at the Suns more Potent light.
Athens now feels the fury of my heat:
A pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great:
It may tumultuous and num'rous show, 15

281 Beasts | slaughter III. 1. 2 pow'r,

But ne're contract to give a steady blow.

Qu. In States those monstrous many-headed pow'rs
Of private int'rest publick good devours.
'Tis true, when in their hands a rule they gain,
They know to use that power, not maintain; 20
Like Pyrats in a Fleet, a while they may
Seem dreadful; but when by some juster force
Oppos'd——

Each his own safety seeks, and shrinks away.

Tiss. You Sir have Vanquish'd Emp'rours, Fetter'd Kings:
States are such mean and despicable things, 26
Compar'd with other glorys y'ave subdu'd,
Their Conquest seems but a soft Interlude.

[*Trumpets from far sound a Retreat.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. This minute Sir, your Glorys are compleat,
The routed Enemy makes a faint Retreat: 30
Victory, blushing they no more could do,
With a full wing directs her flight to You.

K. Thus *Deidamia* are our wishes Crown'd,
Love and Renown in the same Sphear go round:
Our lasting Loves draw lasting Victories, 35
Whilst Courage takes his flame from Beauties eyes.

Enter another Messenger.

2d. Mess. Thus hourly Sir, fresh glorys you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
Like the sad Ruins of a Hurricane,
Their totter'd Troops are scatter'd o're the Plain, 40
And in disorder'd Parties make away.

K. Relate, how went the bus'ness of the Day?

Mess. Brave *Alcibiades* has wonders done.
Ne're greater Courage was in *Sparta* shown.
Troops were not able to withstand his shock, 45
Like thunder from a Cloud his fury broke
On all his Enemies, and like that too,

20 maintain,

31 Victory blushing,

Death and Amazement did attend each blow.
 Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
 And neither seem'd to move it, nor stand still, 50
 Till at the last the brave *Polyndus* fell.
 His loss did so amaze the Enemy,
 That in disorder they began to fly.
 Yet brave *Theramnes* Rally'd in their head, }
 Though so their fate was but a while delay'd, } 55
 For by our Gen'ral he was Captive made. }
 At which agen they did their flight renew, }
 With numbers too so totter'd and so few, }
 It had been Barbarism to pursue. }
 Then fair *Timandra*, who from far had been 60
 An anxious looker on this Tragick Scene,
 With all the hast Joy could, or love afford,
 Flies to congratulate her Conqu'ring Lord ;
 Now both in solemn Triumph this way move,
 To Crown your Glorys as you Crown'd their Love. 65

*Trumpets. Enter Alcibiades, Patroclus, Timandra and
 Theramnes Prisoner: Alcibiades kneels to the King.*

K. Sir, of your brav'ry I've already heard,
 So much above the power of Reward ;
 It were but just that I should homage do,
 And offer up acknowledgments to you.
 Rise Sir, and give this Ceremony o're, 70
 The posture ill becomes a Conquerour. [*Alcib. rises.*

Alcib. Conqu'rours that are Triumphant in the Field,
 Must at their Monarchs feet their Trophies yield ;
 For all those glorys which their Conquests claim,
 They only have subordinate from them. 75
 Thus, though my Sword this Captive has o'recome,
 It is from You he must expect his Doom.

Th. Yes, and in this you have o'recome him too,
 He cannot talk Sir half so fast as you.
 Curse, though I am your Prisoner, I hate 80

To hear your pride upbraid me with my Fate.

Alcib. Why Sir, was't not my favour that you live?

Th. No; for I hate that Life your hand did give.

Know, had your Fate been mine——

I should have urg'd kind destiny more home, 85

And there have Revell'd Rival in your room.

Alcib. Sir, for your Love, you shew but weak pretence,
When all your Argument is Insolence.

Whence does it spring?

The. From whence your bliss you draw,
Love, that ne're clog'd his Proselytes with Law. 90

I lov'd this fair one first, and you must know

I'll love her still; And what's all that to you?

Alcib. This Rudeness Sir, my fury can't Engage,
You are ill-manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

The. But know, I'll follow still my hate to thee; 95
Nor shall my Chains obstruct thy destiny:

Thou did'st supplant me in *Timandra's* Love,

For which I gave thy glorys a remove;

And on thy Ruins made my self more great:

But since my wishes Fate would not compleat, 100

My Fury with my Fortune shan't decrease,

I'll still pursue thy Life and happiness:

By all despair's dark arts thy fall design,

Till in thy blood I write *Timandra* mine.

Alcib. Rave on; know of your threats no sence I feel,
I'd laugh at 'em, wer't not to loose a smile. 106

K. But I'll take care that he shall better know,
What 'tis a Captive for his life does owe.

How dare you offer here these Injuries?

Know you how much this gallant man I prize? 110

Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,

Be his Bounds narrow, and restraint severe.

Since in your breast such a hot frenzy reigns,

We'll try how you can brave it in your Chains.

Th. So King, as Thou shalt envy what Th'as done, 115

I have a soul can smile when Thou dost frown.
 Whilst I *Timandras* fair Idea wear,
 I can't want freedom, for I'll think of her. [*Exit Guarded.*]

K. Thus Madam, to your Eyes must Conquest bow,
 Who are your Slaves no other Fetters know. 120

Tim. If any charms in me there can appear,
 They only are confin'd and bounded there:
 No greater aymes, nor more Ambition know,
 Then how Sir to oblige him that serves you.

Alcib. Your gen'rous pitty to our faithful flames, 125
 That power which it gave 'em justly claimes.
 Thus happy by your great indulgence made,
 In Joyes so perfect, nothing can Remove:
 Your spreading gloryes ne're shall shrink or fade;
 Till you forget to aspire, and we to love. 130
 But how dare I Usurp the least pretence,
 Who only borrow all my Lawrells hence! [*pointing to Patr.*]
 This is that noble Youth, who, when I stood
 Beset on every side with death and blood:
 To my relief such gen'rous succour brought, 135
 And things so much above ev'n wonder wrought.

Pat. You, Sir, that taught me friendship, taught me
 too,

How much is to that Sacred title due.
 No Sir, if your Life at hazard lye,
 Though thousand deaths should dare me on I'll fly, } 140
 And Conquer all, or bravely with you dye.

Alcib. In gallantry you are so absolute,
 That I grow faint, and flag in the pursuit.
 Yet that return accept in silence here,
 Which is so great 'twill no expression bear. 145

[*Embraces him.*]

Tiss. Hell! Sure my blood is grown degenerate.
 Can this my Son Embrace the man I hate? [*Aside.*]

K. How *Tissaphernes*, is thy good age blest
 In such a Son, of such a friend possest?

Thus from thy Rev'rend Trunk fresh glories spread, 150
And with their pious Lawrels shade thy head.

Tiss. In this warm Comfort patiently I'll sit,
Till Fate shall come and claim her latest debt.
Sometimes my Youths past Triumphs I'll review,
And please my self they were approv'd by you: 155
Alas I've nothing else left now to do. [*Ironically.*]

Oh my dear Boy! Sir, be my Joy thus showne,
Possess the Father as you've gain'd the Son. [*Embraces both.*]

K. Monarchs thus propt, the shocks of Fate defie,
No bonds so firm as those which Friendship tye. 160

[*Exit King attended; Manent Alcibiades,*
Timandra and Draxilla.]

Alcib. Now noblest Sister, how shall be repayd
Those large endearments which your love has made?
Our happiness will but Imperfect prove,
If midst the growing pleasures of our love,
We nothing else in gratitude can do, 165
Then only wish a happiness to you.

Drax. What I have done Sir, never had regard
To that Sinister thing we call Reward.
Good deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence. 170

Alcib. But Sister, if I might one Question move;

Drax. Your pleasure Sir?—

Alcib. Could you not Madam—Love?
The Friend in whom I'm happy since I came,
In honour's as renown'd as in his name.
He, when I to him often would Relate 175
The sad adventures of my love and fate;
So much your gallant Friendship did admire:
That with your Character he grew on fire;
And bears a flame so noble and sublime,
As not to love agen would be a crime. 180

Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now discourse;

160 *Manent, (stage dir.)* 162 *made.* 165 *ingratitude* 166 *with a*
167 *Deax.* [*regard,*]

Love rarely Conquers with a sudden force.
 Nor must I that acknowledge as my due,
 Which was perhaps a Complement to you:
 If any thing in me he can approve, 185
 I may believe it gallantry, not Love.

Alcib. I shall no more your modesty offend.
 Pardon a forward Zeal to serve my Friend.
 But if ought add a blessing, 'twill to see 189
 You made as happy as you have made me. [Exeunt.

Enter Tissaphernes and Patroclus.

Tiss. D'you understand, *Patroclus*, what y've done?
 Have you consider'd that you are my Son?

Patr. Sir, 'tis a title I am proud of.—

Tiss. How can you then descend to things so base,
 That blot my Glory, and my Name deface? 195
 Whilst thus your blinded folly so adores
 The only Traytor that my soul abhors.

Patr. How Sir, I doat upon the man you hate!
 No, I had never thoughts so impious yet.
 By all my hopes, if any wretch there be 200
 S' unhappy to be held your enemy,
 Rather then in my Breast his image bear,
 I'd raze it from my heart, or stab it there.

Tiss. Stay least you should pronounce too rash a doom:
 Believe it is a blow will wound you home. 205
 But I will try—

What gen'rous resolution you express:
 Know then you must hate *Alcibiades*.

Patr. Protect me heav'n! can you command that I
 Should break that knot you did so lately tye! 210
 Was't not your love that did our friendship joyn?
 Did not your kind imbraces second mine?

Tiss. Embraces! Love! and kindness! what are these?
 The outward varnish that our hearts disguise.
 Hast thou so long with Courts conversant been, 215

The various turns of power and greatness seen,
And hast thou not this mistery yet found,
Always to smile in's face we mean to wound?
Come you must hate him, nay and kill him too.

Patr. Oh let me rather beg my death from you. 220
Can you command me Sir to wound a heart,
Whereof I do profess so great a part?
In that I should prove a self-murderer:
Peircing his Breast I stab m' own image there.

Tiss. Come lay these idle boyish scruples down, 225
Do as becomes your Vertue and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my place,
And turning all my honours to disgrace?
And can you of so little value prize
The honour of your blood, not to shed his? 230

Patr. Oh Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theam,
'Twill blast your gloryes and your wreathes defame.
Do but look on that life you would destroy,
See if it ben't as spotless and serene
As that which in their heav'n blest Saints enjoy, 235
Pure and untouch't but with a thought of sin.
By all th' endearments of a filial love, [*kneels.*
And if that charm cannot your pittty move,
By my dear Mothers ghost, whose dying pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief treasure to your care, 240
This unjust cruel enmity lay down,
And do not in his friend destroy your Son.
On the past brav'ry of your youth look back,
There the bright paths of all your Triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be those gloryes to exchange, 245
For a base brutal infamous revenge.
Oh Sir recal, recal the dire decree,
Tis such a deed as fate will shrink to see.

Tiss. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
Give this unmanly Childish pittty o're, 250
Or ne're presume to call me Father more.

Patr. Then see how I resigne that int'rest here: [*rises.*
Thus all the bonds of duty cancel'd are.
Whilst such black horrors in your soul I see,
Y'are not my Father, but my enemy. 255
Now against me let all your vengeance come,
Thus thus my breast for your revenge has room.
Brave *Alcibiades*.—

No, since such barbarous mischiefs you dare do,
I'l dye for him, but scorn to live for you. 260
Why don't you strike Sir? is your rage grown faint?

Tiss. I fear I've too much trifl'd with this boy; <*aside.*
Curse on his honour, 'twill my hopes destroy.
But I'l smooth all in time. Oh my dear Son,
Now art thou worthy to be cal'd my own. 265
None but a heart that's truly noble cou'd
Ever deserve a Title to my blood.
No, may ye both in your brave friendship be
As truly happy, as I am in thee.
That's curst.— [*aside.*

Patr. Is then my father kind? can he approve 271
Our friendship? does he once more crown our love?
Oh Sir, let thus m' acknowledgment be giv'n,
As we for blessings offer thanks to heav'n. [*kneels.*

Tiss. Rise, rise thou comfort of my Age, I now 275
Have understood all I could wish to know.
Alas, in this disguise I did but try
The strength and vertue of thy constancy.
'Tis a refreshment to this hoary head,
To prove that vertue which my self have bred. 280
Thus blest in peace I'l to my Grave descend;
As the declining Sun goes down at night,
Pleas'd with the rising of an off-spring light.

Patr. Such mystick wayes fate does our loves confirm,
As rooted Trees stand faster by a storm. 285
After this shock our friendship's more secure,
As Gold try'd in the fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*

Tiss. There's some foundation yet for my design;
 The Captiv's brave, I'll try to make him mine.
 Unwearied I will let my fury range, 290
 And leave no heart unsearcht to find revenge. [Exit.]

SCENE a dark Tent.

Theramnes in Chains.

The. How sweet a quietude's in fetters found!
 That it seems almost freedom to be bound.
 Though thus confin'd, my agile thoughts may fly
 Through all the Region of variety. 295
 Here in a trice I can the World run o're,
 And finish whole years labours in an hour.
 But oh my Mistress, my *Timandra*, lost!
 That is the only bitterness I taste.
 This outward fetter but my Body chains, 300
 But that the freedom of my Soul detains.
 Why by my Rivals Sword did I not fall;
 So bravely have embrac'd one death for all?
 Yet why should I court such an abject fate?
 Courage is the supporter of the great. 305
 Methinks I've something yet to do, might prove
 Becoming both my glory and my love.
 I'l—hah this does my busie thoughts prevent.

Enter Tissaphernes.

Is that old feind for a Tormenter sent?
 Good Sir, upon what message are you come? 310
 Am I then destin'd to some harder doom?

Tiss. No, I am come to give your sorrows ease:
 I know you hate Sir *Alcibiades*:

Nay and I know you love *Timandra* too.

The. Well Sir, all this I know as well as you. 315

Tiss. Come if you dare be brave, be't on this theam:
 Dare you Sir ravish her and murder him?

The. For what dark ends do you this question bring?
 Dare! 'sdeath, old Sir, I dare do any thing.

298 Mistress! my *Timandra*

Tiss. That word then all my former doubts secures, 320
Be only res'lute, and *Timandra's* yours.

My stratagems so subtly I will lay,
That to your arms your Mistress I'll betray.
Thus then, as the first step to our design,
Your guards I'll with adulterated wine 325

Secure; so they Charm'd in a Lethargy,
I'll from your bonds and prison set you free.
Then when some happy moment shall present
Timandra left ungarded in her tent,
Both of us thither in disguise will move, 330

To end your rival and compleat your love.
For when your fill of bliss you have enjoy'd,
And your full pleasures with themselves are cloy'd:
I thither will alar'm our enemy,
Where by both Swords he shall be sure to dye. 335

And the next night (the watch-word given by me)
You may 'scape through the Guards to liberty.

The. Revenge! my love enjoy'd, and freedom too!
Then in the name of *Pluto* be it so.
What stupid ignorance the World possest, 340
That only fury plac't i' th' youthful breast!
No 'tis in age alone great Spirits are young:
The Soul's but infant when the Body's strong.
These hoary heads like grisly Comets are,
Which always threaten ruin death and war. 345

Tiss. Alas such tame Souls know but half a growth,
I'll make my age a step to a new youth:
Such murders and such cruelties maintain,
I'll from the blood I shed grow young again.

The. Let's in the name of horreur then go on; 350
Methinks I long to have the bus'ness done:
Something like Conscience else may all defeat,
You know Sir I'm but a raw villain yet.

Tiss. Conscience! a trick of State, found out by those
That wanted power to support their Laws; 355

337 may, scape

A bug-bear name to startle fools; but we
 That know the weakness of the fallacie,
 Know better how to use what nature gave.
 That Soul's no Soul which to it self's a slave.
 Who any thing for Conscience sake deny, 360
 Do nothing else but give themselves the lye. [Exeunt.]

SCENE the Camp.

Enter Patroclus and Draxilla.

Patr. Why Madam do you fly a lovers pray'r?
 Is cruelty the priviledge o' th' fair?

Drax. You cannot Sir i' th' Camp be beauties slave,
 Where honour's th' only Mistress of the brave. 365

Patr. But 'tis a rugged honour got in Arms,
 When not made soft by beauties sweeter charms.
 That melts our rage into a kind desire,
 Whilst love refines it in his purer fire.

Drax. Lovers whose flights so sublime pitches choose,
 Oft soar too high, and so their quarry loose. 371
 But you Sir know to moderate your height,
 Missing your game can eas'ly slack the flight.

Patr. Such faint essays may fit a common flame,
 But my desires have a far nobler Aime, 375
 Religious honour, and a zeal that's true,
 Rais'd by that Deity to which I sue.

Drax. Those who to deities their offerings pay,
 Make their addresses in an humbler way.
 Not in a confidence of what they give, 380
 But modest hopes of what they shall receive.

Patr. I in my offerings no assurance have,
 Though an ambition to become your slave.

Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place,
 You'll still be looking for some acts of grace. 385

Patr. Some little favours pitty can't deny,
 You are too noble to use cruelty.

Drax. See Sir the Queen, I beg you Sir forbear.

356 fools, 361 *Exit after l.* 360 365 only.

Patr. Madam this way——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Qu. Did he then suffer no surprize? no shew
Of alteration? let's the progress know. 390

Ard. In order Madam t' your command I went,
And met him coming from the Royal Tent:
Where after th' usual Ceremonies past,
E're I would feast I gave him first a taste, 395
Told him how much his courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean path of glory mov'd,
Who in his Arms had so successful been,
T' engage a Monarch and oblige a Queen
Then nearer came, and whisper'd something more, 400
Began to intimate loves mighty pow'r.
He briskly took the hint, and readily
Began to urge some pretty things to me.
By which encourag'd I to th' bus'ness drew,
Told him in fine it only was his due 405
To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.

Qu. And did not then his alter'd looks betray
Some extasie? some marks of lively joy?

Ard. No Madam, he knew better policy,
Talk't of your honour, and his loyalty, 410
Fine smoothing terms to cloak a passion in.
But if your Majesty——

Qu. What?——

Ard. Had but seen
How much his carriage did his words deceive,
When with a gentle sigh he took his leave,
As if he languish'd till the minute came 415

Qu. Dost thou then think he entertains my flame?
Lets to my Tent and wait his coming there,
Such swarms of love within my Breast there are,
The heat's too furious for my Soul to bear.
What would I give but for a taste of bliss! 420
Oh the choice sweets of a stol'n happiness!

389 *Exit after l. 388*

390 surprize¹

421 happiness?

Act IV. Scene I.

Alcibiades Solus.

Alci. **U**NDER what fatal Planet was I born!
 Sure at my birth the Heavens themselves did
 mourn.

Disjoynted nature did her course forbear,
 And held within her Womb a civil War.
 I who but now did fame and Conquest bring, 5
 And added to the glories of a King,
 Must see my Trophies all thrown down agen,
 By the base passions of a lustful Queen.
 Why was I not born to a common fate,
 Free from the glorious troubles of the great, 10
 So in some humble Cell my years have spent,
 Blest with a private peaceable content?
 The vulgar mortal feels not fortunes harms,
 The highest structures still are shook with storms.
 See too she's here; what shall I do or speak? 15
 Fate has beset me, and I've no way to take.

Enter Queen.

Qu. My Lord you something discompos'd appear,
 Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.

Alci. Majesty Madam is a thing divine.

Qu. If that disturb you Sir, I'll lay by mine. 20
 Methinks I apprehend a greater pride,
 To view the man whose glories spread so wide.

Alci. Madam you on 'em set too high a price.

Qu. Perhaps I see not Sir with common eyes. 25
 They best of honour judge that honour have.
 I find a secret in me says y'are brave.
 You need not Sir unfold it, you can guess.

Alci. How craftily she would her lust express, <aside.
 And set her ills off with a winning dress.

What's to be done, which way shall I conclude? 30

I must abuse my King, or must be rude.

I cannot speak——

Qu. My Lord! Let's sit a while,
Won't you vouchsafe your visitant a smile?

Alci. Smiles Madam were too insolent a joy.

Qu. Fye! put these formal complements away. 35

Ardella sing that Song I heard to day.

SONG

*The brightest Goddess of the Sky,
How did she panting sighing lye,
And languishing desire to dye!
For the Triumphant God of war, 40
Amidst his Trophies did appear,
As charming rough as she was fair.*

2.

*Their loves were blest, they had a Son,
The little Cupid, who has shown
More conquest then his Sire e're won. 45
He grew the mightiest God above,
By which we him a Rebel prove
To heav'n, that dares be so to Love.*

3.

*How soft the delights, and how charming the joy,
Where love and injoyment each other support! 50
Let the Cynical fool call pleasure a toy,
Who ne're fame i'th' Camp had, nor love in the Court:
O so kindly the Combates each other succeed,
Where 'tis Triumph to dye, and a Pleasure to bleed.*

Alci. The Air is charming.——

Qu. Retire. [*Exit Ardella.*
No lively Symptoms of a growing fire! 56
I'll urge him further——

My Lord, your hand; how beats your pulse? I fear
 Y'are ill; Cold drops upon your brows appear;
 I'll wipe 'em off; come Sir, your fears remove, 60
 You need not blush to tell me that you love.
 I'll do it for you, nay I more will do,
 Blush for my self too when I blush for you.
 Sure this will take; what does your wonder mean?
 Is love so strange?—

Alci. Oh name not that agen. 65
 Could you such wrong to royal *Agis* do?
 Think what's to heav'n and to your vertue due.

Qu. Must I be hated then? and Sir by you? [*angrily.*
 Pish, why d'you talk of heav'n and vertue now? [*mildly.*

Alci. Not new-made mothers to their infants bear 70
 A firmer passion, or a tend'rer care.
 Show me yours or your honours enemy,
 See with what vigour t'your revenge I'll fly.
 For you with life I willingly could part,
 But whilst that lasts, *Timandra* has my heart. 75

Qu. The heavy pleasures of the marriage Bed,
 Dull repetition soon will render dead.
 Taste fresher joys, and when they tedious grow,
 Then the old pleasures may seem gay and new.

Alci. Could I expect to have such language heard, 80
 Where beauty and such innocence appear'd?

Qu. Can you my little beauty then approve,
 And is't so difficult a thing to love?

Alci. Love Madam! only be as truly good, .
 As you are fair, I shall not need be woo'd, 85
 I'll love you as the Sister of my blood.

Qu. A Sisters love's a lean insipid bliss,
 So little we can hardly name what 'tis.
 Where is the transport, extasie, delight?
 'Tis like thin meat to a sharp appetite. 90

Alci. I know y'are beautious as the blushing morn,
 Your beams the lustre of a King adorn,

60 off,

64 mean,

65 name that

That King whose piety me happy made,
 And can I in return profane his bed?
 Though Madam I've liv'd free, and never set 95
 Limits to any thing we call delight,
 Yet raise not new rebellions in blood:
 Beauty hath darts too keen to be withstood.

Qu. Yet all its power has no force o're you,
 Your cruel heart's immoveable, but know 100
 'Twill to your honour be but ill apply'd,
 That for your love a Queen, neglected, dy'd.

Alci. What is't your majesty would have me do?

Qu. Are you so ignorant that you don't know?

Alci. Death! not to have some sense were to unman
 My self; but I'll be conqu'rour if I can. 106

Should I be made a captive to her charms,
 Er'e I am warm in my *Timandra's* arms?
 One stratagem I'll for my freedom try.
 Madam no longer I'll your pow'r deny. [to the Queen.

For if these eyes had ne're *Timandra* known, 111
 You only might have call'd my heart your own.

But whilst with her I enjoy love, and life,
 And you remain the mighty *Agis* wife;
 Know this is all I can in justice do, 115
 I'm ready on your least commands, to shew
 I live for her; but yet could dye for you.

Qu. Must I then only border upon bliss?
 Rest on the confines of my happiness?
 As Souls that are excluded heav'n for sin, 120
 See all its glories, but can't enter in.

Alci. No Madam; free from the dull clogs of sense,
 We'll reap delights of nobler excellence.
 Our entwined Souls each other shall enjoy,
 Tread vertues paths, and never loose their way. 125
 But if one in his motion chance to err,
 Strait regulate it by the other's spear:
 Till at the last,

When the short Zodiack of this life w'ave past ;
 With new imp't Zeal beyond the Stars wee'l fly, 130
 There meet, and mingle to a Deity.

Qu. Then to all hopes of happiness adieu,
 Since my chief bliss I've lost in loosing you.
 Oh the Tyrannick cruelty of fate,
 That lets us know our happiness too late. 135
 Yet why shou'd I to fears and sorrows bend,
 If only on their fate my hopes depend ?
 A Rival, and a King, I may remove:
 There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit Queen.*

Alci. She's gone.— 140
 Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our Souls,
 The wise mans fetter, and the range of fools!
 Who is't wou'd court thee if he knew thy ills ?
 He who the greatest heap of Honour piles,
 Does nothing else but build a dang'rous shelf, 145
 Or erect Mountains to o'whelm himself. [*Exit.*

Scene a Grove adjoyning to the Camp.

Enter Tissaphernes and Theramnes disguis'd.

Tiss. Now Sir y'are free, and prosperously move,
 To reap the long wisht harvest of your love.
 One minute and y'are in *Timandra's* arms,
 New fetter'd in the power of her Charms: 150
 Methinks the thought ev'n my old blood Alarms.

The. His rage sure works him to an extasie:
 How the old Monster hugs his villany!
 Good Sir dispatch, I cannot brook delay ;
 I wast in expectation of my joy. 155
 But heark, did you not hear a murm'ring talk ?

Tiss. Perhaps 'tis she come in this Grove to walk:
 Stay, here they are, by heav'n the same, 'tis she.

[*They go to the door.*

Retreat a while ; blest opportunity.

Enter Timandra with a Book in her hand, and Draxilla.

Tim. Methinks *Draxilla* when *Atlanta* ran, 160
And slaughter was the only prize she wan;
Her power a too cruel rigour bore,
To kill those she had wounded so before.

[Theramnes throws off his disguise.]

The. Then Madam be not guilty of her ill:
Me the poor wretch y'ave wounded do not kill. 165
Ah in your heart, if such a sence there be
Of the injustice of her cruelty;
How much more pitty from your breast is due
To him, who ev'ry minute dyes for you!

Tim. My Lord *Theramnes!* by what lucky hap 170
Have you from guards and prison made escape?

The. Who wears your sacred image in your breast,
Is of such pure Divinity possest,
And from ignoble bondage so secure,
That feeble chains fall off, and loose their pow'r. 175

Tim. Then Sir in your intended flight make haste,
Least by some fatal chance y'are once more lost.

The. No, I enjoy a nobler safety here;
No danger dares approach when you are near.
These Groves to lovers bliss are dedicate, 180
Free from th' uncivil outrages of fate.
Come, let's to something like delight draw nigh,
And loose ourselves a while in extasie. *[seizes roughly on her.]*

Tim. Guard me ye powers! *Draxilla* help: my Lord!

Tiss. Good gentle Madam, if you please one word. 185
[Draxilla runs out crying help, and Tissaphernes after her.]

The. I cannot see my Rival blest alone;
Must he reap all the sweets, and I have none?

Tim. This outrage on my knees I beg forbear:
See Sir it is *Timandra* sheds a tear. *[Tiss. returns.]*
Her whom you vowd you lov'd with noble flame, 190
Oh do'nt by savage lust prophane that name!
If 'tis the envy of your Rivals joy,
Remove, remove th' offence some other way:

Save but my honour, and my life destroy.

The. Such tenderness might cool another's blood; 195

But I am too unhappy to be good.

Let vertue to dull Anchorites repair,

Who ne're had Soul enough to know despair.

I'll banish the encroacher from my breast,

And shake him off ere he take hold too fast. 200

Come let's retire within this covert by;

I am impatient, and my blood boils high.

Tim. I will not go, I'll dye a Martyr here.

The. Then I must drag you.

Tim. Barb'rous Ravisher!

Oh! Oh!——

Enter Alcibiades.

Alci. Did I not hear a tender cry! 205

Oh Heavens! turn base hell-hound, turn and dye. [*draws.*

The. That Sir will thus be better understood. [*draws.*

Tiss. Y've undertook Sir more then you'l make good.

[*draws.*

[*They both make at him.*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. How's this? assaulted! and by such base odds!
Courage my freind!——

*After a fierce fight between Alcibiades and Theramnes,
Patroclus and Tissaphernes, Patroclus drives his
Father off the Stage, and Alcibiades runs Theramnes
through.*

Alci. To the accurst abodes 210

Of tortur'd Souls that in dark horror dwell,

Thus fly, and to thy fellow Devils tell,

It was my Sword that sent thy soul to hell.

The. Hold Sir, enough, I must your victim fall,

Though an atonement for my sin too small. 215

My hasty Soul can make no longer stay,

Death touns his leaden Bell, and calls away.

209 this; 210 Tissophernus, (*stage dir.*)

And now, like some sad trav'ler, taking view
 Of the long Journey that I have to go,
 Whilst I my thoughts to heav'ns sweet mansions bend, 220
 Without your mercy no admittance find.
 Oh but one word of pardon e're I dye,
 Secure of that, my Soul dares boldly fly.
 Absolv'd by you, it must have welcome there,
 As incense that is offer'd up with pray'r. 225

Tim. My pardon and my prayers too receive,
 More then your guilt could ask me I could give.
 Be happy as your penitence is true;
 And may kind heav'n forgive you as I do. [weeps.

The. Ah! can your piety vouchsafe a tear 230
 Of pitty, on an impious Ravisher!
 My Soul will leave me in an extasie:
 And I shall want the sense to know I dye.
 Thus, pure Divinity, at your feet I bow,
 Here 'tis my Soul would make her latest stay: 235
 Nor can she——
 Beginning hence her journey miss the way.
 But I'd forgot; beware of—— [Dyes.

Alci. Who can fear,
 That is secur'd by charms so pow'rful here?
 Within these sphears my Guardian Angels move; 240
 These are my seats of safety, as of love.

Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
 Themselves; I fear more mischief may depend
 On this disaster.——

Enter Patroclus.

Alci. So when a storm's blown o're,
 And a calm Breeze has smooth'd the rugged deep, 245
 The joyful Mariners can fear no more:
 But thus imbrace and lull their cares asleep.
 [Embraces him.

Welcome my lifes Protectour and only freind.
 Hah! what does that sad look, and sigh intend?
 Are you Sir wounded?—

Patr. Yes too deep I fear. 250

Alci. Forbid it Heav'n; where is't?

Patr. Oh here Sir, here,
 My Soul is pierc't, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where.
 Your freind! ah let that Title be no more,
 Behold me as a wretch forlorn, and poor.
 Imagine ev'ry form of misery;
 And when y've sum'd up all, then look on me. 255

Alci. Now some blest Angel to my Soul reveal
 This doubt; can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
 Ah kind *Patroclus* this sad silence break.

Patr. Oh Sir you must not hear, nor must I speak. 260
 Paint out black horror in its deepest dread,
 And troops of Murders hov'ring o're your head,
 And when that hideous Masque of Hell you see,
 Think if you can that they came all from me.

Alci. Confusion! how my thoughts begin to start! 265
 A new unwonted heat has seiz'd my heart,
 Something unruly, that would fain get place,
 But I'll subdu't,—be free, kind friend, alas!
 Force me not wrong our freindship and your worth.

Patr. That charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth. 270
 But oh it must not, duty does forbid:
 Yet what's my duty if my honour bleed?
 Know then,—now that this stubborn heart would break!
 My cruel Father—oh I dare not speak.

Alci. Hah!

Patr. Led by some blind mistaking jealousy, 275
 Heaps treasons upon you and shame on me.
 It was by him *Theramnes* made escape,
 And 'twas he back't him in this impious rape.
 But oh no more, shame does my words suppress,
 Yet think what he will do that durst do this. 280

I'll go and try if I his rage can stay:

I may divert the stream another way. [Exit Patro.

Alci. Kind youth; I cannot fear thy Fathers hate:

He sells his honour at too cheap a rate.

What have I done that could be call'd a wrong? 285

No I've a guard of innocence too strong.

Whilst I unspotted that and friendship bear,

No danger is so great that I need fear.

Tim. Yet be not Sir regardless of my fears;

Some pity have of these sad sighs, and tears. 290

Whither oh whither, would your rashness lead;

To urge a ruine level'd at your head?

Let us——

To some recess that's safe and humble go,

Timandra can bear any thing with you. 295

Let int'rest the unfix'd and wav'ring sway,

With us——

Love shall supply what fortune takes away.

Alci. Sure 'tis not my *Timandra*'s voice I hear,

She ne're had cause to think that I could fear. 300

Have I so many dangers over-past,

Poorly to shrink from villany at last?

No, with my innocence I'll brave his hate,

And meet it in a free undaunted state;

See all with smiles, as fearless, and as gay, 305

As Infants unconcern'd at dangers, play.

Tim. Then I'll perform what to my love is due;

Unsteady doubts be gone, blind fears adieu.

I were unworthy of the heart you gave,

Were I then you less faithful, or less brave. 310

And of my courage too this proof I'll give,

When you dare meet a death, I'll scorn to live;

Nor longer be a vassal to my fear;

Wee'l in each others chance a portion bear:

So fate has thus at least some kindness shown, 315

Neither can wretched be, nor blest alone. [Exeunt.

286 strong;

308 adeiu.

312 live,

316 wretches

*Scene the Camp.**Enter Tissaphernes and four Villains.**Tiss* Is't done?—

1 Vil. Sir to a point your will's fulfil'd;
Theramnes' guards as they lay drunk we kil'd.
Draxilla too, by th' ambush you had lay'd
 For your retreat, was on her flight betray'd. 320

Tiss. Next, as from me, be there a message sent,
 To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;
 In's passage thither you may seize him, so
 Convey him to the Cave—

1 Vil. My Lord, we go.

Tiss Ye are the best of Rogues; but disappear: 325
 [*Ex. 3. Vill.*]

You know your bus'ness: So the King is here.

*Enter King and Queen Attended.**K.* Lead to the Grove—

Tiss. Oh Sir, there's Treason in the Camp, retreat,
 But now the Guards I in confusion met,
 Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld, 330
 The late *Athenian* Captive General kill'd.
 That little breath he had left h'employ'd to shew
 His honour, and his Gallantry to you:
 Treasons so strange and horrid did relate,
 As would seem almost Treason to repeat. 335
 But Sir you have no longer safety here:
 Secure your self, and leave all to my care.

K. No more, you know not what you urge me to:
 Secure my self! am I a King, or no?
 That Monarch who when danger's near, sits down, 340
 Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne.
 The best securities in courage are,
 We but subscribe to Treasons which we fear.
 Be free, and let me the bold Traytor know,

To stem the torrent I my self will go: 345
In state I'll meet the fond Capricious wretch,
And dare him with that Crown which he would snatch.

Tiss. Alas dread Sir, force me not to declare
The name, would wound your sacred breast to hear.
I in revealing honour should offend: 350
He once was noble Sir, and call'd me friend.

K. How Sir your friend! and Traytor to my Crown!
Reveal him, or his Treasons are your own.

Tiss. Alass, but must I!—'tis so foul a deed,
I cannot speak.

K. Hell Sir; d'ye play? proceed. 355

Tiss. Then to be short, he you so lately strove
T'engage in all the firmest ties of love,
He whom you almost had from nothing rais'd,
And on the highest seats of honour plac'd;
Has thence this use of all your favours shown, 360
To make 'em steps to mount into your Throne.

K. Defend me! what do I hear!—
Sir you have rais'd a tumult in my breast,
Which will not be so suddenly appeas'd:
By Heav'n's see all that you inform be true, 365
Or may all torments which to th' damn'd are due
Light on me, if inflicted not on you.
The brave *Athenian* false! it cannot be:
His Soul ne're dreamt of such impiety.

Tiss. Sir y'are unkind if you suspect me false, 370
I never yet abus'd your ears with tales.
Had I such mystick Policy pursu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier understood.

K. Alas dear friend misconstrue not my Zeal,
Weigh not my Passions in nice Reasons Scale. 375
Who wou'd believe a King should blindly place
His love so firmly, for returns so base?
Wrack me no more, but the dark scruple clear:
My Souls in a Convulsion till I hear.

Tiss. Yes Sir, 'tis he, and thus his Plots were lay'd. 380

Th' account I from the dying Captive had;
 Whom he with liberty had brib'd, to joyn
 With him in this his Treacherous design,
 This night wi'th' enemy your Camp t'envade,
 On promise it should be by him betray'd. 385
 Which when the Gallant Captive did disdain,
 He was to Combat dar'd, and by him slain.

If you insist on farther evidence,
Theramnes' murder'd Guards enough convince:
 Hence you may farther confirmation have. 390

K. Be bold; speak what thou knowst.—

4 *Vil.*

When to relieve

The Captives Guards, I by command was sent,
 I found e'm murder'd at th' door o'th' Tent.
 In one of e'm some life did yet remain,
 Who told me they were by our General slain, 395
 'Cause they *Theramnes* freedom had deny'd.
 More he had said, but at these words he dy'd.

K. It was enough. Treason, how dark art thou?
 In shapes more various then er'e *Proteus* knew.
 By Heav'n I'le make him base, despis'd, and poor, 400
 More wretched then e're Monster was before.

Naked, and stript of all his dignities,
 I'le lay his odious Crimes before his eyes.
 Then when his mind is lab'ring with regret,
 To make his infamy the more compleat, 405
 Some common slave shall on him justice do,
 And send his Soul among the damn'd below.

Guard wait on him—— [to *Tissaphernes*.]

Go ere' my love return, and I repent,
 And seize upon the Traytor in his Tent. 410
 A speedy vengeance best befits this wrong,
 'Twere too much mercy to delay it long.

Enter Alcibiades and Timandra.

Alci. This way's the King?

Tiss. He's here leapt into th' net.

389 *Theramne's*

Thus Sir the King salutes you. [*Guards seize Alci.*

Alci. Slaves retreat.

Tim. Alas my Lord!

Tiss. Sir 'tis the command. 415

The least of 'em I never durst withstand.

Tim. But Sir what meaning can this usage bear?

Tiss. The King Sir quickly all your doubts will clear.

K. Away with him. Thou Poyson to my eyes—

Alci. The basest wretch not unconvicted dyes. 420

Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,

Unworthy of my honour or your Crown.

If in your cause who'd spend his dearest blood,

As is to be your meanest Vassal, proud,

No greater welfare then in yours does know, 425

If he be an offender, I am so.

K. How cunningly he would seem innocent,

And guild with flattery his foul intent!

Thus Traytours in their fall are like the Sun,

Who still looks fairest at his going down. 430

'Sdeath Sir, do you believe me Child, or fool,

Whom ev'ry fawning word, or toy can rule?

By Heav'n I'll let you see Sir your mistake;

Hence with the Traytour quickly to the wrack. 434

Alci. Sir, hear me speak.—

K. What is't that you can say,

Who would my Crown and your own trust betray?

When you from Prison set the Captive free,

Basely to win him to your Treachery:

Whom, when on him your plots could nothing do,

You kill'd, 'cause he more honour had then you. 440

Alci. By all above Sir I am innocent;

I ne're knew what the thought of Treason meant.

But know from whence this jealousy you drew,

From him that hates me, and abuses you: 444

Theramnes had his liberty from hence; [to Tissapher.

And for designs so base—

416 withstand,

419 him, thou | eyes.

446 base.—

Tiss. Oh impudence!
 To what prodigious height will treason climb!
 Dare you Sir charge me with your heavy crime?
 Old as I am, my Sword should do me right. 449
 But——

Alci. Monster hence, and them that fear thee fright.
 Thinkst thou to play with the black deeds th'ast done?
 Were I but free, though naked and alone,
 Thou too defended by a desp'rate crew,
 And all indeed more near being damn'd then thou;
 This single Arm should prove my cause is good, 455
 And Chronicle my honour in their blood.

K. Is't thus Sir you would plead your innocence?
 Think you t'outbrave us with your impudence?
 Once more, the Traytor to his tortures bear.

Qu. But Sir your justice now is too severe. 460
 'Twere an ill Tryumph after victories,
 To make the Conquerour the Sacrifice.
 That Gallantry some priviledge may plead.

K. His treasons are too plain and open lay'd,
 And all his merits weigh'd against them light. 465

Qu. Should we him guilty of worse crimes admit,
 And that in's death you'd worthiest justice show,
 Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

K. When *Deidamia* pleads I can't deny,
 His doom's this time recal'd, he shall not dye; 470
 But (rob'd of all his joys) let him be sent
 To a perpetual imprisonment;
 His treasures rifl'd, and his Wife a slave.

Alci. Here on my knees let me one favour crave.
 Whatever fate you have design'd for me, 475
 It is embrac't, but Sir let her be free;
 Let all the weight of the alleadg'd offence
 Light upon me; wrong not her innocence.

Tim. How mean and abject is your courage now!
 Think you that I dare suffer less then you? 480

457 I'st

459 more

462 Sacrifice;

No Sir ; in this he has no right to plead ;
What e're you think either has merited,
Let equally justice on us both be shown ;
And as we are, so let our fates be one. 484

Alci. Thou wonder of thy Sex!——

K.

I'll hear no more:

How dare you tempt an angry Monarchs pow'r ?
But since his fate so grateful you esteem:
Let her be Pris'ner too, but far from him.
He must not be so happy to have her,
For fetters would be blessings were she there. 490
Go see you execute our orders strait.

Tim. Thus we with smiles will entertain our fate.
My dearest Lord farewell, let not a sigh
Or tear proclaim we greive our parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our happiness a pain, 495
Joy were not then a blessing, but a chain.
No, let us part, as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this life only to gain a new.
Greif equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at least in Heav'n shall meet again. 500

Alci. So from their Oracles the Deities
Instruct the ignorant World in Misteries.
But, part! that word would make a Saint despair.
Obedience cannot be a vertue here.
If so ye Gods ye have such precepts giv'n, 505
That an example would confound your Heav'n,
You duties beyond your own omnipotence enjoyn ;
Can you forsake your Heaven, or I leave mine ?
Till when thus King I'm fix't beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endless love. 510
Kill me, thou yet shalt of thy ends despair,
My Soul shall wait upon her ev'ry where,
Nay I'd not fly to Heav'n till she came there.

K. Shall I thus see my self out-brav'd ? away,
He is a Traytor that but seems to stay. 515

[*Alcibiades snatches a Sword from one of the Guards.*

Alci. Now I am arm'd, death to that wretch that stirs.

K. Sir, do you think to look us into fears?

Disarm him Guards, or kill him.

[they fight and disarm him.]

Tiss. Push home ye Dogs——

Alci. Sordid slaves.

Thus ev'ry Ass the helpless Lyon braves. 520

Adieu divinest of thy Sex, adieu!

I never thought that I could part till now.

Now I deserve the worst fate has in store,

That in so brave a cause should do no more.

[The Guards offer to lead him off.]

Yet stay, one look. Thus does the needle steer 525

To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near:

When in the eager prospect of his joy,

He is by some rude artist snatch't away.

Farewel——

Tim. Farewel, and if your memory
E're trouble you with such a thing as I, 530

Let not a sigh come from you, but believe

I'd rather be forgot, then you should grieve.

Alci. Such worth shall in each Temple have a shrine;
What, to regain her, would I not resign? 534

But she's too heav'nly to be longer mine. *[Exeunt]*

[several ways Guarded, and looking back at each other.]

K. She's gon, but oh what mighty charms there lye

Couch't in the narrow circle of an eye!

Had she but stay'd another minute here,

I had worn chains, and been her Prisoner:

And still I fear my heart is not my own; 540

For if so bright when to a Dungeon gone,

How would she shine Triumphant on a Throne! *[Exit.]*

Qu. So now or never must my love succeed,
Vainly weak King hast thou his doom decreed.

In this beginning of his fall th'ast shown 545

But the imperfect figure of thy own.

525 stay

529 Farewel,—

Few hours remain 'twixt thee and destiny,
Till when grow dull in thy security.

Timandra's and thy death is one design;

Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine.

549

[*Exit.*

Act V. Scene I.

Tissaphernes Solus.

Tiss. NOW like a Lyon on my prey I'll feast.

Revenge! thou solace to a troubled breast.

Could but *Theramnes* in *Elizium* know,

How would his Ghost rejoyce at what I do!

[*Theramnes* Ghost rises.

Gh. Oh no——

Tiss. Death! what is that I hear and see? 5

Begon dull Ghost; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

Gh. From deepest horror of eternal night,

Where Souls in everlasting torments groan,

Where howling fiends lye chain'd, and where's no light,

But thickest darkness covers ev'ry one,

10

I come to warn thee mortal of thy sin;

Short time is here left for thee to remain.

'Twere fit that thy repentance soon begin,

For think what 'tis to live in endless pain.

Farewel——

[*Descends.*

Tiss. 'Twas an odd speech, but be it so: 15

Pish; Hell it self trembles at what I do;

And it's submission better to express,

Sends this Embassadour to make it's peace.

Let idle fears the superstitious awe;

With me my resolution is a law.

20

Repentance now would be too late begun:

Ages can't expiate what I have done.

And if below for Souls such torments are,

Methinks there's yet some brav'ry in despair.

The easie King looks little in his State, 25
 His Crown is for his Head too great a weight :
 But I will ease him, and adorn this brow.
 Thus to my aimes no limits I'll allow.
 Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, shall be
 My bus'ness ; so I'll baffle destinie. 30
 Hell! no,——
 I'll act such things whilst here I have abode,
 Till my own Trophies raise me to a God.

Enter Queen.

Qu. Now such an Engine is it I would have,
 I know he is a Traytor, and is brave. 35
 I'll bait him with ambition that may move ;
 Then if complacent to my ends he prove,
 In seeming to comply with his design,
 I'll make him but an instrument to mine :
 For when success me to my wishes calls, 40
 I'll shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
 My Lord!——

Tiss. *Madam!*

Qu. My Father lov'd you well,
 I've heard him oft of your atchievements tell,
 When in his Camp such gallant deeds you wrought,
 And always victory and triumph brought. 45

Tiss. Madam, your Father was all good and just.

Qu. He could, why may not I your honour trust?

Tiss. You wrong it else ; your Father lives in you :
 As I was his, I am your Champion too.
 Though old, against your Foes this Sword shall plead 50
 Your right ; name but your Traytor, and he's dead.

Qu. Nay Sir, the Traytor's not alone my Foe,
 His injuries extended are to you,
 To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
 Yet basely him that gave him growth destroys ; 55
 Whilst for his ills he would his kindness plead,
 To heap your honours on your Rivals head.

Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own honour save.

Tiss. Your Majesty would mean the King. D'ye try 60
My resolution, or my Loyalty?

Qu. Your Courage Sir is known, your Loyalty,
If you have any, you'll find due to me.
Through me these honours you in *Sparta* bore,
And 'twas my Father made you great before. 65
Now know it is the King, whose perjur'd Soul
Has done me injuries so base and foul,
That all that's good will blush at; his vowes past
To me all in anothers love are lost.

Nay, with my honour too my life must bleed, 70
He, with the General's, has my fall decreed,
To take the fair *Timandra* to his bed.
Let's go surprize him now he's full of Wine,
Revenge me on his life, his Crown is thine.

Tiss. Madam, indeed the injuries you feel 75
Cry loud; nor do I tamely see my ill.

But you must swear to me you will be true.

Qu. By all that's holy I'll be so to you.

Tiss. I'll do't, but Madam know I undertake
To hazard life and honour for your sake. 80
Should you betray me:—

Qu. Nay now you are unkindler then before.
To my first Oath I'll add a million more.

Tiss. And you will still be mindful of the Crown?

Qu. Had he ten Thousand, they were all your own. 85

Tiss. This then's his fate; pitty a Crime were here:
He shan't have time enough to make a prayer.

[*draws a Dagger.*

Qu. Be bold; and prosper in thy brave design,
And when his death's perform'd, the next is thine. [*aside.*

[*Exit.*

Tiss. This trap was dang'rously and subtly lay'd, 90
But I am not so easily betrayd.

Her love to *Alcibiades* I know,
 Her Woman for me did that kindness do.
 And since she is so good at the design,
 I'll to oblige her give her one of mine. 95
 My zealous urging of her Oath was done,
 Not to prevent her plots, but hide my own.
 I'll cherish her in all that she pretends,
 So make her ayms but covers to my ends.
 For when I'm seated on the *Spartan* Throne, 100
 Both her and all her Treasons I'll disown:
 Prove both her judge and her accuser too,
 And on her my first act of justice do.
 So all my doubts and fears will be o're-past, 104
 And by her fall I fix my self more fast. [Exit.

Enter a Chair of State with a Table by it, and upon that the Crown and Scepter.

Enter King and Lords.

K. My Lords, no more, w've drank too deep; I'd now
 A while be private.

Lords. Royal Sir, we go. <Exit.

K. Boy take thy Lute, and with a pleasing ayr
 Appease my sorrows, and delude my care. [Sits down.

SONG

Princes that Rule and Empires Sway, 110
How transitory is their State!
Sorrows the gloryes do allay,
And richest Crowns have greatest weight.

2.

The mightiest Monarch treason fears,
Ambitious thoughts within him rave; 115
His life all discontent and cares;
And he at best is but a Slave.

3.

*Vainly we think with fond delight,
To ease the burden of our cares.
Each grief a Second does invite, 120
And sorrows are each others heirs.*

4.

*For me my honour I'll maintain,
Be gallant generous and brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
At least I find it in the grave.
[the King falls asleep.*

Enter Queen and Tissaphernes with a Dagger.

Qu. He sleeps; now let the fatal deed be done. 126

Hah! what are these, the Scepter and the Crown!

So did the drowsie Dragon sleep, when he

Lost the rich fruits of the Hesperian Tree.

First we'll secure his Crown, and then he dyes. 130

[Takes up the Crown.

Thus I'm discharg'd of all my promises. *[puts it on his head*

Take this, and if I claim your promise too,

Y'are King, and justice is your duty now.

Come, by his fall——

This your first step to glory solemnize: 135

I make you King, make him my Sacrifice.

Tiss. I'll do't, but stay—— *[advances towards the King.*

Qu. Nay, quickly to him go,

Sir he expects no Ceremony now.

Tiss. Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!

I stand amaz'd, and dare not venture on. 140

There is in Majesty a secret charm,

That puts a fetter on a Traytors arm;

I cannot do't——

Qu. Then look on her that dares.

How despicable is the man that fears!

Give me the fatal Instrument of death; 145

134 Come

135 solemnize,

My self will in his heart this dagger sheath.

[*takes his dagger from him.*]

Then blush to think, if e're the World should know,

That a frail Woman durst do more then you.

Courage—he smiles,— [advances towards the King.

Some pleasing dreams his fancy entertain; 150

Oh it were pitty he should wake again.

Thus King, thy life and Empire I command:

Accept this from thy *Deidamia*'s hand. [Stabs him.

K. Hah murder'd! *Deidamia*, and by you!

What is't that faithless Woman will not do! 155

Henceforth all Loyalty and love farewell.

When after ages shall this story tell,

'Twill be a truth too sad to be receiv'd;

Nor shall the World be by it self believ'd.

Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit, 160

To lay all my Ambition at your feet;

When at the Altars strictest vows I paid?

Nor were they with less zeal perform'd then made!

I lov'd you far above that life y'ave spilt,

Till ev'n my passion was become my guilt: 165

I for your sake depriv'd heav'n of its due,

Took adoration thence to pay it you.

And must this be th' reward for all I've done?

Yet I shall have this comfort when I'm gone,

That I no longer shall with thee remain, 170

But dye in hopes we ne're shall meet again. [*dyes.*

Qu. He's gon, and now my Lord,—

Tiss. Oh what is't you have done?

A while lay your unruly passions down.

View but the sweet Composure of that face,

Where grandeur sat attended by each grace: 175

Now there grim death his gashly Revels keeps,

And pallid horror o're each feature creeps.

Weep Madam, weep, to think your rage has giv'n

That blow, which robs the World to enrich heav'n.

Oh my dear Lord, that er'e I liv'd to know 180
This day! Madam I can't conceal it.

Qu. Say you so?

But Sir I Scorn to be betray'd by you. [*At the noise of
[People entring, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon
[her knees, and layes hold of Tissaphernes; then speaks.*

Treason, Treason, Treason,—

Is't not enough y'ave shed my Husbands blood?

Tiss. The Devil!— 185

Qu. And rob'd the World of all that's great and good,
But you must seek my life? Oh pitty take,
If not for mine, at least for vertues sake!

Tiss. Hell and Plagues!—

Qu. But why do I name that? for all that e're 190
The World had left of it, lyes murder'd there.

Tiss. Very fine.

Qu. Yet though you've rob'd him of his life, save mine:
I'll live to ask heav'n pardon for your sin.

Tiss. So now I'll stop your mouth.

[*Breaks from her, and takes up the Dagger.*

Qu. Help, murder, Treason, help. 196

Enter Lords.

1 *Lord.* How, *Tissaphernes* arm'd against the Queen!
What means this posture Sir?—

Qu. Oh noble Lord,

If e're your pitty could a tear afford,
Weep down an Ocean there; behold, the spring 200
Of *Sparta's* hopes lyes murder'd in her King.
And had not I the traytors rage withstood,
He with my Husbands too had mixt my blood.
See where he guilty stands.

Lord. Great *Agis* slain!

By *Tissaphernes* too!

Qu. Yes, he to gain 205

The Spartan Crown, this bloody deed has done,
See he already has usurt the Crown;

183 Treason, Treason, Treason, &c.— 200 behold

His hot Ambition could not bear delays,
But on the Royal spoyles thus proudly preys;
Insults in's treason.

Tiss. I am now run down 210
So far that all hopes of recov'ry's gon.
But Madam, can you dare to lay this guilt
On me? was't not by you his blood was spilt?

Qu. By me! base wretch, would thy impiety
Lay this inhumane regicide on me? 215
I wound this breast? ah dearest Saint, too well
I knew thy worth! [*weeps.*]

Tiss. Death, she'll be Queen of Hell:
Pluto will grow in love with her for this.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, treason's above all pardon.

Tiss. 'Tis. 219

Lord. Then Sir to Justice.

Tiss. No, thus I deny. [*presents his Dagger.*]
I liv'd not by it, nor will by it dye.
Was it for this my stratagems I lay'd
To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?
Curse on my narrow fate, but yet to shew
That I love murder too as well as you, 225
Thus perjur'd Queen——

[*offers to stab the Queen, but is hinder'd by the Lords.*]

Qu. See how he'd still pursue
His Treason! hence to justice with him go:
Hourly let on the Rack his pains encrease,
Till he the horror of his guilt confess.

Tiss. That shall not need. I'll own the deed as mine. 230
But glory in't, it was a brave design.
The King kill'd! and I ruin'd! to compleat
Thy lust, all by one stratagem, was great:
So great, that for its sake
I can with satisfaction yeild my breath, 235
Else I should take no pleasure in my death.
But e're I go, be pleas'd to entertain

219 'tis. 226 Queen. 230 mine, 233 stratagem!

The last kind precepts of a dying man.
 Be bloody, false, revengful, lustful; all
 That can be found recorded on Hells Roll 240
 Embrace; where-e're you rising vertue see,
 Down with it, and set up impietie.
 Make that your theam, leave nothing ill undone,
 So copy *Tissaphernes* when he's gon:
 Who leaves this counsel as a Legacy. 245
 'Tis my Religion, and I'l in it dye. [*Exit Tiss. guarded.*
Qu. Hence with the wretch——
 Mean while to my dead Lord I'l sorrows pay,
 And after his sigh my own life away. <*Exit Lords.*
 So now they are gon——hah who comes there?

Enter Ardella.

Ard. 'Tis I. 250
Q. Ardella, on that thing cast back an eye;
 'Twas once a King, but thank these hands now none:
 [*Ardella starts.*
Nay start not, *Tissaphernes* too is gon;
 His treasures all are thine as a reward. 254
Ard. You are too kind——
Qu. See strait a draught prepar'd,
 And Murderers; *Timandra* next must fall;
 You know our will, let it be done.
Ard. It shall. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE a darkn'd Tent.

[*Timandra asleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and sings.*

Merli. Come my Salla, come away,

Thy Merli calls.

Salla within. *Whither?* 260

Merli. Hither, w'ave no bus'ness to day,

And where innocence sleeps we securely may play.

Salla. I come.

[*Enters.*

Merli. So welcome my dear,

But first let's disperse the black Clouds that are here. 265

239 lustful, 241 Embrace, 245 Legacy, 256 Murderers, | fall,

Both. *Round about this place we range,
And it's gloomy darkness change,
To a bright delightful Grove,
A proper Scene for happy love.*

The SCENE changes to *Elizium*.

Merli. *Next to divert this fair one, all* 270
*Our wing'd Companions we'll call,
And the Ayr for musick charm,
Whilst they their measures here perform.*

Both. *Come all you bright forms that inhabit the Ayr,
And ease with your pleasures the cares of the fair ;* 275
*Here frolick and skip, oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his wings and away.*

[Several Spirits of the ayr descend and Dance.]

Salla. *Now let us discover the mansions of rest,
Where lovers with eternal joyes are blest.*
[A glorious Temple appears in the Ayr, where the
[Spirits of the happy are seated.
See fair one, see, not long e're you 280
To those glorious seats shall go.

Another Spi<rit>. *The lustful Queen thirsts for your blood,
And you are for the World too good.*

Merli. *Nor shall you come alone, your lover too*
Must meet a Fate the same with you. 285

Salla. *But here your troubles all shall cease,
'Tis the Seat of endless bliss.*

Cho. *Here in endless pleasures they*
Keep eternal Holyday.
Here they Revel, Sport, and are 290
Crown'd with joys still new and rare.
*Their pleasures too can never dye,
But like themselves have Immortality.*

Merli. *See, the kind Spirits smile, and now*
They'll bless her with a nearer view. 295
[The whole body of the Temple moves downward.

275 fair, 284 lovers 291 rare, 294 See

Cho. *Descend oh ye gloryes descend!*
Who with blessings eternal are crown'd;
To this Nymph your kind influence lend:
Whilst all the Sphears with harmony resound.

Merli. *She wakes, let the apparition go,* 300
By th' damp upon my wings I know
Something ill is drawing near:

Come Salla, come away, Oh come away my dear.
[They all vanish, and the SCENE changes
again to the Tent.

Tim. I've had a dream might make a lover blest,
 Oh th' sweet delights of everlasting rest! 305
[Queen appears at the entrance.

How this the Queen? what can her coming mean?

Qu. *Ardella with the Ruffians here remain;*
 I'll in, and with soft words her temper try;
 If without him she'll live, she shall not dye.
 Madam!— *[to Timandra.*

Tim. Your pleasure?

Qu. Oft' I've heard y'are brave,
 But the best proof of gallantry you gave, 311
 When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
 And such a bliss with so rare patience left.

Tim. Madam, our flames a nobler passion rules
 Then fondness, th' idle guilt of wav'ring fools: 315
 Our loves knew a far higher excellence,
 Then the half pleasures of a minutes sense.

Qu. Then you may love since you can with him part,
 He has made a conquest o're my tender heart:
 Love governs here, and since my Husband's dead, 320
 Fate and my choicest wishes have decreed,
 He should both in his love and throne succeed.

Tim. Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make
 Him his *Timandra* and his faith forsake?
 Or think you I an Attome will resign 325
 Of that heart, which by holy vows is mine?

302 near,

308 try,

310 pleasure!

No I will keep him maugre cruelty.

Qu. But Madam do you know what 'tis to dye?

Tim. Yes, 'tis to lay these clogs our bodys by,
And be remov'd to blest eternity. 330

By death relief from all our griefs we gain,
And by one, put an end to years of pain;
By that we in one minute find out more,
Then all the busie gown men study for;
Who after in dull search th'ave ages spent, 335
Learn nothing but to know th'are ignorant.

Death is a blessing, and a thing so far
Above that worst of all our frailties fear;
It claims our joy, since by it we put on
The top of happiness, perfection. 340

Quit him! no never whilst I here have breath;

He's mine in spight of cruelty or death.

Qu. Then enter ye grim Ministers of fate.

[*Enter Murderers with Poison.*]

Does not your stubborn courage now abate?

Tim. No, my resolves more fixt and firm are grown.
Bring dreadfull'st racks and tortures yet unknown, 346

Provide one for each sense, and then do thou

Tempt me my love and int'rest to forgo,
Midst of my pains I'l smile, and tell thee no.

Qu. But minion, soon your insolence shall cease. 350
Come, since such resolution you express,

Take this, demur not, do't— [*Gives her a bowl of poison.*]

Tim. And is this all?

I thought t'ave had a more Heroick fall,
Expected to have noblest tortures met,
Not by dull poison to have found my fate. 355

But any way I can thy pow'r defie,
'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I dye. [*offers to drink.*]

Qu. Yet yeild, and live—

Tim. Live! what have I to do
With life, when giv'n by one so base as you?

343 fate, 345 grown, 349 no 352 do't,— 357 dye: 358 live,—

Thus I despise it——

[*Drinks.*

Qu. What dismal tortures strait will on her seize! 361

[*after Timandra has drank the Poison.*

So 'twas a health to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. Now blush at what thy impious rage has done,
My *Alcibiades* is still my own:

And if thou him embrace when I am gon, 365

Each night thy bed I'll haunt, and challenge there

Those joys, of which thou hast bereft me here.

Anxious shall be each day, disturb'd each night,

A restless shade I'll still be in thy sight;

And thee i'th' height of all thy pleasures fright. 370

Heav'n what do I feel!——

Qu. Oh does the draught succeed!

<Enter *Ardella*.>

Ard. Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
And just is entring——

Qu. Strait with straitest care
Convey her in, and wait my pleasure there.

[*The Murderers lead in Timandra.*

Sweet Murder! oh no Physick is so good 375

For th'hopeless lover as a bath of blood.

But here he comes——

Enter Alcibiades.

Now to my greifs again. [*veils.*

Alci. It makes me wonder how I freedom gain,
All things confus'd, and in disorder are.

How's this, in mourning weeds? unveil my fair. 380

[*Queen unveils.*

Hah not *Timandra*!——

Qu. No Sir, though 'tis one
That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
Or could, did she yet live, but she is dead.

Alci. How, dead!——

Qu. Yes, *Tissaphernes* that black deed did do, 385
Prompted by his ignoble hate to you.

360 it,—— 373 entring,—— 378 makes we 380 this 384 How

But you will wonder more, when I shall tell,
That by his hand the mighty *Agis* fell.
The King is slain: both I, and *Sparta*, now
Have no hopes left, but what remain in you. 390

Alci. In me! alas! I am a wretch too poor;
Timandra dead! curst ever be the hour
Wherein so fair an innocence was lost.
Heav'n justly now may of its glories boast;
For the most bright, and precious Saint that e're 395
The World enjoy'd, is fled, and seated there.

Qu. Why do you let your greifs distract your Soul?
Call up your reason, and let passion cool.
See here a Queen, that courts you with the charms
Of Love, a Crown, and Empire, to her Arms: 400
No longer for *Timandra* sorrow wear,
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did.

Alci. Oh Madam, no:
To love like her's a task too hard for you;
Love me as she did? why each thought she had 405
Of me, was such, might make an Angel glad:
For Crowns; though Emp'rour of the World I were,
I'd turn a begger to recover her.
Oh Madam tempt no further, all's but vain,
I ne'er can have a thought of love again. 410

Qu. Never!—

Alci. No never—

Qu. Can you then so soon
Forget your promise? or will you disown
That ere, if you *Timandra* should survive,
You vow'd you only for my sake would live?
You see how Heaven has decreed—

Alci. Alas! 415
I then the blessing knew, but not the loss;
Besides I now must dye—

403 no
416 loss,

404 tas'k

411 No never,—

415 decreed,—

Qu. How Sir, is't thus my profer'd love you prize?

Alci. I do not hate you, may not that suffice?

Qu. Ungrateful, no, but I'll reward thy pride. 420

Draw back:— [The Scene drawn discovers Timandra
[on a Couch in the midst of her pains.

Go dotard in, enjoy thy bride;

And know by me thy lov'd *Timandra* dy'd:

Yes cruel man by me—

Tim. No Queen, she lives,

And still to all thy rage defiance gives. [*spies Alcibiades.*

Do I behold my dearest Lord so nigh! 425

Shall I agen see him before I dye!

Alci. Best hopes and comfort of my life! I'm here.

How fares my love?—

Tim. Oh come not, come not near,

My blood's all fire, infection's in each vein,

And tyrant death in ev'ry part does reign; 430

But I for you could suffer much more pain.

Alci. Kind heav'n! let all her pangs upon me fall,

And add ten thousand more, I'll bear 'em all,

Do but restore her back; Oh cursed Queen!

What Devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a sin? 435

Cou'dst thou be guilty of so foul a deed?

Qu. Yes I did do't, by me the King too bled,

Unworthy wretch! and all for love of you:

But had I pow'r I now would kill thee too.

Alci. Oh do't; I'll blot out all th'ast done before, 440

And never call thee base, nor cruel more.

Here is my breast; soon the kind work begin,

Advance thy Poniard, send it boldly in.

Qu. No, thou shalt live for harder destiny,

But first shalt see thy dear *Timandra* dye. 445

Alci. Oh misery beyond the damn'd beneath!

Must I not happy be in life nor death?

Tim. Alas! cease your unnecessary moan,

I find my torments quickly will be gon.

418 Sir | thus, 420 pride, 421 dotard, 427 here,

Though I could wish they might to years renew, 450
 So I might still be blest with seeing you.
 Now the black storms of fate are all blown o're,
 And we shall meet, and ne're be parted more.
 But oh farewell—— [dyes.]

Alci. My dear *Timandra* stay!
 Ah pretious Soul, fly not so soon away! 455
 But one look more; will death have no remorse?
 See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.
 But oh she's gon! seize there that Murd'ress.

Qu. No:
 Seize me! 'tis more then all your Camp can do:
 Who e're comes, here's my guard: Alas mean fool, 460
 [Presents her Dagger.]

My fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
 There lyes your constancy. [pointing to *Timandra*.
 [*Alcibiades flies to the Queen, and snatches the Dagger from her.*

Alci. Infernal hag!
 Whose ev'ry breath infects, each look's a plague!
 Could not thy fury on my bosome rest,
 But thou must wreak thy vengeance on this breast? 465
 To murder her!—curse on me that I stand
 Thus Idle; now thy heart: [presents the Dagger to her
 But oh 'twould brand [breast.]

My Trophies with eternal infamy,
 If by my hand so base a thing should dye:
 Her ills so many, and so odious are, 470
 They would disgrace an executioner.
 Yet I'd do something, oh I hav't, I'll tear [ravingly.
 Her peicemeal:—but *Timandra's* gone too far: [mildly.
 Yonder she Mounts, tryumphant Spirit stay:
 See where the Angels bear her Soul away! 475
 Now all the Gods will grow in love with her:
 And I shall meet fresh troops of Rivals there.
 But thus I'll haste and follow,—— [Stabs himself.]

Devil there,—— [throws the Dagger to the Queen.]

458 gon,

462 constancy:

Dye if thou hast courage enough to dare.

But oh!—

480

A heavy faintness does each sense surprize:

Yet e're I close up these unhappy eyes,

Here their last dutious sorrows they shall pay

And at this object melt in tears away.

Blest center of my hopes! in whom I plac't

485

Too choice, too pure a happiness to last.

I any loss less then thy death had greiv'd;

How well could I have dy'd, so thou hadst liv'd!

Damn'd fiend!—

[to the Queen.

But oh why do I rave at her,

490

That have so little time to tarry here?

One parting kiss, and then in peace I'll dye: [kisses Tim.

Now farewell world, welcome eternity.

Enter Patroclus, Lords and Guards.

Patr. Horror of horrors! this was a dismal chance,

Alas my freind!

Alci. Thy useless greif refrain,

495

Farewell; we shall hereafter meet again.

[dyes.

Patr. Guards seize the Queen—

Qu.

Seize me rude Slaves? forbear.

Patr. You shall in short your accusation hear.

To kill the King, my Father first you made

Your property; then basely him betray'd.

500

Your Woman all confes't, and by the Guard

Is now secur'd to a more just reward.

And though too late this black design I know:

Yet all your stratagems are useless now.

Hence with the Murd'ress, to Justice.

Qu.

Hah!

505

Think you that I will dye by formal law?

No, when I'm dead be thus my fame supply'd:

She liv'd a murd'ress, and a murd'ress dy'd. [stabs her self.

Justice would but my happiness retard:

487 lossless

490 her?

491 here;

493 Patroclus (*stage dir.*)

499 Father,

503 (though too late) | knew:

507 supplv'd:

Thus I descend below to a reward. 510
 I shall be Queen of fate: the furies there
 For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.
 I long to be in state; my Lords farewell:
 Now noble Charon! hoys up Sayl for Hell. [dyes.

Lord. Her Soul is fled——

Patr. With her for ever dye 515
 Her treasons, and her odious memory.
 But whither is the fair *Draxilla* gone?

Lord. Distracted at the mischiefs that are done,
 She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.

Patr. Quickly let after her be made pursuit: 520
 I'll ransack all the World to find her out.
 Propitious Heav'n will sure to her be kind.

Enter Lord.

2 *Lord.* My Lord we in our votes have all combin'd
 To make you King; the Camp with shouts, and cries
 Of joy, send their loud wishes to the Skyes. 525

[*Shouts within, Long live Patroclus*

[*King of Sparta.*

Patr. Go bid 'em their unwelcome noise forbear:
 Turn all their shouts to sighs of sorrow here.

[*Turns to the Bodyes.*

Th'are gone; and with e'm all I wish'd to keep.
 Now could I almost turn a boy, and weep.
 My Friends, my Mistress, and my Father, lost! 530
 Never were growing hopes more sadly crost.
 Now fortune has her utmost malice shown,
 She'd court me with the flatt'ry of a Crown:
 A thing so far beneath those joys I miss,
 'Tis but the shadow of a happiness. 535
 For how uneasily on Thrones they sit,
 That must like me be wretched to be great!

FINIS

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee.

NOW *who sayes Poets don't in blood delight?* }
 'Tis true the varlets care not much to fight; }
But faith, they claw it off when e're they write: }
Are bully Rocks not of the common size;
Kill ye men faster then Domitian flyes. 5
Ours made such Havock, that the silly Rogue
Was forc't to make me rise for th' Epilogue.
The fop damn'd me, but e're to hell I go, }
I'd very fain be satisfy'd, if you }
Think it not just that he were serv'd so too. } 10
As he hath yours, do you his hopes beguile:
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then damn him down to Hell, and never spare,
Perhaps he'l find more favour there then here.
Nay of the two may chuse the much less evil, 15
If you're but good when pleas'd, e'n so's the Devil.

Don CARLOS
Prince of Spain.
A
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the DUKE's Theatre.

Written by *Tho. Otway*.

Principibus placuisse Viris non Ultima Laus est. Hor.

Licensed, June 15. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Tonson* at *Grays-Inn-Gate*
in *Grays-Inn-Lane.* 1676.

TO
His Royal Highness,
THE
DUKE.

SIR,

'TIs an approv'd Opinion, There's not so Unhappy
a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants
Ambition; for certainly he lives to very little use that
only toyles in the same round, and because he knowes 5
where he is, though in a dirty road, dares not venture
on a smoother path for fear of being lost. That I am
not the Wretch I Condemn, Your Royal Highness may
be sufficiently Convinc't, in that I durst presume to
put this Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to ¹⁰
it were not Ordinary; for besides my own propensity
to take any opportunity of publishing, the Extream
Devotion I owe Your Royal Highness, The mighty
Encouragement I receiv'd from your Approbation of
it when presented on the Stage, was hint enough to let ¹⁵
me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst
I do this, I am sensible the Curious World will expect
some Panagerick on those Heroick Virtues which are
throughout it so much Admir'd: But as they are a
Theam too great for my Undertaking, so only to ²⁰
endeavour at the truth of e'm, must in the distance
between my obscurity and their height savour of a
flattery, which in your Royal Highnesses esteem I
would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of
e'm which relates to my self, (viz. Your Favours ²⁵
showr'd on a thing so mean as I am) I know not how
to be silent: For you were not only so indulgent to

bestow Your Praises on this, but ev'n (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my first Essay of this
30 nature, and add yet the encouragement of your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highnesses hand in token of your permission to make a Dedication to You of the second. I must confess and boast I am very proud of it; and
35 it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am Undeserving. Yet when I consider You never give Your Favours precipitately, but that it is a Certain sign of some Desert when You vouchsafe to promote: I who have terminated my best hopes in it,
40 should do wrong to Your Goodness, should I not let the World know, my Mind as well as my Condition is rais'd by it: I am certain none that know Your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who (as is
45 apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near You, and know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc't without Justice; 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all men created an awful Love and Respect towards You, since in the
50 firmness of your Resolution the brave and good man is sure of You, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over, and I hope Your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to You, who am in nothing so
55 Unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let You and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highnesses most Humble, most
faithful and most obedient Servant,
Tho. Otway.

41 know my Mind,



The P R E F A C E.

Reader,

'TIS not that I have any great affection to scribbling that I pester thee with a *Preface*, for amongst friends 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with those that write Hackney under *Attorneys*, it will hardly keep us in 5 *Ale and Cheese*. Honest *Ariosto* began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this purpose:

*I pitty those who in these latter days
Do Write, when bounty hath shut up her Gate;
Where day and night in vain good Writers knock, 10
And for their labours oft have but a mock.*

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harington's* Translation; had I understood *Italian*, I would have given it thee in the Original; but that is not my Talent, therefore to proceed: This Play was the second that ever I writ or thought 15 of writing: I must confess I had often a Tittillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, till I got her into a Corner in the Country, and then like a bashful young Lover when I had her private I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produc't any thing, till at 20 last I know not how, e're I was aware, I found my self Father of a Dramatique birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades*; but I might without offence to any person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*, for my Hero, to do him right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, 25 but would as little have boggl'd at the obliging the passion of a young and beautiful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same opportunities which I have given him. This I publish to Antedate the objections some people may make against that Play, who have been (and much good may it 30 do 'em) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disoblig'd them, nor have they

21 how | aware 24 Hero 30 Play 31 severe | think | this,
whoever

(thanks my good fortune) much Injur'd me: in the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, 35 leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom; I am well satisfi'd I had the greatest party of men of wit and sence on my side, amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl* of *R.* who far above what I am ever able to deserve from 40 him, seem'd almost to make it his business to establish it in the good opinion of the *King*, and his *Royal Highness*, from both of which I have since received Confirmations of their good liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed; and it is to him I must in all gratitude confess I owe the 45 greatest part of my good success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extreamly build my hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those I am sure of good Judgement too, have been so kind to afford me (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has 50 been written of late; for I thank Heaven I am not yet so vain, but this I may modestly boast of, which the Author of the *French Berenice* has done before me in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors, I mean those whose Souls were capable 55 of so Noble a pleasure, for 'twas not my business to take such as only come to a Play-house to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures: Though a certain Writer that shall be nameless (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask't his opinion of this Play, very 60 gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *Igad he knew not a line in it he would be Author of*; but he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of; and so Reader I bid him 65 and thee

Farewell.

The Prologue.

When first our Authour took this Play in hand,
He doubted much and long was at a stand.
He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred things.
Not as th'are represented in this Age, 5
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage;
Us'd only just for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worse, made Villains all, or Fools.
Besides, the Characters he shows to Night,
He found were very difficult to Write: 10
He found the Fame of France and Spain at stake,
Therefore long paus'd and fear'd which part to take;
Till this his judgment safest understood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.
But now the greatest stop was yet unpast't, 15
He found himself, Alas! confin'd too fast.
He is a man of Pleasures, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to bus'ness bow,
Till at the last he did this Conquest get,
To make his pleasure whetstone to his wit; } 20
So sometimes for variety he writ.
But as those Block-heads who discourse by Rote,
Sometimes speak sence although they rarely know't:
So he scarce knew to what his work would grow;
But 'twas a Play because it would be so: 25
Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,
For Idleness is the worst want of sence.
Let him not now of carelessness be Taxt,
He'l write in earnest when he writes the next;
Meanwhile—— 30
Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare; }
Yet do it kindly, be not too severe,
He may bear better fruit another year. }

Persons	represented	By
<i>Philip</i> the 2 ^d . K. of <i>Spain</i> .	.	Mr. <i>Batterton</i> .
Don <i>Carlos</i> his Son.	.	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Don <i>John</i> of <i>Austria</i> .	.	M ^{<r>} . <i>Harris</i> .
Marquiss of <i>Posa</i> the	.	{ Mr. <i>Crosby</i> .
Prince's Confident.	.	
<i>Rui-Gomez</i> .	.	Mr. <i>Medbourn</i> .
<hr/>		
Queen of <i>Spain</i> .	.	Mrs. <i>Mary Lee</i> .
Dutchess of <i>Eboli</i> , Wife	.	{ Mrs. <i>Shadwell</i> .
to <i>R. Gomez</i> .	.	
<i>Henrietta</i> .	.	Mrs. <i>Gibbs</i> .
<i>Garcia</i> .	.	Mrs. <i>Gillow</i> .
<hr/>		
Officer of the Guards.	.	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .

Don CARLOS

Prince of Spain.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT the First. SCENE the First.

A Palace Royal.

*The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen Attended,
Don Carlos, the Marquess of Posa, Rui-Gomez, &c.
Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.*

King.

HAppy the Monarch on whose Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me in all that he can wish for, blest. }
Renown, and Love, The Gentlest calms of rest }
And peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast. } 5
To me great Nations Tributary are,
Though whilst my Vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I Reign, I must pay homage, here. { [*To the*
Approach bright Mistress of my purest vows, } { *Queen.*
Now show me him that more Religion owes } 10
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more Devoutly bows. }

Don Carlos. So Merchants cast upon some Savage Coast,
Are forc't to see their dearest Treasures lost.

Curse! What's obedience? a false Notion made } [*aside.*
By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd, } 15
By such new Arts kept up declining Trade. }

A Father oh!—

King. Why does my *Carlos* shrowd
His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud?

i. i. 2 wears.

3 blest:

7 spreads

My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this Fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride, 20
Shall such a Noble Race of Heroe's spring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know
Then what already I enjoy in you;
The Brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Powers, 25
I only can admire, as they are yours.

K. Heaven! How he stands unmov'd! not the least }
Of Transport. [show

D. Car. Not admire your happiness! I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me express the mighty Joy I feel. { *Kneels to the*
Thus Sir I pay my duty when I kneel. { *Queen.*

Queen. How hard it is his Passion to Confine:
I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine: [aside.
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obsequious now. [To Carlos.

D. Carlos. Oh might I but Enjoy this pleasure still! 35
Here would I worship, and for ever kneel.

Queen. For Heav'n my Lord, you know not what you do.

King. Still there appears disturbance on his brow:
And in his looks an Earnestness I read, 39
Which from no Common Causes can proceed: [aside.
I'll probe him deep——

When when my dearest Joy, [To the Queen.
Shall I the mighty debt of Love defray?
Hence to Loves secret Temples let's retire, }
There on his Altars kindle th'Am'rous fire, }
Then Phoenix-like Each in the flame expire. } 45
Still he is fixt—— [Looking on D. Carlos.

Gomez observe the Prince. [To R. Gomez.
Yet smile on me my charming Excellence.
Virgins should only fears and blushes show,
But you must lay aside that Title now.
The Doctrine which I preach by Heav'n is good; 50
Oh! the Impetuous sallies of my Blood!

20 Bride Q 1, 2 35 still, Q 2 41 Joy 42 defray. 46 Prince,

Queen. To what unwelcome Joyes I'm forc't to yield,
Now fate her utmost malice has fulfill'd.

Carlos farewell: for since I must submit——

King. Now wing'd with rapture let us fly my sweet. 55
My Son all Troubles from thy breast resigne,
And let thy Father's happiness be thine. { *Exeunt K. and*
Q. attended.

D. C. What King, what God would not his pow'r forgo,
T'enjoy so much Divinity below?
Didst Thou behold her *Posa*?—

<i>Posa.</i>	Sir I did.	60
--------------	------------	----

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? such a Bride,
Oh *Posa* once she was Dece'd for mine.
Once I had hopes of Bliss; hadst thou but seen
How blest, how proud I was, if I could get
But leave to lye a prostrate at her feet.
Ev'n with a look I could my pains beguile,
Nay she in pitty too would sometimes smile;
Till at the last my vows successful prov'd,
And one day sighing she confess'd she lov'd.
Oh! then I found no limits to our joy,
With Eyes thus languishing we lookt all day,
So vigorous and strong we darted beams,
Our meeting glances kindled into flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not delight, }
For when rude shades depriv'd us of the light, }
As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night; }
But after all these Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus destroys his Son;
In their full height my choicest hopes beguiles,
And robs me of the fruit of all my Toyles.
My dearest *Posa* thou wer't ever kind,
Bring thy best Counsel and direct my mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here——My Lord.

60 Posa— 69 lov'd, 73 flames, 80 Toyles 83 here | My
begins new line

D. Car. Your business now?

R. Go. I've with concern beheld your Clouded brow;
Ah! though y'ave lost a Beauty well might make 85
Your strictness, honour, and your duty shake,
Let not a Fathers ills misguide your mind,
But be Obedient, though he's prov'd unkind.

D. Car. Hence Cynick to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,
I have no leisure now to hear thee Preach; 90
Still you'll usurp a power o're my will.

R. Go. Sir you my Service do interpret ill;
Nor need it be so soon forgot, that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy,
When to my charge committed, I alone 95
Instructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and Wars noblest Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to Conquer Hearts.
Whilst though but Young,—

You would with pleasure read of Sieges got, 100
And smile to hear of bloody Battles fought;
And still, though not controul, I may advise.

D. Car. Alas thy Pride wears a too thin disguise;
Too well I know the Falshood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me so foul, 105
That hardly as his Son, a smile I've known,
But always as a Traytor met his frown;
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd,
Or if my friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You damp't my Fathers smiles still as they sprung, 110
Perswading I repin'd he liv'd too long;
So all my hopes by you were frustrate made,
And rob'd of Sun-shine, wither'd in the shade.
Whilst my good *Patriot!* you dispos'd the Crown
Out of my reach, to have it in your own: 115
But i'le prevent your Policy—

R. Go. My Lord,

86 strictness Q 1, strictest Q 2 88 unkind: 91 will:
102 advise, 105 foul;

This accusation is unjust and hard;
 The King your Father would not so upbraid
 My age: is all my service thus repaid?
 But I will hence and let my Master hear 120
 How generously you reward my care,
 Who on my just complaint, I doubt not, will
 At last redress the Injuries I feel. [Exit Gomez.

Po. Alas my Lord you too severely urge
 Your Fate, his Interest with the King is large; 125
 Besides, you know he has already seen
 The Transports of your passion for the Queen;
 The use he may of that advantage make,
 You ought at least t'avoid, but for her sake.

D. Car. Ah! my dear friend, th'ast toucht my tend'rest
 part, 130

I never yet learnt the dissembling Art;
 Go call him back, tell him that I implore
 His pardon; and will nere offend him more:
 The Queen! kind Heaven make her thy nearest care:
 Oh! fly, o'retake him e're he goes too far. [Exit Posa.
 How are we bandied up and down by Fate, 136
 By so much more unhappy as w'are great;
 A Prince, and heir to *Spains* great Monarch born,
 I'm forc't to Court a Slave whom most I scorn;
 Who like a *Bramble* 'mongst a *Cedars* boughs, 140
 Vexes his Peace, under whose shade he grows;

Re-enter R. Gomez and Posa.

Now he returns, assist me Falshood,—down
 Thou Rebel passion——

Sir I fear I've done [To R. Gomez.
 You wrong; but if I have you can forgive. 144
 Heaven! can I do this abject thing and live? [aside.

R. Go. Ah! my good Lord it makes too large amends,
 When to his Vassal thus a Prince descends:
 Tho it was something rigid, and unkind,

T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your friend.

D. Car. Alas no more: all Jealousies shall cease 150
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace;
So may Just Heav'n assist me when I sue,
As I to *Gomez* always will be true.

R. Go. Stay Sir, and for this mighty favour take 155
All the return sincerity can make.
Blest in your Fathers love, as I'm in yours,
May not one fear disturb your happy hours;
Crown'd with success may all your wishes be,
And you ne're find worse Enemies than me:

[*Exeunt Car. and Posa.*]

Nor spite of all his greatness shall he need 160
Of too long date, his ruine is decreed;
Spains early hopes of him have been my fears,
'Twas I the charge had of his tender years,
And read in all the Progress of his growth
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth; 165
A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild,
At all my precepts still with scorn he smil'd;
Or when by th' power I from his Father had,
Any restraint was on his pleasures laid,
Usher'd with frowns on me his soul would rise, 170
And threaten future vengeance from his Eyes:
But now to all my fears I bid adieu,
For Prince I'll humble both your Fate and you;
Here comes the Star by whom my course I steer,

Enter Eboli.

Welcome my Love.—

Eboli. My Lord why stay you here 175
Losing the pleasure of this happy night?
When all the Court are melting in delight,
You toyl with the dull bus'ness of the State.

R. Go. Only my fair one, how to make thee great:
Thou tak'st up all the bus'ness of my heart, 180

153 true: 155 make 156 you Fathers 165 Youth, Q 1, 2

And only to it pleasures canst impart:
 Say say, my Goddess, when shall I be blest?
 It is an Age since I was happy last.

Eboli. My Lord I come not hither now to hear
 Your love, but offer something to your Ear; 185
 If you have well observ'd, you must have seen
 To day some strange disorders in the Queen.

R. Go. Yes such as Youthful Brides do still express,
 Impatient Longings for the happiness;
 Approaching Joyes will so disturb the Soul, 190
 As Needles alwaies Tremble near the Pole.

Ebol. Come, Come, my Lord: seem not so blind: too well
 I've seen the Wrongs which you from *Carlos* feel.
 And know your Judgment is too good, to loose
 Advantage, where you may so safely choose. 195
 Say now if I inform you, how you may
 With full Revenge all your past Wrongs repay.

R. Go. Blest Oracle! speak how it may be done,
 My will, my life, my hopes are all thy own.

Eboli. Hence then and with your strictest cunning try
 What of the Queen and Prince you can descry. 201
 Watch every look, each quick, and subtle glance,
 Then we'l from all produce such Circumstance
 As shall the King's new Jealousie advance. }
 Nay Sir, I'l try what mighty Love you show: } 205
 If you will make me great, begin it now. }
 How Sir! d'you stand Consid'ring what to do? }

R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King,
 A Queen and Prince, three goodly Flowers spring,
 Whilst on 'em like a subtle Bee I'l prey, 210
 Till so their Strength and Vertue drawn away,
 Unable to recover, each shall droop,
 Grow pale and fading hang his Wither'd Top:
 Then fraught with Thyme Triumphant back I'l come
 And unlade all the pretious sweets at home. 215

[*Exit Gomez.*

Eboli. In thy fond policy Blind fool go on,
 And make what hast thou canst to be undone, }
 Whilst I have nobler bus'ness of my own.
 Was I bred up in Greatness, have I been
 Nurtur'd with glorious hopes to be a Queen; 220
 Made love my study, and with Practic'd Charms
 Prepar'd my self to meet a Monarch's Arms;
 At last to be Condemn'd to the Embrace
 Of one, whom Nature made to her disgrace?
 An old Imperfect feeble dotard, who 225
 Can only tell Alas! what he would do?
 On him to throw away my Youth, and Bloom,
 As Jewels that are lost t'enrich a Tomb?
 No, though all hopes are in a husband dead,
 Another path to happiness I'll tread, 230
 Elsewhere find Joyes which I'm in him deny'd:
 Yet while he can let the slave serve my pride.
 Still I'll in pleasure live, In Glory shine:
 The gallant Youthful *Austria* shall be mine.
 To him with all my force of Charms I'll move; 235
 Let others toyl for Greatness: whilst I love.

The End of the First Act.

ACT the Second. SCENE the First.

Don John of Austria.

SCENE, An ORANGE GROVE.

D.J. **W**hy should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
 That Law, by which her self is now betray'd?
 E're Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most noble that was born most free:
 Each of himself was Lord; and unconfin'd 5
 Obey'd the dictates of his Godlike mind.
 Law was an Innovation brought in since,
 When Fools began to love Obedience, }
 And call'd their slavery Safety and defence. }

220 Queen? Q 1, 2 222 Arms? Q 1, 2 228 lost, II. i. 2 betray'd:

My Glorious Father got me in his heat, 10
 When all he did was eminently great:
 When Warlike *Belgia* felt his Conquering power,
 And the proud *Germans* Own'd him Emperour.
 Why should it be A Stain upon my Blood
 Because I came not in the Common Road, } 15
 But Born obscure and so more like a God?
 No; Though his Diadem Another wear, }
 At least to all his Pleasures I'll be Heir. }
 Here I should meet my *Eboli*, my fair. }

Enter Eboli.

She comes: As the Bright *Cyprian* Goddess moves, 20
 When Loose and In her Chariot drawn by Doves,
 She rides to meet the Warlike God she Loves.

Ebol. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what fear
 And Hazard, I am come to meet you here.

D. J. O banish it: Lovers like us should fly, 25
 And mounted by their wishes soar on high,
 Where softest extasies and Transports are,
 While fear alone disturbs the Lower Ayre.

Eboli. But who is safe when Eyes are Every where?
 Or if we could with happiest secresy 30
 Enjoy these sweets; Oh whither shall we fly
 T'Escape that sight whence we can nothing hide!

D. J. Alas lay this Religion now Aside;
 I'll show thee one more pleasant, that which *Jove* }
 Set forth to the old World, when from above } 35
 He came himself and taught his Mortals Love. }

Eboli. Will nothing then Quench your unruly flame?
 My Lord, you might consider who I am.

D. J. I know y'are her I love, what should I more
 Regard?—

Ebol. By heaven he's brave—— [aside.

But can so poor

A Thought possess your breast, to think that I 41

Will brand my name with Lust and Infamy?

D. J. Those that are noblest born, should highest prize
Loves sweets; Oh let me fly into those Eyes,
There's something in 'em leads my Soul astray, 45
As he who in a Negromancer's glass
Beholds his wish't for fortune by him pass,
Yet still with greedy Eyes——
Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me Heaven, I dare no longer stay, 50
Your looks speak danger: I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*half aside.*]

D. J. Take Vows and Prayers if ever I prove false,
See at your feet the humble *Austria* falls. [*Kneels.*]

Eboli. Rise, Rise,—— [*Austria rises.*]

My Lord why would you thus deceive? [*Sighs.*]

D. J. How many ways to wound me you contrive; 56
Speak, wouldst thou have an Empire at thy feet?
Say, wouldst thou rule the world? I'll Conquer it.

Eboli. No; above Empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but——

D. J. What?

Eboli. For ever true. 60

D. J. That thou may'st ne're have cause to fear those
harms,

I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms;
Nay, I'll not one short minute from thee stray, }
My self I'll on thy tender bosome lay, }
Till in its warmth I'm melted all away. } 65

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, Your Lord——

Eboli. Oh! fly or I'm undone.

D. J. Must I without my blessing then be { *Kisses her*
gone? { *Hand.*

Eboli. Think you that this discretion merits one?

[*pulls it back.*]

42 Infamy.
66 undone:

55 Rise, Rise | My begins new line Q 1, 2

59 No

D. J. I'm aw'd——

As a sick wretch that on his death-bed lyes } 70
 Loath with his friends to part, just as he dies,
 Thus sends his Soul in wishes from his eyes. } [*Exit. D.J.*]

Eboli. Oh Heaven! what charms in youth and vigour are?
 Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far;
 Too easily I'le not my self resign, 75
 E're I am his, I'le make him surely mine;
 Draw him by subtile baits into the Trap,
 Till so too far got in to make escape,
 About him swiftly the soft snare I'le cast,
 And when I have him there I'le hold him fast. 80

Enter Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtilly range
 The Solitary paths of dark revenge:
 The fearful Deer in herds to Coverts run,
 Whilst Beasts of prey affect to Roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your hours?
 You little think what my poor heart endures; 86
 Whilst with your absence tortur'd, I in vain
 Pant after joys I ne're can hope to gain.

R. Go. You cannot my unkindness sure upbraid;
 You should forgive those faults your self have made: 90
 Remember you the task you gave?——

Eboli. 'Tis true,
 Your pardon, for I do remember now: [*Sighs.*]
 If I forgot, 'twas love had all my mind,
 And 'tis no sin I hope to be too kind.

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife! 95
 Oh! thou most pretious blessing of my Life!

Eboli. Do's then success attend upon your toyl?
 I long to see you Revel in the spoyl.

R. Go. What strictest diligence could do, I've done,
 T'incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son; 100
 I to advantage told him all that past,

80 Rui. (*stage dir.*)

Describ'd with Art, each Am'rous glance they cast;
 So that this night he shun'd the marriage bed,
 Which through the Court has various murmurs spread.

Enter the King attended by Posa.

See where he comes with fury in his Eyes, 105
 Kind Heaven but grant the storm may higher rise;
 If't grow too loud I'll lurk in some dark Cell,
 And laugh to hear my Magick work so well.

King. What's all my Glory? all my Pomp? how poor
 Is fading greatness, or how vain is pow'r? 110
 Where all the mighty Conquests I have seen? }
 I who o're Nations have Victorious been, }
 Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
 Curs't Jealousie; that poysons all Loves sweets,
 How heavy on my heart th'invader sits: 115
 Oh! *Gomez* thou hast given my mortal wound.

R. Go. What is't does so your royal thoughts confound?
 A King his power unbounded ought to have,
 And ruling all, should not be passions slave.

King. Thou counsell'st well, but art no stranger sure 120
 To the sad cause of what I now endure.
 Knowst thou what Poison thou didst lately give?
 And do'st not wonder to behold me live?

R. Go. I only did as by my duty ty'd,
 And never study'd any thing beside. 125

King. I do not blame thy duty or thy Care;
 Quickly what past between 'em more declare.
 How greedily my Soul to ruine flies,
 As he who in a Feavour burning lyes,
 First of his Friends does for a drop implore, 130
 Which tasted once, unable to give 'ore: }
 Knows 'tis his bane, yet still thirsts after more. }
 On then——

R. Go. I fear that you'll Interpret wrong!
 'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

110 pow'r:

116 wound:

131 once

King. Lye still my heart; not long was't that you said?

R. G. No longer then they in your presence staid. 136

King. No longer! why a Soul in less time flies

To Heaven: and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.

Hence abject fears begone: she's all divine:

Speak Friends, can Angels in perfection sin? 140

R. Go. Angels that shine above do oft bestow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and alwaies near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphear.

True, she may showr promiscuous blessings down 145

On slaves that gape for what falls from a Crown.

But when too kindly she his brightness sees,

It robs my Lustre to add more to his:

But oh I dare not think——

That those Eyes should at least so humble be, 150

To stoop at him when they had vanquisht me.

Posa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,

That he of Virtue has too great a sence

To cherish but a thought beyond the bound

Of strictest duty: He to me has Own'd 155

How much was to his former passion due,

Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd you.

R. Go. You better reconcile Sir, then advise;

Be not more Charitable then y'are wise:

The King is sick, and we should give him Ease, 160

But first find out the depth of his Disease:

Too sudden cures have oft pernicious grown,

We must not heal up festered wounds too soon.

King. By this then you a power would o're me gain;

Wounding to let me linger in the pain: 165

I'm stung, and won't the torture long endure;

Serpents that wound, have blood those wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heaven forbid that I should ever dare

To Question Virtue in a Queen so fair.

Though she her Eyes cast on her Glorious Sun, 170

Men oft see Treasures and yet covet none.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth disguis'd in Obscure Contraries.
No, I will trace his windings; All her dark
And subtlest paths, Each little Action mark:

175

Enter Queen Att. <by> Henrietta.

If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dyes:
Ha! here! oh let me turn away my Eyes.
For all around she'll her bright beams display: }
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,
'Spight of my self I shall be led astray. }

180

{ *Exit the King Attend.*
looking at the Queen.

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure e're his Love hee'd let me know his power:
As Heaven oft Thunders 'ere it sends a shower.
This *Spanish* Gravity is very odd: }
All things are by severity so Aw'd, }
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad. }

185

Henr. Alas, what can you from old age expect,
When frail uneasie men themselves neglect?
Some little warmth perhaps may be behind,
Though such as in extinguisht fires you'll find:
Where some remains of heat the ashes hold,
Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

190

Queen. 'Twas Interest and Safety of the State;
Interest that bold Imposer on our fate:
That alwaies to dark Ends misguides our wills,
And with false happiness smooths o're our ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When though by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip's* Bed. }

195

[*Henr. sighs.*

Why sigh'st thou *Henrietta*?

Henriett.

Who is it can

200

174 windings,

176 false | fear

184 odd

192 staight

Know your sad fate and yet from grief refrain?
With pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of *Carlos* Love.

Queen. And did it please you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet
All that we could obliging call or sweet. 205
At every point he with advantage stood:
Fierce as a Lyon if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as Angels, Charming as a God.

Henr. One so Accomplisht! and who lov'd you too!
With what resentments must he part with you? 210
Methinks I pity him.—But oh in vain!
He's both above my pity and my pain. [aside.

Queen. What means this strange disorder?

Henr. Yonder view

Enter D. Carlos. Posa.

That which I fear will discompose you too.

Queen. Alas! the Prince! there to my mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual fears: 216
Away *Henrietta*.—— [offers to go.

D. Car. Why would you begone?
Is *Carlos* sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, speak. In Obedience I'll retire.

Qu. No, you may speak, but must advance no nigher.

D. Car. Must I then at that Awful distance sue, 221
As our forefathers were Compel'd to do
When they petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Priest might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear, 225
But what's so pure it might be Offer'd there.

Qu. Too long 'tis dangerous for me here to stay;
If you must speak, proceed: What would you say? { *Carlos*
Nay this strange Ceremony pray give ore. { *kneels.*

D. Car. Was I n'er in this posture seen before? 230
Ah can your cruel heart so soon resign
All sence of these sad sufferings of mine?

To your more just remembrance, if you can,
 Recall how fate seem'd kindly to ordain,
 That once you should be mine: which I believ'd, 235
 Though now alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then Sir you should your Fate, not me upbraid.

D. Carl. I will not say y've broke the vows you made,
 Only implore you would not quite forget
 The Wretch y've oft seen dying at your feet, 240
 And now no other favour begs to have,
 Then such Kind pity as becomes your slave.
 For 'midst your highest Joyes, without a Crime,
 At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen. If e're you lov'd me you would this forbear; 245
 It is a Language which I dare not hear:
 My Heart and Faith become your Fathers right,
 All other passions I must now forget.

D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majesty dispence }
 Upon your heart such mighty Influence, 250
 That I must be for ever banish'd thence?
 Had I been rais'd to all the heights of power,
 In Triumph Crown'd the Worlds great Emperour:
 Of all its riches, all its State possest,
 Yet you should still have govern'd in my breast. 255

Qu. In vain on her you obligations lay,
 Who wants not will, but power to repay.

Henriett. Yet had you *Henrietta's* heart, you would
 At least strive to afford him all you could. [aside.]

D. Carl. Oh say not you want pow'r, you may with one
 Kind look, pay doubly all I've undergone. 261
 And knew you but the Innocence I bear,
 How pure, how spotless all my wishes are;
 You would not scruple to supply my want,
 When all I'l ask you may so safely grant. 265

Qu. I know not what to grant, too well I find
 That still at least I cannot be unkind.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave:

33 remembrance | can 240 ya've | feet; 243 Crime 251 thence.

Qu. You shall not want what I may let { *Gives her hand*
you have. { *sighing.*

D. Carl. Like one——

270

That sees a heap of Gems before him cast,
Thence to chuse any that may please him best:
From the rich Treasure whilst I choice should make,
Dazzel'd with all I know not where to take:
I would be rich——

Qu. Nay you too far encroach, 275
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*

D. Carl. Oh take not back again th'appearing bliss;
How difficult's the path to happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with pain,
One little slip throwes us quite down again. 280
Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give,
Then just enough to keep a wretch alive,
At least remember how I've lov'd——

Qu. I will.

D. Car. That was so kind, that I must beg more still.
Let me love on, it is a very poor 285
And easie grant, yet I'll request no more.

Qu. Do you believe that you can love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?

D. Carl. Yes I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so: 290
All my disquiets banish from my breast;
I will endeavour to do so at least. [*Sighing deeply.*
Or if I can't my miseries out-wear,
They never more shall come t'offend your Ear.

Qu. Love then Brave Prince, whilst I'll { *Gives her hand,*
thy Love admire, { *which D. Carlos*
Yet keep the Flame so pure, such chaste { *during all this*
desire, { *speech kisses ea-*
That without spot hereafter we above { *gerly.*
May meet when we shall come all soul all love.

274 withal 282 alive; *Q* 1, 2 288 again. 295 admire
296 the Fame *Q* 1, 2

Till when—Oh whither am I run astray!
 I grow too weak and must no longer stay: 300
 For should I, the soft charm so strong would grow,
 I find that I should want the power to go. { *Exit Qu &*
 { *Henrietta.*

D. Carl. Oh Sweet——
 If such transport be in a tast so small,
 How blest must he be that possesses all!
 Where am I *Posa*? Where's the Queen? [*standing amazed.*
Posa My Lord, 306
 A while some respite to your heart afford:
 The Queen's retir'd——

D. Carl. Retir'd! and did she then,
 Just show me Heaven, to shut it in agen?
 This little ease augments my pain the more; 310
 For now, I'm more Impatient than before,
 And have discover'd Riches, make me mad.

Posa. But since those Treasures are not to be had,
 You should correct desires that drive you on,
 Beyond that duty which becomes a Son: 315
 No longer let the Tyrant Love Invade,
 The Brave may by themselves be happy made.
 You to your Father now must all resign.

D. Carl. But e're he rob'd me of her she was mine.
 To be my Friend is all thou hast to do: } 320
 For half my miseries thou can'st not know: }
 Make my self happy! bid the damn'd do so; }
 Who in sad Flames, must be for ever tost,
 Yet still in view of the lov'd Hea'vn th'ave lost. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

307 afford,

311 I'me

ACT the Third. SCENE the First.

Don *John* of *Austria*.

The GROVE continues.

D. J. **H**OW vainly would dull Moralists Impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws:
Love is a God, and like a God should be
Inconstant: with unbounded liberty
Rove as he list. — 5
I find it: for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might Covet for a tast.
Methinks I yet —
See with what soft devotion in her eyes,
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice. 10
Oh how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near sweets they took my sence away: }
And I ev'n lost the pow'r to reach at Joy. }
But those cross witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far: 15
As Anchor'd Vessels in Calm Harbours ride,
Rock't on the swellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched then 's the man who, though alone, }
He thinks he's blest; yet as Confin'd to one, }
Is but at best a pris'ner on a Throne. 20

To him King Attended. Posa. Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Powr's! whose substitutes we are,
On whom y'ave layn of Earth the rule and care:
Why all our Toyles do you reward with ill?
And to those Weighty Cares add Greater still?
Or how could I your Dieties enrage, 25
That bles't my youth, thus to afflict my age!
A Queen and a Son's Incest! dismal Thought!

D. J. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought { *To Go-*
From the soft Arms of his young Bride? { *mez.*

III. i. 5 list — *Q* 1, 2
18 who | alone *Q* 1, 2

11 Charms,

14 witchcrafts

King.

Ay true.

Is she not *Austria* young and Charming too?

30

Dost thou not think her to a wonder fair?

Tell me —

D. J. By Heav'n more bright than Planets are;
Her Beauties force might ev'n their pow'r Out-do.

King. Nay she's as false and as unconstant too.

Oh *Austria*, that a form so outward bright,

35

Should be within all dark and ugly night.

For she, to whom I'd dedicated all

My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul:

Takes from its shrine the pretious Relique down,

T'adorn a little Idol of her Own.

40

My Son! That Rebel both to Heav'n and me!

Oh the distracting throwes of Jealousie!

But as a drowning wretch just like to sink,

Seeing him that threw him in upon the brink:

At the third plunge layes hold upon his Foe,

45

And tugs him down into destruction too:

So thou from whom these miseries I've known,

Shall bear me out again, or with me drown.

{ Seizes roughly
on Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait

All the Successes of my Sovereign's fate.

50

What is't, Great Sir, you wou'd command me?

King.

How!—

What is't?—I know not what I'd have thee do;

Study revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. *John*. Alas! what frenzy does your temper haunt!

Revenge! on whom!

King.

On my false Queen and Son.

55

R. Go. On them! good heav'n what is't that they have done?

Oh had my tongue been curst e're it had bred

This Jealousie——

[half aside.

King.

Then cancel what tha'st said.

40 Own, *Q* 1, 2 46 too. 51 me! 52 —What *Q* 1, 2 56 done,

Did'st thou not tell me, that thou saw'st him stand,
 Printing soft vowes, in kisses on her hand: 60
 Whilst in requital she such glances gave,
 Would quicken a Dead Lover in his Grave?

R. Go. I did: and what less could the Queen allow
 To him, then you to every vassal show?
 Th'affording him that little from Loves store, 65
 Imply'd that she for you reserv'd much more

King. Oh doubtless she must have a wondrous store
 Of Love, that sells it at a rate so poore.
 Now Thou'dst rebate my passion with advise,
 And when thou shouldst be active, wouldst be wise. 70
 No, lead me where I may their Incest see.
 Do: or by heav'n——do and I'll worship Thee!
 Oh how my Passions drive me to and fro!
 Under their heavy weight, I yield and bow.
 But I'll regather yet my strength, and stand 75
 Brandishing all my Thunder in my hand.

Posa. And may it be sent forth, and where it goes.
 Light fatally and heavy on your foes.
 But let your Loyal Son and Consort bear
 No ill, since they of any guiltless are. 80
 Here with my Sword defiance I proclaim.
 To that bold Traytor, that dares wrong their fame.

D. J. I too, dare with my life their Cause make good. }

King. Sure well their Innocence y'ave understood,
 That you so prodigal are of your blood }
 Or wouldst thou speak me comfort? I would find 86
 'Mongst all my Councillors at least one kind.

Yet any thing like that I must not hear,
 (Or so my wrongs I should too tamely bear) }
 And weakly grow my own fond flatterer. 90

Posa, withdraw—— [Exit *Posa.*

My Lords, all this y'have heard.

R. Go. Yes, I observ'd it Sir, with strict regard.

62 Grave. 64 show' 69 Thoud'st 70 wise, 77 forth
 79 Son, and Consort, 91 My begins new line Q 1, 2

The Young Lord's Friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false Son ally'd?

I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all 95

My Fates unhappy Engines plot my fall.

Like *Caesar* in the Senate, thus I stand,

Whilst ruine threaten'd him on ev'ry hand.

From each side he had warning he must dye,

Yet still he brav'd his Fate, and so will I. 100

To strive for ease would but add more to pain,

As streams that beat against their banks in vain,

Retreating swell into a Flood again. }

No, I'll do things the World shall quake to hear,

My just revenge so true a stamp shall bear, 105

As henceforth Heav'n it self shall emulate,

And copy all its vengeance out by that.

All but *Rui-Gomez* I must have withdrawn,

I've something to discourse with him alone.

[*Ex. omnes præter K. & Gomez*

Now *Gomez* on thy truth depends thy fate. 110

Thou'st wrought my sence of Wrong to such a height:

Within my breast it will no longer stay,

But grows each minute till it force its way.

I would not find my self at last deceiv'd.

R. Go Nor would I 'gainst your reason be believ'd; 115

Think Sir your Jealousie to be but fear

Of loosing treasures which you hold so dear:

Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent,

I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant? what should looks and sighs and
pressings mean? 120

No, no: I need not hear it o're again.

No repetitions—something must be done.

Now there's no ill I know that I would shun.

I'll fly, till them I've in their Incest found,

Full charg'd with rage and with my vengeance hot, 125

Like a Granado from a Cannon shot,

96 fall, 102 vain 105 bear. 110 fate, 124 fly | found

Which lights at last upon the Enemies ground,
Then breaking deals destruction all around. [Ex. King.

R. Go. So! now his Jealousie is at the Top;
Each little blast will serve to keep it up 130
But stay; there's something I've omitted yet,
Posa's my Enemy: and true he's great.
Alas! I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;
For my snare's large enough to hold him too.
Yet, I'll disguise that purpose for a while: } 135
But when he with the rest is caught i'th *Toile*,
I'll boldly out and wanton in the spoile. }

Enter Posa.

Posa. My Lord *Rui-Gomez*! and the King not here!
You who so eminent a Favourite are
In a King's Eye, should ne're be absent thence 140

R. Go. No Sir! 'tis you that by a rising Prince
Are cherish't, and so tread a safer way
Rich in that bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to prize,
I wish there were no publick enemies. 145
No lurking Serpents poyson to dispence,
Nor Wolves to prey on noble Innocence.
No flatterers that with Royal goodness sport,
Those stinking weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay; if good wishes any thing could do; 150
I have as earnest wishes Sir as you.
That tho' perhaps our King enjoys the best
Of power, yet may he still be doubly blest.
May he——

Posa. Nay *Gomez* you shall ne're out-do me there; } 155
Since for Great *Philip's* good I wou'd you were
(If possible) more honest than you are }

R. Go. Why *Posa*; what defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay half your mysteries I'm yet to learn:
Tho' this I'll boldly justifie to all, 160
That you contrive a generous Prince's fall. [*Gom. smiles.*]

Nay think not by your smiles, and careless port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to sport.
I do not Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord! what meaning has
This heat?

Posa. To let you see I know y'are base. 165

R. Go. Nay then I pardon ask that I did smile,
By heav'n I thought, y'had jested all this while.
Base!——

Posa. Yes! more base then impotent or old.
All vertue in thee, like thy blood, runs cold;
Thy rotten putrid Carkass is less full 170

Of Rancor and Contagion then thy Soul.
Even now, before the King I saw it plain,
But duty to that Presence aw'd me then;
Yet there I dar'd thy Treason with my Sword,
But still—— 175

Thy Villany talk't all; Courage had not a word.
True thou art old; yet if thou hast a Friend,
To whom thy Cursed Cause thou dar'st commend;
'Gainst him in publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain, of the fair Queen, and injur'd Prince. 180

R. Go. Farewel bold Champion——
Learn better how your passions to disguise,
Appear less Cholerick, and be more wise. [*Exit R. Go.*

Posa. How frail is all the glory we design?
Whilst such as these have pow'r to undermine. 185
Unhappy Prince! who might'st have safely stood,
If thou hadst been less great, or not so good.
Why the vile Monster's blood did I not shed,
And all the vengeance draw on my own head?
My honour so had had this just defence, 190
That I preserv'd my Patron and my Prince.

Enter Carlos and Queen.

Brave *Carlos*! ha! he's here! Oh Sir take heed.
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led;

168 old, 170 lessfull, 186 Prince 190 so,

The King, the King your Father's jealous grown;
 Forgetting her, his Queen, or you his Son, 195
 Calls all his vengeance up, against you both.

D. Carl. Has then the false *Rui-Gomez* broke his Oath?
 And after all, my Innocence betrayd?

Posa. Yes, all his subtlest snares are for you laid.
 The King within this minute will be here, 200
 And you are ruin'd if but seen with her;
 Retire my Lord.—

Queen. How! is he jealous grown!
 I thought my Virtue he had better known.
 His unjust doubts have soon found out the way,
 To make their entry on our Marriage day: 205
 For yet he has not with me known a night;
 Perhaps his Tyranny is his delight.
 And to such height his Cruelty is grown,
 He'd Exercise it on his Queen and Son.
 But since my Lord, this time we must obey 210
 Our Interest; I begg you would not stay.
 Not seeing you he may to me be just.

D. Carl. Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes! you must.

D. Carl. Not then, when storms against your Virtue rise!
 No, since to lose you, wretched *Carlos* dies, 215
 He'll have the honour of it, in your Cause.
 This is the noblest thing that Fate could do,
 She thus abates the rigour of her Lawes.
 Since 'tis some pleasure but to dye for you.

Queen. Talk not of death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
 When their base fears compel e'm to despair. 221
 Hope's the far nobler passion of the Mind,
 Fortune's a Mistriss that's with Caution kind,
 Knows that the constant merit her alone;
 They, who though she seem froward, yet court on. 225

D. Carl. To wretched minds thus still some comfort
 gleames,

194 grown,

199 Yes? | laid,

210 obey,

And Angels ease our griefs though but with dreames:
 I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
 And the Cheats grown too plain to be believ'd.

You Madam, bid me go { Looking earnestly
Queen. You must. { at the Queen.
Posa. You shall; 230

Alas I love you, would not see you fall:
 And yet may find some way t'evade it all.

D. Carl. Thou *Posa* ever wert my truest Friend,
 I almost wish thou wert not now so kind;
 Thou, of a thing that's lost tak'st too much care; 235
 And you fair Angel too indulgent are. [To the Queen.
 Great my despair; yet still my Love is higher——
 Well—in obedience to you I'll retire.

Though during all the Storm I will be nigh, }
 Where if I see the danger grow too high, } 240
 To save you Madam, I'll come forth and dye. } { Exit D.
{ Carlos.

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guess't that this } Seeing Posa
 had ever been? and the
 Distraction! where shall my revenge begin? Queen.
 Why he's the very Bawd to all their sin; }
 And to disguise it put's on Friendships mask, 245
 But his Dispatch, *Rui-Gomez* is thy task;
 With him pretend some private conference,
 And under that disguise seduce him hence;
 Then in some place fit for the Deed impart
 The bus'ness by a Ponyard to his Heart. 250

R. G. 'Tis done.

King. So Madam!—— [Steps to the Queen.

Queen. By the fury in your eyes,
 I understand you come to tyrannize.
 I hear you are already Jealous grown,
 And dare suspect my Virtue with your Son. 255

King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myst'ries who can scan,
Too deep for easie weak believing man!
Hold! let me look! indeed y'are wondrous fair,
So on the out-side *Sodoms* Apples were.
And yet within, when open'd to the view, 260
Not half so dang'rous, or so foul, as you.

Queen. Unhappy Wretched Woman that I am,
And you unworthy of a Husband's name!
Do you not blush?—

King. Yes Madam for your shame.
Blush too my Judgment e're should prove so faint, 265
To let me chuse a Devil for a Saint.
When first I saw, and lov'd, that tempting eye,
The Fiend within the flame I did not spy;
But still ran on and Cherish't my desires:
For heav'nly Beams mistook Infernal fires. 270
Such raging fires, as you have since thought fit
Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth, should meet.
Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!—

Queen. Poor Ungen'rous King!
How mean's the Soul from which such thoughts must spring!
Was it for this I did so late submit, 275
To let you whine and languish at my feet?
When with false Oaths you did my heart beguile,
And proffer'd all your Empire for a smile.
Then, then, my freedom 'twas I did resign,
Though you still swore you would preserve it mine. 280
And still it shall be so: For from this hour
I vow to hate, and never see you more.
Nay frown not *Philip*, for you soon shall know
I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell her pride's as Raging as her lust: 285
A Guard there—Seize the Queen—— [*Enter Guard.*]

Enter Carlos and Intercepts the Guard.

D. Carl. Hold Sir be Just.

First look on me whom once You call'd your Son:
A Title I was alwaies proud to own.

King. Good Heav'n to merit this what have I done,
That he too dares before my sight appear? 290

D. Carl. Why Sir, where is the Cause that I should fear?
Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
The reason, why you use this Princess so.

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this siege:
He talks as if 'twere for his Priviledge. 295
Foul ravisher of all my Honour, hence:
But stay: Guards with the Queen secure the Prince.
Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow?
Now in my reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

Enter D. John of Austria; Eboli and Henriett(a). Garcia.

D. J. I come Great Sir, with wonder here, to see 300
Your rage grown up to this Extremity
Against your beauteous Queen, and Loyal Son.
What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
Or is't your own wild Jealousie alone? }

King. Oh *Austria* thy vain Enquiry Cease, 305
If thou hast any value for thy peace;
My mighty Wrongs so loud an accent bear;
'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

D. Carl Father, if I may dare to call you so,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no: 310
As you have seal'd my doom I may Complain.

King. Will then that Monster dare to speak again?

D. Car. Yes: dying men should not their thoughts dis-
guise;
And since You take such Joy in Cruelties;
E're of my death the new delight begin, 315
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel You have been.
Time was that we were smil'd on by our fate,
You not Unjust, nor I unfortunate.
Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad

To hear my early praise was talk't abroad 320
 Then Loves dear sweets you to me would display,
 Told me where this rich Beauteous Treasure lay,
 And how to gain't instructed me the way. }

I came, and saw, and lov'd, and blest you for't.
 But then when Love had seal'd her to my heart, 325
 You Violently tore her from my side:

And 'cause my Bleeding Wound I could not hide,
 But still some pleasure to behold her took;
 You now will have my life but for a look.
 Wholly forgetting all the pains I bore, 330
 Your heart with envious Jealousie boyles ore,
 'Cause I can love no less, and you no more. }

Hen. Alas! how can you hear his soft Complaint,
 And not your hardned stubborn heart relent?
 Turn Sir, survey that comely awful man, 335
 And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.

King. Away deluder: who taught thee to sue?

Eboli Loving the Queen what is't she less can do,
 Then lend her aid against the dreadful storm?

King. Why, can the Devil dwell too in that form? 340
 This is their little Engine by the by,
 A Scout to watch, and tell when danger's nigh.
 Come pretty sinner Thou'lt inform me all,
 How, where, and when: nay do not fear—you shall.

Hen. Ah Sir Unkind!— [Kneels.

King. Now hold thy Syrens Tongue. 345
 Who would have thought there were a Witch so young?

D. J. Can you to suing Beauty stop your Ears?
 Hea'vn layes its Thunder by, and gladly { *Takes up Hen.*
 hears { *and makes his*
 When Angels are become petitioners. { *address to her.*

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Austria* so officious there! 350
 That glance seems as it sent his heart to her. { *aside to*
 { *Garcia.*

D. Carl. A Banquet then of blood since you design,

340 Why

344 when, | shall

Yet you may satisfie your self with mine.

I love the Queen, I have confest 'tis true:

Proud too to think I love her more than you;

355

Though she by Heav'n is clear—but I indeed

Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.

There were no lawless thoughts that I did want,

Which Love had pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant.

Iho' I ne're yet found hopes to raise 'em on,

360

For she did still preserve her Honours Throne:

And dash'd the bold aspiring Devil's down.

If to her Cause you do not credit give,

Fondly against your happiness you'l strive,

As some loose Heav'n because they won't believe.

365

Queen. Whilst Prince, my preservation you design,

Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.

The clearness of my truth I'd not have shown,

By any other light besides its Own.

No Sir, he through despair all this has said,

370

And owns Offences which he never made.

Why should you think that I would do you wrong?

Must I needs be Unchast because I'm young?

King. Unconstant Wav'ring heart why heav'st thou so?

I shiver all, and know not what I do.

375

I who e're now have Armies led to fight,

Thought War a Sport, and danger a delight:

Whole Winter nights stood under Heav'ns wide roof

Daring my foes: now am not Beauty proof.

Oh turn away those Basilisks thy Eyes,

380

Th'Infection's fatal, and who sees 'em, dyes. [*Goes away.*]

Qu. Oh do not fly me; I have no design

Upon your life, for You may yet save mine.

[*Kneels.*]

Or if at last I must my Breath submit,

Here take it, 'tis an off'ring at your feet.

385

Will you not look on me my dearest Lord?

King. Why, would'st Thou live?—

Qu.

Yes, if You'l say the Word.

363 give

369 Own,

387 Why | live!

D. Carl. Oh Heav'n! how Coldly, and unmov'd, he sees
A praying Beauty prostrate on her knees!

Rise Madam—— [Steps to take her up.

King Bold Encroacher touch her not: 390
Into my breast her glances thick are shot.

Not true?—stay let me see,—By Heav'n { Looks earn-
Thou art— } estly on her.

A false Vile Woman—Oh my foolish heart!
I give thee life—But from this time refrain,
And never come into my sight again: 395
Be banish't ever.——

Queen. This you must not do,
At least till I've convinc't you I am true.
Grant me but so much time, and when that's done,
If you think fit, for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry but in vain; 400
She heats me first, then stroaks me tame again.
Oh wert thou true how happy should I be!
Think'st Thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdom for the bliss I'd give:
Nay though it were not so but to believe. 405
Come, for I can't avoid it, Cheat me quite.

Qu. I would not Sir deceive you if I might
But if you'll take my Oaths; by all above,
'Tis you, and only you that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that sailes along, 410
With pleasure hears th'enticing Syrens Song,
Unable quite his strong desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in though certain to be drown'd
Come to my bosom then; make no delay: 414
My rage is hush't, and I have room for Joy. { Takes her in
his Arms.

Queen. Agen you'l think that I unjust will prove?

King. No, Thou art all o're truth, and I all love.
Oh that we might for ever thus remain

In folded Arms, and never part again!

Queen. Command me any thing, and try your pow'r. 420

King. Then from this minute ne're see *Carlos* more.

Thou slave that dar'st do ill with such a port, <To Carl.>

For ever here I banish thee my Court.

Within some Cloyster lead a private life:

That I may love and rule without this strife. 425

Here *Eboli* receive her to thy Charge. <To Eboli>

The Treasure's pretious, and the trust is large.

Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit

To wait for Joyes, which are too fierce to meet.

[Exit King.

D. Carl. My Exile from his presence I can hear 430

With pleasure; But no more to look on her!

Oh 'tis a dreadful Curse I cannot bear!

No Madam, all his pow'r shall nothing do:

I'll stay, and take my Banishment from you.

Do you Command me, see how far I'll fly 435

Qu. Will *Carlos* be at last my Enemy?

Consider this submission I have shown;

More to preserve your safety then my own.

Ungratefully you needless waies devise

To loose a life, which I so dearly prize. 440

D. Carl. So; now her fortune's made: and I am left [*aside.*

Alone, a naked wanderer to shift: { *To the*

Madam you might have spar'd the Cruelty; { *Queen.*

Blest with your sight I was prepar'd to die:

But now to loose it drives me to despair; 445

Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.

Well, to some solitary shoar I'll roam,

And never more into your presence come: }

Since I already find I'm Troublesome. [is going.

Qu. Stay, Sir, Yet stay:—You shall not leave me so. 450

D. Carl. Ha!—

Qu. I must talk with you before you go.

Oh *Carlos* how unhappy is our state?

427 large,

438 own?

How foul a game was play'd us by our Fate!
 Who promis'd fair when we did first Begin,
 'Till Envyng to see us like to Win:
 Straight Fell to Cheat, and threw the false Lot in. } 455
 My Vows to You I now remember all.

D. Car. Oh Madam, I can hear no more.— [Kneels.

Qu. You shall.— [Kneels too.

For I can't chuse but let you know, that I
 If you'll resolve on't Yet will with you die. 460

D. Car. Sure nobler gallantry was never known. }
 Good Heav'n! this Blessing is too much for one. }
 No, 'tis enough for me to die alone }
 My Father, all my foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay Sir by all our Loves I charge You live; 465
 But to what Country, Wheresoe're You go,
 Forget not me, for I'll remember You.

D. Carl. Shall I such Virtue, and such Charms forget?
 No, never—

Queen. Oh that we had never met,
 But in our distant Clymates still been free! 470
 I might have heard of you, and you of me:
 So towards happiness more safely mov'd;
 And never been thus wretched, Yet have lov'd.
 What makes you look so wildly?—why d'you start? 474

D. Carl. A faint cold damp is Thick'ning round my heart.

Queen. What shall we do?—

D. Carl. Do any thing but part.
 Or stay so long till my poor Soul expires:
 In View of all the Glory it admires.

Eboli. In such a Lover how might I be bles't!
 Oh were I of that noble Heart possest, [aside.
 How soft, how easie would I make his bands! 481
 But Madam, You forgot the King's Commands: { To the
 Longer to stay your dangers You'l Renew. } Queen.

D. Car. Ah Princess! Lovers pains you never knew;
 Or what it is to part as we must do. 485

461 known 462 one 464 met. 479-81 Q 2 omit.

Part too for ever!——

After one Minute, never more to stand
 Fix't on those Eyes, or pressing this soft hand;
 Twere but enough to feed on, and not starve:
 Yet that is more than I did e're deserve.
 Though fate to us is niggardly and poor;
 That from Eternity can't spare one hour.

490

Qu. If it were had, that hour would soon be gone,
 And we should wish to draw another on.
 No, Rigorous necessity has made
 Js both his slaves; and now will be obey'd.
 Come let us try the parting blow to bear.
 Adieu.——

495

D. Car. Farewell. [Looking at each other.
 I'm fix't and rooted here,

cannot stir——

Qu. Shall I the way then show? 499
 Now, hold my heart!——
 Nay Sir, why don't you go? { Goes to the door, then
 stops, and turns back
 again.

D. Carl. Why do you stay?——

Qu. I won't.——

D. Car. You shall a while [Kneels.
 With one look more my Miseries beguile,
 That may support my heart 'till you are gone.

Qu. Oh *Eboli* thy help or I'm undone! 504
[Takes hold on *Eboli*.

Here take it then, and with it too my life. { Leans into
Eboli's arms.

D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at strife:
 Since my griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
 'I try to vanquish, and out-toyl the ill.
 Well Madam, now I'm something hardier grown;
 Since I at last perceive you must be gone: 510
 To venture the Encounter I'll be bold, { Leads her to
 the door.
 For Certainly my heart will so long hold.

512 Certainly

Farewel—be happy as y'are fair and true.

Qu. And all Heav'ns kindest Angels wait on You.

[*Exit with Eboli.*

D. Carl. Thus long I wander'd in Loves crooked way,
By hope's deluding Meteor, led astray: 516
For e're I've half the dang'rous desert crost,
The glimm'ring light's gone out, and I am lost.

[*Exit D. Carlos.*

The End of the Thrd Act.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queens Apartment.*

Don Carlos, and Posa.

D. Car- **T**He next is the Apartment of the }
los. Queen; } *is going.*
In vain I try, I must not venture in. } *returns.*
Thus is it with the Souls of murder'd men;
Who to their Bodies would agen repair,
But finding that they cannot enter there, } 5
Mourning and groaning wander in the Aire. }
Rob'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown }
From all those hopes that promis'd me a Crown, }
My heart, with the Dishonour's to me done, }
Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my breast; } 10
But it will break, and I shall be at rest.
No: Dull despair this Soul shall never Load,
Though Patience be the Virtue of a God:
Gods never feel the ills that govern here,
Or are above the Injuries we bear. } 15
Father! and *King!* both names bear mighty sence:
Yet sure there's something too in *Son*, and *Prince*.
I was born high, and will not fall less great,
Since Triumph Crown'd my Birth, I'll have my Fate,

As Glorious and Magestick too, as that. 20
 To *Flanders* *Posa*, strait my Letters send,
 Tell 'em the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend.
 And that to head their Forces I design,
 So vindicate their Cause, if they dare mine.

Posa. To th' Rebels!—

D. Carlos. No, th'are Friends, their Cause is just, 25
 Or when I make it mine, at least it must;
 Let th' Common Rout like Beasts Love to be Dull,
 Whilst sordidly they live at ease and full,
 Senceless what Honour or Ambition means,
 And ignorantly dragg their Load of Chains. 30
 I am a Prince have had a Crown in view,
 And cannot brook to loose the prospect now;
 If th'art my Friend, do not my will delay

Posa. I'll do't.—

[*Exit Posa*.]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. My Lord!

D. Carl. Who calls me?

Eboli. You must stay.

D. Carl. What news of fresh affliction can you bear? 35

Eboli. Suppose it were the Queen, you'd stay for her?

D. Carl. For Her! Yes, stay an Age, for ever stay.
 Stay ev'n till time it self shou'd pass away!

Fix here a Statue never to remove,
 An everlasting Monument of Love. 40

Though, may a thing so wretched as I am,
 But the least place in her remembrance claym?

Eboli. Yes; if you dare believe me Sir you do;
 We both can talk of nothing else but you:
 Whilst from the theame ev'n Emulation springs, 45
 Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

D. Carl. But from that Charity I poorly live,
 Which only pities and can nothing give.

Eboli. Nothing! propose what 'tis you claim, and I,

For ought you know, may be security. 50

D. Carl. No Madam! what's my due none e're can pay,

There stands that Angel Honour in the way
Watching his Charge with never sleeping eyes,
And stops my Entrance into Paradise.

Ebol. What *Paradise*, what Pleasures can you know 55
Which are not in my power to bestow?

D. Carl. Love! Love! and all those eager melting charms,
The Queen must yield when in my Father's arms.

That Queen so excellently richly fair, }
Jove could he come agen a Lover here } 60
Would Court Mortality to die for her. }

Oh Madam! take not pleasure to renew
Those pains which if you felt you wou'd not do.

Ebol. Unkindly urg'd: think you no sence I have
Of what you feel? Now you may take your Leave; 65
Something I had to say, but let it die.

D. Carl. Why Madam, who has injur'd you? not I.

Ebol. Nay Sir! your presence I would not Detain!
Alas! you do not hear that I complain!
Tho' could you half of my Misfortunes see, 70
Methinks you should encline to pity me.

D. Carl. I cannot guess what mournful tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak Madam!—

Ebol. Say I lov'd, and with a flame
Which even melts my tender heart to name; 75
Lov'd too a man, I will not say ingrate,
Because he's far above my Birth or Fate.
Yet so far He at least does cruel prove,
He prosecutes a dead and hopeless Love.
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be blest, 80
Tho' I invite him kindly to a Feast.

D. Carl. What stupid Animal could senceless lye,
Quickened by beams from that Illustrious eye!

Ebol. Nay to encrease your wonder you shall know
 hat I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too:
 'ill ev'n I blush as now I tell it you. }

D. Carl. You neither shall have cause of shame or fear,
 Whose Secrets safe within my Bosome are. 88

Ebol. Then farther I the riddle may explain,
 urvey that Face, and blame me if you { *Shews him his*
 can! { *own Picture.*

D. Carl. Distraction on my eyes! what have they seen!
 tis my own Picture which I sent the Queen,
 When to her Fame I paid Devotion first,
 Expecting bliss but lost it: I am curs't.
 Hurst too in thee, who from my Saint dar'st steal 95
 The onely Relique left her of my Zeal,
 And with the Sacriledg attempt my heart.
 Ver't thou more charming than thou think'st thou art,
 Almighty Love preserves the Fort for her,
 And bids defiance to thy Entrance there. 100

Ebol. Neglected! scorn'd! by Father and by Son;
 What a malicious course my Stars have run?
 But since I meet with such unlucky Fate
 In love; I'll try how I can thrive in hate. }
 My own dull Husband may assist in that: } 105
 To his revenge I'll give him fresh alarms, [aside.
 And with the gray old Wizzard muster charms.

hav't: Thanks, thanks Revenge: Prince 'tis thy bane!
 Can you forgive me Sir? I hope you can, [To Carl. *mildly*.
 'I try to recompence the wrongs I've done, 110
 And better finish what is ill begun.

D. Carl. Madam! you at so strange a rate proceed,
 shall begin to think you Lov'd indeed.

Ebol. No matter! be but to my Honour true,
 As you shall ever find I'll be to you. 115
 The Queens my charge, and you may, on that score,
 Presume that you shall see her yet once more.

91 eyes 92 Queen. 94 it 96 Zeal! 97 heart,
 8 art! 107 charms 116 may

I'll lead you to those so much worshipt charms;
And yield you to my happy Rivals arms.

D. Carl. In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound? 120
I did not think such Virtue could be found.
Thou Mistriss of all best perfections, stay: }
Fain I in gratitude wou'd something say! }
But am too far in Debt for thanks to pay. } 124

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, He whose afflictions speak
So loud as all Hearts but his own might break!

D. Carl. My Lord! what Fate has left me I am here,
Mere man; of all my comforts strip't, and bare.
Once like a Vine I flourish't, and was young,
Rich in my ripening hopes that spoke me strong. } 130
But now a dry and wither'd stock am grown: }
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone. }

D. John Amongst those numbers which your wrongs
deplore,

Then me, there's none that can resent e'm more.
I feel a generous grudging in my breast, 135
To see such honour and such hopes opprest.
The King your Father is my Brother, true,
But I see more that's like my self in you.
Freeborn I am, and not on him depend:
Oblig'd to none but whom I call my Friend. 140
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here. [*Embrace.*]

D. Carl. From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness ty'd,
The secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
This generous Princess has her promise giv'n, 145
I once more shall be brought in sight of Heav'n.
To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay,
And then for *Flanders* I intend my way.
Where to th'insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
To keep my self from wrongs, and them in awe. 150

D. John. Prosperity to the Design, 'Tis good;
Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. Carl. My Lord, your spreading Glories flourish high,
Above the reach or shock of Destiny;
Mine early nip't like Buds untimely dye. }

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord! I grieve to tell what you must hear,
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a Prisoner. }

D. Carl. A pris'ner! what new game of Fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs't the name of Son:
Since I must be a Slave because I'm one
Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: no:
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go,
Tell him his Fury drives too much one way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey. 165

D. John. If ask't by whose Commands you did decline
Your Orders, Tell my Brother, 'Twas by mine. [*Ex. Officer.*]

D. Carl. Now were I certain it would sink me quite;
I'd see the Queen once more Though but in spite.
Tho' He with all his fury were in place, 170
I wou'd caress and court her to his face.
Oh that I could this minute die, if so
What he had lost he might too lately know,
Cursing himself to think what he has done:
For I was ever an obedient Son. 175
With pleasure all his glories saw when young,
Look't, and with pride consid'ring whence I sprung,
Joyfully under him and free I playd,
Baskt in his shine and wanton'd in his shade——
But now—— 180

Cancelling all what e're he then conferr'd
He thrusts me out among the common Herd.
Nor quietly will there permit my stay
But drives and hunts me like a Beast of prey.

177 Look't | sprung.

178 playd

184 prey,

Affliction! Oh affliction! 'tis too great, 185
Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet.

Though ruine at me from each side take aim,
And I stand thus encompass'd round with flame:
Tho' the devouring fire approaches fast, }
Yet; will I try to plunge if power wast, } 190
I can at worst but sink and burn at last. } [*Ex. D. Carlos.*

D. John. Go on! persue thy fortune while 'tis hot,
I long for work where Honour's to be got.

But, Madam, to this Prince, you're wond'rous kind.

Ebol. You are not less to *Henriet*. I find. 195

D. John. Why, she's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Ebol. I thought I might in charms have equall'd her.

You told me once my Beauty was not less.

Is this your faith? are these your promises?

D. John. You would seem jealous, but are crafty
grown. 200

Tax me of falshood to conceal your own.

Go, Y'are a woman——

Ebol. Yes. I know I am.

And by my weakness do deserve that name.

When heart and Honour I to you resign'd,

Would I were not a woman or less kind! 205

D. John. Think you your falshood was not plainly
seen,

When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen?

Too well I saw it: how did you dispence

In looks your pity to th' afflicted Prince.

Whilst I my duty paid the King: your time 210

You watcht, and fixt your melting eyes on him,

Admir'd him——

Ebol. Yes Sir, for his constancie——

But 'twas with pain to think you false to me,

When to anothers eyes you homage paid,

And my true love wrong'd and neglected laid. 215

Wrong'd too so far as nothing can restore.

198 less, 204 resign'd. Q 1, 2 207 Queen. 208 dispence.

D. John. Nay, then let's part and think of love no more.
Farewel—— [D. J. *is going*

Ebol. Farewel, if y'are resolv'd to go.
Inhumane *Austria* can you leave me so?
Enough my Soul is by your falshood rack't. 220
Add not to your inconstancie neglect.
Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd

D. John. If e're you lov'd, 'tis you not I forget.
For a Remove 'tis here too deeply set. 225
Firm rooted and for ever must remain. [*Ebol. turns away.*
Why thus unkind?——

Ebol. Why are you jealous then? [*turns to him.*

D. John. Come, let it be no more! I'm husht and still!
Will you forgive?

Ebol. How can you doubt my will!
I do.

D. John. Then send me not away unblest. 230

Ebol. Till your return I will not think of rest.
Carlos will hither suddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.
Farewel. [*Ebol. seems to weep.*

D. John. O do not let me see a Tear.
It quenches Joy and stifles appetite. 235
Like Wars fierce God upon my bliss I'd prey;
Who from the furious Toils of Arms all day:
Returning home to Loves fair Queen at night,
Comes riotous and hot with full delight—— [*Ex. D. John.*

Ebol. H'has reapt his Joys, and now he would be free, }
And to effect it puts on Jealousie. }
But I'm as much a Libertine as He. }
As fierce my will as furious my desires.
Yet will I hold him; Tho' enjoyment tyres,
Though Love and Appetite be at the best; } 245
He'll serve as common meats fill up a Feast; }
And look like plenty though we never taste. }

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord! I bring thee News will make thee young.

R. Gom. Speak, there was always Musique in thy Tongue.

Ebol. Thy Foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy own, 250
Give 'em but one lift now and they go down.

Quickly to th' King and all his Doubts renew,

Appear disturb'd as if you something knew,

Too difficult, and dang'rous to relate.

Then bring him hither labouring with the weight 255

I will take care that *Carlos* shall be here,

So for his jealous eyes a sight prepare:

Shall prove more fatal than *Medusa's* head,

And he more Monster seem than she e're made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my
Breast! }

260

When shall I get th' Usurper dispossess?

My thoughts like Birds when frighted from their rest, }

Around the place where all was husht before,

Flutter and hardly settle any more——

Ha! *Gomez!* What art thou thus musing on? 265

[*Sees Gomez.*

R. Gom. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son.

What mighty cares and what tempestuous strife

Attend on an unhappy Fathers life?

How Children Blessings seem, but Torments are.

When young our folly, and when old our fear. 270

King. Why dost thou bring these odd reflections here?

Thou enviest sure the quiet which I bear.

R. Gom. No Sir: I joy i'th' ease which you possess.

And wish you never may have cause for less.

King. Have cause for less! come nearer, Thou art sad,
And look'st as thou wouldst tell me that I had: 275

Now, now, I feel it rising up again——

Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*, where the Queen?

What not a word? have my wrongs struck thee
 dumb? }
 Or art thou swoln and labouring with my doom, } 280
 Yet dar'st not let the fatal secret come?

R. Gom. Heav'n great infirmities to age allots:
 I'm old and have a thousand doting Thoughts:
 Seek not to know 'em Sir.

King. By Heaven I must.

R. Gom. Nay, I would not be by compulsion just. 285

King. Yet; if without it you refuse, you shall.

R. Gom. Grant me then one request, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Gom. It is that you wou'd here forgive your Son,
 For all his past offences to this hour. 290

King. Th' hast almost ask'd a thing beyond my pow'r,
 But so much goodness i' th' request I find,
 Spite of my self I'll for thy sake be kind;
 His Pardon's seal'd: The secret now declare.

R. Gom. Alas! 'tis only that I saw him here.—— 295

King. Where? with the Queen? Yes, yes, 'tis so I'm sure.
 Never were wrongs so great as I endure.

So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
 For half my patience might have made a Saint.

O Woman! Monstrous Woman! 300

Did I for this into my breast receive

The promising repenting Fugitive?

But *Gomez*, I will throw her back agen,

And thou shalt see me smile, and tear her then:

I'll crush her heart, where all the poyson lies: 305

Till when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Gom. They the best method of revenge pursue,
 Who so contrive that it may Justice shew:

Stay till their wrongs appear at such a head,

That Innocence may have no room to plead. 310

Your fury, Sir, at least a while delay,

I guess the Prince may come agen this way:

280 doom?

296 Where

301 receive,

Here I'll withdraw and watch his privacy.

King And when he's fixt, be sure bring word to me.
Till then, I'll bridle vengeance, and retire, 315
Within my breast suppress this angry fire:
Till to my eyes my wrongs themselves display;
Then like a Faulcon, gently cut my way;
And with my pounces seize th'unwary prey } [*Ex. King.*]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've overheard the business with delight, 320
And find revenge will have a Feast to night.
Though thy declining years are in their wane,
I can perceive there's youth still in thy brain.
Away. The Queen is coming hither [*Ex. R. Gorn.*]

Enter Queen, and Women Henrietta.

Queen. Now
To all felicity a long adieu! 325
Where are you *Eboli*?

Eboli. Madam, I'm here.

Qu. Oh how fresh fears assault me every where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a prisoner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders disobey'd;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends, 330
To head the Rebels, whom he stiles his friends.
But e're he goes, by me does humbly sue,
That he may take his last farewell of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Destiny at last?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haste 335
Tell him, I beg his purpose he'd delay:
Or if that can't his resolution stay,
Say I have sworn not to survive the hour,
In which I hear that he has left this shore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his pardon of the King. 340
Tell him—to stay him—tell him anything.—

Ebol. One word from you his Duty would restore,
 And though you promis'd ne're to see him more,
 Methinks you might upon so just a score. }
 But see he's here——

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Carl. Run out of breath by Fate, 345
 And persecuted by a Fathers hate,
 Weari'd with all, I panting hither fly,
 To lay my self down at your feet and dy. { *Kneels and kisses*
Qu. Oh too unhappy *Carlos!* yet un- { *her hands.*
 kind!

'Gainst you what harms have ever I design'd, 350
 That you should with such violence decree;
 Ungratefully at last to murder me?

D. Carl. Pour all thy Curses, Heav'n! upon this head.
 For I've the worst of vengeance merited;
 That yet I impudently live to hear 355
 My self upbraided of a wrong to her. [*he rises.*
 Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd? }
 Or have I snares t'entrap your virtue laid? }
 Tell me: if not, why do you then upbraid? }

Queen. You will not know the afflictions which you
 give. 360

Was't not my last request that you wou'd live?
 I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I see,
 Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
 Regardless, your own ruine you designe;
 Though you are sure to purchase it with mine. 365

D. Carl. I as you bad me live, obey'd with pride.
 Though it was harder far than to have di'd.
 But loss of Liberty my life disdains.
 These Limbs were never made to suffer Chains.
 My Father should have singl'd out some Crown, } 370
 And bidden me go conquer't for my own: }
 He should have seen what *Carlos* would have done. }

But to proscribe my freedom, sink me low
To base confinement where no comforts flow
But black Despair that foul Tormentor lies: 375
With all my present load of Miseries,
Was to my Soul too violent a smart,
And rous'd the sleeping Lion in my heart.

Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's
rage, }
I know the least submission will assuage. } 380
You're hot with Youth, He's cholerick with Age. }
To him: and put a true obedience on;
Be humble, and express your self a Son.
Carlos! I beg it of you: Will you not?

D. Carl. Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't. 385
I must obey whatever you prefer;
Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot err.
For if my Doom's unalt'erable, I shall
This way at least with less Dishonour fall.
And Princes less my tameness thus condemn, 390
When I for you shall suffer, though by him.

Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this; and for a happy issue wait.
Your presence there he cannot disapprove,
When it shall speak your Duty and my Love. { *Ex. Carl.*
and Queen.

Enter R. Gomez.

Ebol. Now *Gomez* triumph. All is ripe. The Toy!
Has caught 'em, and Fate saw it with a smile.
Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine;
But I'm content the Master-piece be thine.
Away to th' King; prepare his Soul for Blood; 400
A Mystery thou well hast understood:
Whilst I go rest within a Lovers arms,
And to my *Austria* lay out all my charms. [*aside. Exit.*]

R. Gom. Fate open now thy Book, and set 'em down,
I have already markt 'em for thy own. 405

Enter King, and Posa (at a distance).

My Lord the King.

King. *Gomez!*

R. Gom. The same.

King. Hast seen

The Prince?

R. Gom. I have.

King. Where is he?

R. Gom. With the Queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your Presidents there e're 410
Was seen a Son like him, or wife like her!
Hark *Gomez!* did'st not hear th'Infernals groan?
Hush Hell a little, and they are thy own.

Posa. Who should these be? the King { *at a distance.*
and *Gomez* sure:

Methinks, I wish that *Carlos* were secure. 415
For *Flanders* his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis *Posa* Pander { *drawing near*
to their Lust. { *to Posa.*

Now *Gomez* to his heart thy Dagger Thrust;
In the pursuit of vengeance drive it far,
Strike deep, and if thou can'st, wound *Carlos* there. 420

R. Gom. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss;
May he strike mine if of his heart I miss.

Thus Sir—— [Stabs him.

Posa. Ha *Gomez!* Villain! thou hast done
Thy worst! but yet I would not die alone: 424

Here Dogg—— [Stabs at him.

R. Gom. So brisk! then { *As they are struggling*
take it once again, { *the Dispatches fall out*
'Twas onely Sir to put you out of { *of Posa's bosom.*
pain. [Stabs him again, and *Posa* falls.

Posa. My Lord the King! but life too far is gone,
I faint! be mindful of your Queen and Son. [Dies.

King. The Slave in death repents and warns me. Yes
I shall be very mindful: What are These? { *Takes up the*
For *Flanders!* with the Prince's Signet { *Dispatches.*
seal'd? 431

Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.
See *Gomez!* practices against my Crown. [*Shows e'm him.*
Treason and Lust have Joyn'd to pull me down.
Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock, 435
Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.
But I too long delay, give word I come.

R. Gom. What hoa within! the King is nigh, make
room.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers D. John, and
Eboli embracing.*

King. Now let me if I can to fury add,
That when I thunder, I may strike 'em dead. 440
[*Looking earnestly on e'm.*

Ha!—*Gomez!* on this Truth depends thy Life.
Why that's our Brother *Austria!*

R. G. And my Wife!
Embracing close; Whilst I was busie grown
In others ruines, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I perish't e're 'twas understood. 445

King. This is the Nest, where Lust and falshood brood.
Is it not admirable?—— { *Exit D. John and*
| *Eboli embracing.*

R. Gom. O Sir yes!
Ten thousand Devils tear the Sorceress——

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near.

Enter D. Carlos and Queen discoursing.

Look my incestuous Son and Wife appear! 450
See *Gomez*, how she Languishes and dyes,
'Sdeath! There are very pulses in her eyes.

[*D. Carlos approaches the King.*

D. Carl. In peace, Heav'n ever guard the King from harms,
In Warr Success and Triumph crown his Arms:

Till all the Nations of the World shall be 455
Humbled and prostrate at his feet like me. [Kneels.
I hear your fury has my Death design'd;
Though I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind.

Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not spill that blood which is your own. 460

King. Yes! when my blood growes tainted I ne'r doubt
But for my health 'tis good to let it out:
But thine's a stranger like thy soul to me,
Or else be curs't thy Mothers memory:
And doubly curst be that unhappy night, 465
In which I purchac'd torment with delight.

D. Carl. Thus then I lay aside all rights of blood. { *Rises*
My Mother curst! she was all Just and good. { *boldly.*
Tyrant! too good to stay with thee below,
And therefore's blest, and raigns above thee now. 470
Submission, which way got it entrance here!

King. Perhaps it came e're Treason was aware.
Thy trayterous designs now come to Light,
Too great, and horrid to be hid in night: 474
See here my Honour and thy Duties stains; { *Shews the*
I've paid your Secretary for his pains. { *Dispatches.*
He waits you there, to Council with him go,
Ask what Intelligence from *Flanders* now. { *Shows Po-*
sa's *Body.*

D. Carl. My Friend here slain, my faithful *Posa* 'tis;
Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this? 480
What Temples sack't? what Desolations made,
To pull down such a vengeance on my head?
This, Villain, was thy work; what Friend of thine

[*To Gomez.*
Did I e're wrong, that thou should'st murder mine? 484
But I'll take care it shall not want reward—— [*Drawes.*

453 Heav'n 462 health, 467 blood, 472 aware, 477 him, go
479 *Posa*, 483 This

King. Courage, my *Gomez*! since thy King's thy Guard.
Come Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfill.

D. Carl. No: Tho' unjust, you are my { *Throwes away*
Father still. { *his Sword.*

And from that Title must your safety own:
'Tis that which awes my hand, and not your Crown. 490
'Tis true all there contain'd I had design'd,
To such a height your Jealousie was grown,
It was the onely way that I could find
To work your peace, and to procure my own.

King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decrease. 495
You'd ease me of my Crown to give me peace.

D. Carl. Alas! you fetch your misconstructions far.
The injuries to Me, and wrongs to her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair:
When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite 500
Depriv'd me of a Sons and Princes right:
Branded my Honour, and pursu'd my Life,
My Duty Long with Nature was at strife:
Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
Could suffer by the voice of common Fame; 505
A thing I still esteem'd beneath my pride;
For though condemn'd by all the world beside, }
Had you but thought me just, I could have dy'd. }
At last this onely way I found, to flye
Your anger, and divert your Jealousie—— 510
To go for *Flanders*, and be so remov'd
From all I ever honour'd, ever Lov'd.
There in your right, hoping I might compleat,
'Spight of my wrongs, some Action truly great.
Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear 515
Your hate, and shun that storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit hate! he would forgo
The joyes and charms of Courts to purchase you:
Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous Tide

497 far, 504 Name, 505 Fame. 510 divert you 512 all
513 right Q r, 2 514 wrongs

of Lawless outrage, and rebellious pride. 520

King. How evenly she pleads in his defence!
 o blind is guilt when 'twou'd seem Innocence.
 he thinks her softness may my rage Disarm;
 lo, *Sorceress!* Y'are mistaken in your charm. }
 and whilst you sooth, do but assist the storm. } 525

o, take full view of your tall able slave, { *Q. looking*
 ook hard; it is the last y'are like to have. { *on Carlos.*

D. Carl. My Life or Death are in your pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'st!

D. Carl. Not till she give me leave;
 he is the Star that rules my Destiny. 530

and whilst her Aspect's kind, I cannot dy.

Qu. No Prince, for ever live, be ever blest.

King. Yes, I will send him to 's eternal rest!

h! had I took the Journey long ago,
 n'ere had known the pains that rack me now. 535

Queen. What pains? what racks? [*approaching him.*

King. Avoid, and touch me not.

see thee foul, all one incestuous blot:
 hy broken Vows are in thy guilty face.

Queen. Have I then in your pity left no place?

King. Oh thus it was you drew me in before, 540
 With promises you ne'r would see him more.

but now your subtlest Wiles too weak are grown,
 've gotten freedome and I'll keep't my own.

Queen. May you be ever free, but can your Mind
 onceive that any ill was here design'd? 545

he hither came onely that he might show

bedience, and be reconcil'd to you.

ou saw his humble Dutiful address.

King. But you before-hand sign'd the happy Peace.

Enter Eboli.

Oh Princess thank you for the Care you take! 550

tell me! how got this Monster entrance? speak.

Ebol. Heav'n witness, 'twas without my knowledg done.

R. Gom. No, she had other bus'ness of her own. [*aside.*
Oh Blood and Murder——

King. All are false! A Guard. [*Enter Guard.*
Seize on that Traytor.—— [*<Pointing> To Carlos*

D. Carl. Welcome: I am prepar'd.

Queen. Stay Sir! let me die too, I can obey. 556

King. No, Thou shalt live [*Seemingly kind.*

By heav'n but not a Day; [*aside.*
I a revenge so exquisite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and so she's damn'd.

Henr. If ever pity could your heart ingage, 560
If e're you hope for blessings on your Age,
Incline your ears to a poor Virgins pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What would'st thou say?

Henr. Destroy not in one man
More Virtue than the World can boast agen. 565
View him the eldest pledge of your first Love,
Your Virgin Joyes! that may some pity move——

King. No: for the wrongs I suffer weigh it down,
I'd now not spare his life to save my own.
Away, by thy soft Tongue I'll not be caught. 570

Henr. By all that hopes can frame I begg; if not,
May you by some base hand unpity'd dye:
And childless Mothers curse your Memory
By Honour; Love; by Life!——

King. Fond Girl! away.
By heav'n I'll kill thee else! still dar'st thou stay? 575
Cannot Death terrifie Thee?

Henr. No, for I,
If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

D. Carl. Kind fair one do not wast your sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joyes in store 580

557 By begin: next line Q 1, 2 | *Aside after l* 558 Q 1, 2
570 Away | Tongue,

When I in dust am laid, and seen no more.

Oh Madam!—— [To the Queen.

Qu. Oh my *Carlos*! must you dye
For me? no mercy in a Father's eye?

D. Carl. Hide, Hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A tenderness that misbecomes my heart: 585
For since I must, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my aid my Manly spirits call.

Qu. You like a man as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a woman still. [Weeps. 590

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the first, 590
In whom the race of all Mankind was curst.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd;
But your great Lord the Devil taught you pride.
He too an Angel till he durst rebel;
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell. 595
Weep on, a stock of tears like Vows you have,
And alwaies ready when you wou'd deceive.

Qu. Cruel! Inhumane! Oh my heart! why shou'd
I throw away a Title that's so good,
On one a stranger to what e're was so? 600
Alas I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The Just resentment of my wrong's so great, { *Ready to sink*
My spirits sink beneath the heavy weight. { *with passion.*
Tyrant! stand off. I hate thee! and will try
If I have scorn enough to make me dye. 605

D. Car. Blest Angel stay—— [Takes her in his Arms.

Qu. *Carlos*! the sole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his face.

D. Carl. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous
East, }
In all the Glories of his Empire drest,
Was ever half so rich, or half so blest! } 610
But from such bliss how wretched is the fall;
They too like we must die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my face! what Soul could bear't?

583 eye.

598 Cruel

600 so:

614 bear't

Go force her from him. [Officer approaches.

D. Car. Slave 'twill cost thy heart:
Th'adst better meet a Lyon on his way, 615
And from his hungry Jawes reprice the prey:
She's Mistriss of my Soul, and to prepare
My self for death, I must consult with her.

R. Go. Have pity—— [Ironically.

King. Hence! How wretchedly he rules,
That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by fooles. 620
Oh Torture!——

D. Car. Rouze, my Soul, Consider now,
That to thy blissful Mansion thou must go.
But I so mighty Joyes have tasted here,
I hardly shall have sence of any there. 624
Oh soft as Blossoms! and yet sweeter far: { *Leaning on*
Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends, { *her bosom*
Though 'tis presented there by Angels hands.

King. Still in his Arms! Cowards go tear her forth.

D. Car. You'l sooner from its Center shake the Earth.
I'l hold her fast till my last hour is nigh; 630
Then I'l bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his hold or any thing.——

D. Carl. Ay Come.

Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb:
I'd have my Monument erected Here,
With broken mangled Limbs still clasping her. 635

Qu. Hold and I'l quit his Arms——

[The Gu<ards> Offer their Axes.

King. Now bear him hence. [They part.

Qu. Oh horrid Tyrant! { The Gu<ards> are
Stay Unhappy Prince—— { hurrying Carlos off.

Turn, turn: oh Torment! must I leave you so?
No Stay and take me with you where you go. 639

D. Carl. Hark slaves, my Goddess summons me to stay.
Dogs! have you eyes, and can you disobey? { *Pressing*
See her? Oh let me but just touch my bliss. { *forward.*

621 Rouze 637 Stay begins new line Q 1, 2 638 turn oh 642 her!

King. By Hell he shan't, slaves are ye mine or his?

Qu. My life!

D. Car My Soul Farewel—

Qu. He's gone, he's gone. [*Exit Carlos.*]

Now Tyrant to thy rage I'm left alone. 645

Give me my death that hate both life and thee

King. I know thou dost, yet live.

Qu. Oh misery!

Why was I born to be thus curst? or why
Should life be forc't, when 'tis so sweet to die? { *Throwes*
her self on
the floor

King Thou woman hast been false: but to renew 650

[*To Eboli*]

Thy Credit in my heart, assist me now:

Prepare a draught of poison, such as will

Act slow, and by degrees of Torment kill.

Give it the Queen, and to prevent all sence

Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince, 655

And that e're Morning he'l attend her: I

In a disguise his presence will supply:

So Glut my rage, and smiling see her dye. }

Eboli. Your Majesty shall be obey'd—

R. Go. Do, work thy mischiefs to their last degree, 660

And when th'are in their height I'l murder thee. [*aside.*]

King. Now *Gomez* ply my rage and keep it hot;

O're Love and Nature I've the Conquest got:

Still charming Beauty triumphs in her eyes, { *Looking at*

Yet for my honour, and my rest she dies. { *the Queen.*

[*Exeunt Queen and Women*]

But oh what Ease can I expect to get,

When I must purchase at so dear a rate?

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

The SCENE shuts.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT the Fifth. SCENE the First.

Enter King Solus.

King. 'TIs night: the season when the happy take
 Repose, and only wretches are awake:
 Now discontented Ghosts begin their rounds,
 Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholsome Grounds:
 Or at the Curtains of the restless wait, 5
 To frighten 'em with some sad tale of fate.
 When I would rest, I can no rest obtain;
 The ills I've born ev'n o're my slumbers reign, }
 And in sad Dreams torment me o're again. }
 The fatal bus'ness is e're this begun: 10
 I'm shock't, and start to think what I have done.
 But I forget how I that *Phillip* am,
 So much for Constancy renown'd by fame:
 Who through the Progress of my life, was ne're
 By hopes transported, or depress'd by fear. 15
 No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
 And steadfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

*Enter Eboli in a Night-Gown.*Who! *Eboli*?*Ebol.* My Lord.*King.* Is the Deed done?*Ebol.* 'Tis! and the Queen to seek repose is gone.*King.* Can she expect it, who allow'd me none? 20No *Eboli*; her Dreams must be as full

Of horreur, and as Hellish as her Soul;

Does she believe the Prince has freedom gain'd?

Ebol. She does.*King.* How were the tydings entertain'd?*Ebol.* O're all her Face young wandring blushes were, 25
 Such as speak hopes too weak to conquer fear.—

But when confirm'd, no Lover e're so kind:

She clasp'd me fast, caress't, and call'd me Friend:

v. 1. 6 sad sale *Q* 1, 2 12 am *Q* 1, 2 20 it? | none!
 27 confirm'd | kind,

Which Opportunity I took to give
The Poison; and till Day she cannot live. 30

King. Quickly then to her: say that *Carlos* here
Waits to confirm his happiness with her.
Go: that my vengeance I may finish quite,
'Twould be imperfect should I lose the sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known, 35
And she may still mistake me for my Son:
Remove all Lights but that which may suffice
To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Ebol. You'll find her all in ruful sables clad,
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect light, 40
Such as in Vaults assist the ghastly shade,
Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night:
Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,
Till *Carlos* shall with Liberty return.

King. Oh stedfast Sin! incorrigible Lust! 45
Not damn'd! it is impossible, she must.
How do I long to see her in her pains,
The poys'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins.

Enter D. John, and Attendants.

Who's there? my Brother!

D. John. Yes Sir, and your Friend! 50
What can your Presence here so late intend?

King. Oh *Austria*! Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy Youthful Courage to a stand.
Survey me: Do I look as heretofore?

D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Pow'r.
Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing; 55
You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miserable in a man:
But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow,
I'll be as happy and as gay as Thou. 60

D. John. No Sir! my happiness you cannot have,

46 impossible

61 have!

Whilst to your abject passions thus a slave.
To know my ease you thoughts like mine must bring,
Be something less a man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing so: 'Tis true that long I strove 65
With pleading Nature, combated with Love.
Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast,
But now the Date of the Enchantment's past:
Before my rage like ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o're e'm all. 70

D. John. I know your Queen and Son y'have doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a sure Succession off,
At which your Friends must grieve, and Foes will laugh;
As if since Age has from you took away 75
Increase, you'd grow malicious and destroy?

King. Doubt it not *Austria*: Thou my Brother art,
And in my blood I'm certain hast a part.
Onely the Justice of my Vengeance own,
Th'art Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son. 80

D. John. I must confess there in a Crown are charms,
Which I would Court in bloody Fields and Arms;
But in my Nephew's wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguish't e're I shine.
To mount a Throne o're Battlements I'd climb, 85
Where Death should wait on Me, not I on him.
Did you e're Love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of so brave a Son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindness, but no more: 90
Thou living free, alas, art easie grown,
And think'st all hearts as honest as thy own.

D. John. Not Sir so easie! as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps wou'd have untold;
That y'are a slave to th'vilest that obey, } 95
Such as Disgrace on Royal Favour lay:
And blindly follow as they lead astray. }

Voracious Varlets, sordid Hangers on,
 Best by familiarity Th'are known,
 Yet shrink at frowns, but when you smile they fawn. } 100
 Th'are these have wrong'd you and abus'd your Ears,
 Possess your Mind with false mis-grounded fears.

King. Mis-grounded fears! why, is there any Truth
 In Womens Vowes, or Disobedient Youth?
 I sooner would believe this World were Heav'n; } 105
 Where I have nought but Toyles and Torment met,
 And never comfort yet to man was given:
 But thou shalt see how my revenge I'll treat.

*The SCENE drawes and discovers the Queen (alone)
 in mourning on her Couch with a Lamp by her.*

Look where she sits as quiet and serene, } [Ironically.
 As if she never had a Thought of sin. } 110
 In mourning her wrong'd Innocence to show;
 Sh'has sworn't so oft that she believes it true.
 O'rewhelm'd with sorrow she'l in darkness dwell, }
 So we have heard of Witches in a Cell, }
 Treating with Fiends and making Leagues with Hell. } 115

[*Q. rises, and comes towards him.*

Queen My Lord Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd!
 Are my eyes blest? and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My Queen! My Love I'm here—— [*Embraces her.*

Queen. My Lord the King!

This is surprizing Kindness, which you bring!
 Can you believe me Innocent at last? } 120
 Methinks my griefs are half already past!

King. O Tongue in nothing practis'd, but deceit;
 Too well she knew him not to find the cheat:
 Yes vile Incestuous Woman! it is I
 The King! Look on me well, despair and die. } 125

Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my doom before,
 Since to affliction you could add no more?

Methinks Death is less welcome when I find,
You could but Counterfeit a look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death: had I believ'd 130
Thou could'st have been more wicked, thou had'st liv'd.
Liv'd and gone on in lust and riot still,
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
And that of the reward thou might'st not miss,
This night th'ast drank thy bane, th'art poison'd: Yes 135
Thou art——

Queen. Then welcome everlasting bliss.
But e're I die, let me here make a Vow.
By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm true.

King. Vows you had alwaies ready when you spoke,
How many of 'em have you made and broke? 140
Yet there's a pow'r that does your falshood hear,
A Just one too, and lets thee live to swear.
How comes it that above such mercy dwels,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's good, 145
My Innocence had else been understood.
At first your love was nothing but your pride;
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a Kind Indulgent Father were:
But finding me Unfortunately fair, 150
Thought me a prize too rich to be possest
By him, and forc't your self into my breast;
Where you maintain'd an Unresisted pow'r:
Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more:
Till Conscious of your Age my faith was blam'd, 155
And I a lewd Adulteress proclaim'd;
Accus'd of foulest Incest with your Son:
What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said,
That in my Vengeance any fault I made. 160
Love me! oh low pretence, too feebly built!
But 'tis the Constant fault of dying guilt,

130 Death, 138 there 159 Nothing | hope, 161 pretence! | built:

Ev'n to the last to cry th'are Innocent;
When their despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having Urg'd your Malice to the head, 165
You spitefully are Come to rail me dead.
Had I been man and had an impious Wife,
With speedy fury I'd have snatch'd her life:
Torn a broad passage open to her heart,
And there have ransack't each polluted part: 170
Triumph'd and laugh'd t'have seen the Iss'uing flood,
And Wantonly have bath'd my hands in blood.
That had out-done the low revenge You bring,
Much fitter for a Woman then a King.

King I'm glad I know what death you'd wish to have,
You would go down in silence to your grave: 176
Remove from future fame, as present times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Justice understood:
Proclaim thy falshood, and thy lust aloud. 180

Queen. About it then, the noble work begin,
Be proud and boast how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's glory 'twill advance!
Do, quickly let it reach the ears of *France*;
I've there a Royal Brother that is Young, 185
Who'l certainly revenge his Sisters Wrong:
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne, a wretched thing, }
And make it quite forgot thou e're wert King. }

King. I ne're had pleasure with her till this Night: 190
The Viper finds she's crush't, and fain would bite.
Oh were he here and durst maintain that word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the Callow Bird,
And gripe him till the dastard Craven Cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his Sisters side. 195

Qu. Alas! I faint and sink, my Lord your hand,

[To D. J.]

My spirits fail, and I want strength to stand.

180 aloud,

D. J. O Jealousie,

A Curse which none but he that bears it { *Leads her to*
knows; { *a Chair.*

So rich a Treasure who would live to loose? 200

King. The poison works, heav'n grant there were enough:
She is so foul, she may be poison proof.

Now, my false fair one——

Qu. Tyrant hence be gone,

This hour's my last, and let it be my own.

Away, away, I would not leave the light, 205

With such a hated Object in my sight.

King. No, I will stay and ev'n thy pray'rs prevent,
I would not give thee leisure to repent:

But let thy sins all in one Throng Combine

To plague thy Soul, as thou hast Tortur'd mine. 210

Qu. Glut then your Eyes, your Tyrant Fury feed,

And Triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,

Hereafter on your dying pillows, you

May feel those Tortures, which you give me now.

Go on, your worst reproaches I can bear, 215

And with 'em all, you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus *Austria* my lost freedom I obtain,

And once more shall appear my self again.

Love held me fast whilst like a foolish Boy

I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay,

But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away. } 220

Eboli within.

Eb. Help, Murder, help.——

King. See *Austria* whence that Cry,
Call up our Guards, there may be danger nigh. [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Eboli in her night-dress wounded and bleeding,

Rui-Gomez pursuing her.

Eb. Oh Guard me from that Cruel Murderer!

But 'tis in vain, the steel has gone too far: 225

Turn Wretched King, I've something to unfold,

198 Jealousie.

200 loose.

212 remember

Nor can I die till the sad Secret's Told.

King. The Woman's mad! to some Apartment by
Remove her, where she may grow tame and dye.

Fate came abroad to night resolv'd to range, 230

I Love a kind Companion in revenge. [*huggs R. Go.*]

Ebol. If in your heart truth any favour wins;

If e're you would repent of secret sins,

Hear me a word.

King. What would'st thou say? be brief.

Ebol. Do what you can to save that pretious life. 235

Try every art that may her death prevent;

You are abus'd, and she is innocent.

When I perceiv'd my hopes of you were vain,

Led by my lust I practis'd all my Charms,

To gain the Prince *Don Carlos* to my Arms: 240

But there too cross't, I did the purpose change,

And pride made him my Engine for Revenge: [*To R. Go.*]

Taught him to raise your growing Jealousie. }

Then my wild passion at this Prince did fly, } [*To D. J.*]

And that was done for which I now must die. } 245

King. Ha *Gomez*, speak and Quickly, is it so?

R. Go. I'm sorry you should doubt if't be or no:

She by whose lust my honour was betray'd,

Cannot want malice now to take my head,

And therefore does this penitence pretend. 250

Eb. Oh *Austria* take away that Ugly Fiend,

He smiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:

See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls rowl.

R. Go. Thus is her fancy tortur'd by her guilt;

But since you'l have my blood, let it be spilt. 255

King. No more—— [*To R. Go.*]

Speak on, I charge thee by the rest [*To Eb.*]

Thou hop'st, the truth, and as thou shalt be blest.

Eb. As what I've said is so:

There may I find, where I must answer all,

234 Here
257 hope'st

243 Jealousie,

256 Speak begins new line Q 1, 2 | on

What most I need, heav'ns mercy on my Soul. [Dyes.

King. Heav'n! she was sensible that she should dye,
And durst not in the minute tell a lye. }

D. J. His guilt's too plain, see his wild staring Eye. }

By unconcern he would show innocence,
But Harden'd Guilt ne're wanted the pretence } 265
Of great submission when't had no defence. }

Thus whilst of life you shew this little Care,
You seem not guiltless, but betray despair.

King. His life! what satisfaction can that give?
But oh in doubt I must for ever live, 270
And loose my peace—Yet I the truth will find:
I'll rack him for't; go in this minute bind
Him to the wheel——

R. Go. How have I this deserv'd,
Who only your Commands obey'd and serv'd?
What would you have me do?

King. I'd have thee tell 275
The truth; do *Gomez*, all shall then be well.

R. Go. Alas! like you Sir, in a Cloud I'm lost,
And can but tell you what I think at most:
You set me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I still brought the best Intelligence 280
I could, till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer measures took by her:
Which if I after a false Copy drew,
'Tis I have been Unfortunate as you.

King. And this is all thou hast for life to shew? 285

R. Go. Dear Sir your pardon, it is all I know.

King. Then Villain I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n where is now thy sleeping providence,
That took so little care of Innocence?
Oh *Austria*, had I to thy truth inclind: 290
Had I been half so good as thou wer't kind.

But I'm too tame: secure that Traytor; Oh { *Guards seize*
Earth open to thy Center, let me Go { *R. Go.*

292 tame, | *seizes him (stage dir)*

And there for ever hide my Impious head.
 Thou fairest purest Creature Heav'n e're made, 295
 Thy Injur'd truth too late I've understood:
 Yet live and be Immortal as Th'art good.

Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline
 On her bare word, and would not Credit mine?
 The poison's very busie at my heart, 300
 Methinks I see Death shake his Threat'ning dart:
 Why are you kind and make it hard to die?
 Persist, Continue on the Injury.
 Call me still vile, incestuous, all that's foul.

King. Oh pity, pity my despairing Soul; 305
 Sink it not quite. Raise my Physitians strait;
 Hasten 'em quickly e're it be too late.
 Propose rewards may set their skill at strife,
 I'll give my Crown to him that saves her life.
 Curst Dog!—— [To Gomez.]

D. J. Vile prostitute!

King. Revengeful Fiend! 310
 But Iv'e forgotten half, to *Carlos* send;
 Prevent what his despair may make him do.

Enter Henrietta.

Henr. Oh Horror, Horror, everlasting Woe.
 The Prince, the Prince!

King. Hah! speak.——

Hen. He dyes, he dyes.
 Within upon his Couch he bleeding lyes: 315
 Just taken from a Bath, his Veins all Cut,
 From which the springing blood flows swiftly out.
 He threatens death on all that shall oppose
 His fate, to save that life which he will loose. }

King. Dear *Austria* hasten, all thy int'rest use. } 320
 Tell him it is to Friendship an Offence,
 And let him know his Father's penitence:
 Beg him to live.——

R. Go. Since yo've decreed my death, know'twill be hard,
The Bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd. 325
I Ow'd him that for his late pride and scorn.

King. There never was so curs't a Villain born.
But by revenge such pains he shall go through,
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne're knew.
Rack him! I'l broyl him, burn him by degrees; } 330
Fresh Torments for him ev'ry hour devise,
Till he Curse heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies. }

Queen. My faithful *Henrietta* art thou come
To wait th'unhappy Mistress to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young, 335
And now must leave thee, to heav'n knowes what wrong.
But Heav'n to its protection will receive
Such goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Hen. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis Unspeakable, I lov'd so well. 340
A proof of it the World shall quickly find:
For when You dye, I'l scorn to stay behind.

Enter D. Carlos supported between two, and bleeding.

D. John. See Sir, your Son.

King. My Son! but oh how dare
I use that name when this sad Object's near?
See Injur'd Prince who 'tis thy pardon Craves; 345
No more thy Father, but the worst of slaves:
Behold the tears that from these fountains flow.

D. Carl. I come to take my farewell, e're I go
To that bright dwelling, where there is no room
For Blood, and where the Cruel never Come. 350

King. I know there is not; therefore must despair:
Oh heav'n his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Dost thou not hear thy wretched Father sue?

D. Car. My Father, speak the word once more, is't you? }
And may I think the dear Conversion true? }
Oh that I could!

King. By heav'n thou must—it is. 356
 Let me Embrace and kiss thy Trembling knees.
 Why wilt thou dye? no, live my *Carlos* live,
 And all the wrongs that I have done, forgive.

D. Car Life was my Curse, and giv'n me sure in spight:
 Oh had I perisht when I first saw light, 361
 I never then these miseries had brought
 On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
 Prop me: apace I feel my life decay.

The little time on Earth I have to stay, 365
 Grant I without Offence may here bestow: { *Pointing to*
 You cannot certainly be Jealous now. { *the Queen.*

King. Break, break, my heart—— { *Leads D. Carlos*
 { *to the Chair.*

D. Car. Y'ave thus more kindness shown,
 Then if y'ad Crown'd and plac't me on your Throne.
 Methinks so highly happy I appear, 370
 That I could pity you, to see You there:
 Take me away again, You are too good.

Queen. *Carlos* is't you? Oh stop that Royal flood;
 Live, and possess your Father's Throne, when I
 In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie. 375

D. Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher pride:
 Thus on you fixt, and dying by your side,
 How much a Life and Empire I disdain;
 No, we'l together mount, where both shall reign }
 Above all Wrongs, and never more Complain. } 380

Queen. Oh matchless Youth! oh Constancy Divine! }
 Sure there was never Love that Equall'd thine; }
 Nor any so Unfortunate as mine.—— }
 Henceforth forsaken Virgins shall in Songs,
 When they would ease their own, repeat thy wrongs: 385
 And in remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
 A solemn Annual Procession make:
 In Chast devotion as fair Pilgrims Come,
 With Hyacinths, and Lillies, deck thy Tomb.

But one thing more, and then Vain World adieu! 390
It is to reconcile my Lord, and You.

D. Carl. H'as done no wrong to me, I am posset
Of all, beyond my expectation blest.
But yet methinks there's something in my heart,
Tells me I must not too Unkindly part: 395
Father draw nearer, raise me with your hand;
Before I dye, what is't you would Command?

King. The Grant thoult find too difficult a Task;
I want forgiveness if I durst but ask.
How Curs't! and yet how might I have been blest! 400

D. Carl. Oh all my wrongs and my misfortunes past,
As they ne're were let your Remembrance shun,
And quite forget e'm all as I ha' done.
Alas! 'tis fate has been too blame, not You,
Who only Honours dictates did pursue. 405
I was a wicked Son, Indeed I was;
Rebel to Yours as well as Duties Laws.

By head-strong will too proud to be confin'd;
Scorn'd your Commands, and at your Joyes repin'd.
When to my love your Royal Claim was layd, 410
I should have born my Inj'ries and obeyd;
But I was hot, and would my right maintain,
Which you forgave; yet I rebell'd again,
And nought but death can now wash off the stain. }

King. Why wert thou made so excellently good; 415
And why was it no sooner Understood?
But I was Curs't, and blindly led astray;
Oh for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'st ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by despair. 420

D. Carl. Thus then with the remains of { *D. Carl. and the*
life we kneel, { *Queen sink out*
May you be ever free from all that's ill. { *of the Chairs,*
Queen. And everlasting peace upon { *and kneel.*
you dwell.

King. No more; this Virtue's too divinely bright; }
My Darken'd Soul too Conversant with Night, } 425
Grows blind, and Overcome with too much light }
Here raise e'm up: Gently ye slaves, down, down.
Ye Glorious Toyles, a Scepter and a Crown,
For ever be forgotten: in your stead
Only Eternal darkness wrap my head. 430

Qu. Where are you? oh Farewel, I must be gone

King. Blest happy Soul, take not thy flight so soon:
Stay till I dye, then bear mine with thee too,
And Guard it up, which else must sink below.

Qu. From all my Injuries and all my fears, 435
From Jealousie Love's bane, the worst of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that stranger rest.
Carlos thy hand; support me on thy breast: }
Within this minute how shall we be blest! }

D. Car. Oh far above 440
What ever wishes fram'd, or hopes design'd; }
Thus where we go we shall the Angels find, }
For ever pressing, and for ever kind. }

Qu. Make hast, in the first Sphear I'll for you stay;
Thence we'll rise both to Everlasting day. 445
Farewel—— [Dyes.

D. Car. I follow you, now Close my eyes; { *Leans on*
Thus all o're bliss the Happy *Carlos* dyes. { *her bosome.*

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must n'ere aspire.
Run, sally out, and set the World on fire.
Alarum Nature, let loose all the winds; 450
Set free those spirits whom strong Magick binds.
Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends start from their Hell and shake their Chains,
Till all things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as mine. 455
Here I'll lye down, and never more arise;

424 bright, 427 down, down, 428 Toyles | Crown 429 forgotten,
435 fears; 436 bane; 437 rest, 438 hand | breast, 439 blest.
444-7 Q 2 omits 448 aspire,

Howl out my life, and rend the Ayr with Cryes.

D. John. Hold Sir! afford your lab'ring heart some ease.

King. Oh name it not! there's no such thing as Peace.
 From these warm Lips, yet one soft kiss I'll take: } 460
 How my heart beats! why won't the Rebel break? }
 My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, speak.

Oh he regards not now my miseries!

But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.

Oh now I think on't better, all is well; 465

Here's one that's just descending into Hell:

How comes it that he's not already gone?

The Sluggard's Lazy, but I'll spur him on.

Hey! how he flies! [Stabs *R. Gomez*.

R. Gom. 'Twas aym'd well at my heart. }

That I had strength enough but to retort. } 470

Dull Life, so tamely must I from thee part!

Curses and plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?

Meet, meet me at thy own dark house below [Dies.

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing
 As I.

D. John. Remember Sir, You are a King. 475

King. A King! it is too little; I'll be more

I tell thee: *Nero* was an Emperour,

He kill'd his Mother; but I've that out-done,

Murder'd a Loyal Wife, and Guiltless Son.

Yet *Austria*, why should I grow mad for that? 480

Is it my fault I was unfortunate?

D. John. Collect your Spirits Sir, and calm your Mind.

King. Look to't! strange things I tell thee are design'd.

Thou *Austria* shalt grow old, and in thy age

Doat, Doat, my Heroe! oh a long gray Beard, 485

With Eyes distiling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,

Will be such charms thou can'st not want success:

But above all beware of Jealousie.

It was the dreadful Curse that ruin'd me.

464 But 469 flies. | heart 471 Life 472 plagues; Revenge
 480 Au'stria, 482 Mind? 483 too't! 484 shal't

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heaven! but stay, 490
 Nam'd I not heaven? I did, and at the word
 (Methought I saw't) the Azure fabrick stir'd.
 Oh for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare!
 But I'll pursue and Overtake e'm there. }
 Whirle, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer; } 495
 I'll ride in that away, pull, pull him down:
 Oh how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run.
 Now, now I mount—— [Runs off raving

D. John. Look to the King.
 See of this fair one too strict care be had. { *Pointing to*
 Despair! how vast a Triumph hast thou { *Henrietta.*
 made? 500

No more in Loves Enervate charms I'll ly,
 Shaking off softness, to the Camp I'll fly;
 Where Thirst of Fame the Active Hero warms,
 And what I've lost in Peace, regain in Arms.

FINIS



THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Girl.

N*ow what d'ye think my Message hither means?
Yonder's the Poet sick behind the Scenes:
He told me there was pity in my face,
And therefore sent me here to make his peace.
Let me for once perswade ye to be kind; 5
For he has promis'd me to stand my Friend.
And if this time I can your kindness move,
He'l write for me, he swears by all above,
When I am bigg enough to be in love. }*
*Now won't you be good natur'd, ye fine men? 10
Indeed I'le grow as fast as e're I can,
And try if to his promise he'l be true:
Think on't, when that time comes, you do not know,
But I may grow in love with some of you: }*
*Or at the worst I'm certain I shall see 15
Amongst you those who'l swear they're so with me.
But now, if by my Suit you'l not be won,
You know what your unkindness oft has done;
I'le e'n forsake the Play-House, and turn Nun. }*

THE END.

13 comes,

Titus and Berenice,
A
TRAGEDY,
Acted at the DUKE'S
THEATRE
With a FARCE called the
Cheats of Scapin.

By Tho: Otway.

*Grandis Oratio non est Turgida
Sed Naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Pet. Arb.*

Licenced Febr. the 19th. 167⁶.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Richard Tonson at his Shop under Grays-Inn-Gate,
next Grays-Inn-Lane. 1677.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
JOHN EARL of
R O C H E S T E R .

One of the Gentlemen of his *Majesties*
Bed-Chamber, &c.

My Lord,

D*edications are grown things of so nice a Nature,
That it is almost impossible for me to pay your
Lordship those Acknowledgments I owe you, And not
(from those who cannot Judge of the Sentiments I have 5
of your Lordships Favours) incur the Censure either
of a fawner or a flatterer. Both which ought to be as
hateful to an Ingenuous Spirit as Ingratitude. None
of these would I be guilty of, and yet in letting the
World know how Good and how Generous a Patron 10
I have, (in spight of Malice) I am sure I am honest.*

My Lord,

*Never was Poetry under so great an oppression as
now, as full of Phanaticism's as Religion, where every
one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, sets up a Doctrine 15
of his own, and hates a Poet worse then a Quaker does
a Priest.*

*To examine how much goes to the making up one
of those dreadful things that resolve our dissolution.
It is for the most part, a very little French breeding 20
much assurance, with a great deal of talk and no sence.*

*Thus he comes to a New Play, Enquires the Author
of it, and (if he can find any) makes his personal*

misfortunes the subject of his malice to some of his
 25 *Companions, who have as little Wit and as much ill
 Nature as himself; and so to be sure (as far as he can)
 the Play is damn'd.*

*At night he never fails to Appear in the With-
 drawing room, where he picks out some that have as
 30 little to do there as himself, who mustring up all their
 puny Forces damn as positively, as if like Muggle-
 ton it were their gift, when indeed they have as little
 right to Wit, as a Journey man Taylor can have to
 Prophecy.*

35 *Wit, which was the mistress of former Ages, is
 become the Scandal of ours; Either the Old Satyr, to
 let us understand what he has known, Damns and
 decryes all Poetry, but the old; or else the young
 affected Fool that is impudent beyond Correction, and
 40 ignorant above instruction, will be Censuring the pre-
 sent; tho he misplace his wit as he generally does his
 Courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong
 occasion.*

*How great a Hazzard then does your Lordship run
 45 in so stedfastly protecting a poor Exil'd thing that
 has so many Enemies! But that your Wit is more
 Eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your
 Goodness greater than any Malice or Ill Nature can
 be. I am sure (and I must own it with gratitude) I
 50 have tasted of it much above my Merit, or what even
 Vanity might prompt me to expect; Though in doing
 this, I shall at best but appear an humble debtor, who
 acknowledges honestly what he owes, though to keep
 up his Credit he must be forc'd to borrow more; For
 55 my Genius alwayes led me to seek an interest in your
 Lordship; and I never see you, but I am fir'd with an*

Ambition of being in your Favour: for all I have receiv'd, the highest return I am able to make, is my acknowledgment, in which I can hardly distinguish whether my Thankfulness or my Pride be the greater, 60 when I subscribe my self

Your Lordships

Most Obliged and most
Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.



P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. Underhill.

*G*allants our Author met me here to day,
And beg'd that I'd say something for his Play.
You Waggs that Judge by Roat, and damn by Rule,
Taking your measures from some Neighbour fool,
Who has Impudence a Coxcombs useful Tool; } 5
That always are severe you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By:
With very much ill Nature, and no Wit, }
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd Sit, } 10
And with your Silly selves divert the Pitt.
You Men of Sence, who heretofore allow'd
Our Author's Follies; make him once more proud;
But for the Youths, that newl' are come from France,
Who's Heads want Sence, though heels abound with dance:
Our Authour to their Judgment won't submit, } 15
But swears that they who so infest the Pit,
With their own Follies, ne're can Judge of Wit. }
'Tis thence he Chiefly favour would Implore, [to the Boxes.
And Fair Ones pray oblige him on my Score.
Confine his Foes, the Fops within their Rules, } 20
For Ladies you know how to manage Fools.

11 allow'd,

Persons Represented in the *Tragedy* By

<i>Titus Vespasian</i> , Emperour of Rome	.	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Antiochus</i> , King of Comagene	.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Paulinus</i> , The Emperors Confident	.	Mr. Medbourn.
<i>Arsaces</i> , <i>Antiochus</i> his Confident	.	Mr. Crosby.
<i>Rutilius</i> , A Tribune	.	Mr. Gillow

<i>Berenice</i> , Queen of Palestine	.	Mrs. Lee.
<i>Phenice</i> , Her Confident	.	Mrs. Barry

The SCENE ROME.

Persons Represented in the *Farce*. By

<i>Thrifty</i> }	Two old Merchants	.	{	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Gripe</i> }				Mr. Noakes.
<i>Octavian</i> , }	Their Sons	.	{	Mr. Norris.
<i>Leander</i> , }				Mr. Percivall.
<i>Scapin</i> , A Cheat	.	.	.	Mr. Anth. Leigh.
<i>Shift</i> , }	<i>Scapins</i> Instruments	.	{	Mr. Richards,
<i>Sly</i> , }				Mr. —
<i>Lucia</i> , <i>Thrifty's</i> Daughter	.	.	.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Clara</i> , <i>Gripe's</i> Daughter	.	.	.	Mrs. Gibbs.

The SCENE DOVER.

TITUS

and

BERENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Palace.

Enter Antiochus and Arsaces.

Antiochus.

THOU my *Arsaces* art a Stranger here,
This is th' Apartment of the Charming Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* so adores,
The Universe is his, and he is hers:
Here from the Court himself he oft conceals, 5
And in her Ears his charming story tells,
Whilst I a Vassal for admittance wait,
And am at best but thought importunate.

Arsac. You want admittance! who with generous care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes every-where, 10
Whose Fame throughout the World so loudly rings,
One of the greatest of our Eastern-Kings.
As once you seem'd the Monarch of her Breast,
Too firmly seated to be dispossess,
Nor can the pride she doth in *Titus* take, 15
Already so severe a distance make.

Antio. Yes! still that wretch *Antiochus* I am.
But Love! oh how I tremble at the name;
And my distracted Soul at that doth start,
Which once was all the pleasure of my heart, 20
Since *Berenice* has all my hopes destroid,
And an Eternal silence on me laid.

i. i. *Enter Antiochus* (stage dir.) 5 of t

Arsac. That you resent her pride, I see with Joy,
 'Tis that which does her gratitude destroy ;
 But Friendship wrong'd should into hatred turn, 25
 And you methinks might learn her Art to scorn.

Anti. *Arsaces*, how false Measures dost thou take!
 Remove the *Poles*, and bid the *Sun* go back:
 Invert all Natures Orders, Fates Decrees,
 Then bid me hate the Charming *Berenice*. 30

Arsac. Well, love her still, but let her know your pain,
 Resolve it you shall see, and speak again ;
 Urge to her face your rightful Claim aloud,
 And court her haughtily, as she is proud.

Antio. *Arsaces*, No, she's gentle as a Dove, 35
 Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
 And owes so little for the Vowes I've made,
 That if she pity me, I'm more than paid.

Enter Rutilius.

But see the man I sent, at last returns ;
 Oh how my heart with Expectation burns. 40
Rutilius, have you *Berenice* seen ?

Rut. I have.

Antio. Oh speak! what says the Charming Queen ?

Rut. I prest with difficulty, through the Croud,
 A throng of Court-Attendants round her stood.
 The time now past of his severe retreat, 45
Titus laments no more his Fathers fate.
 Love takes up all his thoughts, and all his cares,
 Whilst he to meet those mighty Joys prepares,
 Which may in *Berenices* arms be found:
 For she this day will be *Romes* Empress crown'd. 50

Anti. What do I hear? Confusion on thy tongue!
 To tell me this, why was thy speech so long?
 Why didst not Ruine with more speed afford?
 Thou mightst have spoke and kill'd me in a word.
 But may I not one Moment with her speak, 55

27 take,

45 servere

48 these | prepares:

49 found,

And my poor heart disclose before it break?

Rut. You shall; for when I told her what you design'd,
She sweetly smil'd, and her fair head inclin'd:
Titus ne'r from her had a look more kind. }

She's here. *Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.*

Berenice. At last from the rude Joy I'm freed, 60
Of those new Friends whom my new fortunes breed.
The tedious form of their respect I shun,
To find out him whose words and heart are one.

Antiochus, for I'll no flattery use
Since your neglect I justly may accuse, 65
How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *East*, and *Rome* it self have seen;
In my worst fate I did your friendship find,
But now I grow more Great, you grow less kind.

Antio. Now durst I hope, I would forget my smart, 70
So well she understands to sooth my heart.
But, Madam, its a truth by Rumour spread,
That *Titus* shall this night possess your bed.

Ber. Sir, All my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell; 75
So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almost doubted Love would ne'r return;
He had not for me that Assiduous heat
As when whole days fixt on my Eyes, he sate.
Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brows did dwell; 80
Oft came and lookt, said nothing but farewell.

Ant. But now his kindness he renews again——

Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompence his pain
For that, if any Faith may be allow'd,
Two thousand Oaths, two thousand times renew'd; 85
Or any Justice in the Powers Divine,
Antiochus, He'll be for ever mine.

Antio. How she insults and triumphs in my ill,
Sh'as with long practice learnt to smile and kill.

67 seen,

82 again,

Oh *Berenice*, Eternally farewell. 90

Ber. Farewell! good Heav'n! what Language do I hear;
Stay! I conjure you Sir—by all that's dear.

Antiochus, What is it I have done?

Why don't you speak?

Antio. Madam I must be gone.

Ber. How Cruelly you use me! I implore 95
The Reason——

Ant. I must never see you more.

Ber. For Heav'ns sake tell, you wound me with delay.

Ant. At least remember I your Laws obey.
Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay?
If the remembrance be'nt Extinguisht quite, 100
Of that blest place where first you saw the light;
'Twas there, oh there began my Endless smart,
When those dear Eyes prevail'd upon my heart;
Then *Berenice* too, my Vowes approv'd,
Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd. 105
He did with Triumph and with Terror come,
And in his hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
First felt his weight, and found my self undone.

Ber. Hah!

Antio. You too, then t'encrease the pains I bore, 110
Commanded me to speak of Love no more.
So on your hand I swore at last t'obey;
And for that taste of Bliss gave all away.

Ber. Why do you study ways t'afflict my mind?
You believe Sir, I am not unkind. 115
Alas I'm sensible how well y'have serv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deserv'd.

Antio. Why in this Empire should I longer stay,
My Passion and its weakness to betray?
Others, though I retire, will bring their Joys, 120
To Crown that Happiness which mine destroys.

Ber. You triumph thus, because your pow'r you know,
92 all's that 103 heart, 114 mind, 119 betray.

Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.
 Though Crown'd *Romes* Empress, I the Throne ascend ;
 What pleasure in my Greatness can I find, 125
 When I shall want my best and truest Friend ?

Ant. I reach your purpose, you would have me there,
 That you might see the worst of my despair.
 I know it, the Ambition of your Soul ;
 Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool. 130
 Yet came this time but to new freight my heart,
 And with more Love possess than ever part.

Ber. Though it could never enter in my mind,
 Since *Cæsar's* Fortunes must with mine be join'd,
 That any Mortal durst so hardy prove, 135
 T'invalidate his Right, and talk to me of Love :
 I bear th' unpleasing Narrative of yours,
 And Friendship, what my Honour shuns, endures.
 Nay more ; Your parting, I with trouble hear,
 For you next him, are to my Soul most dear. 140

Antio. In Justice to my Memory and Fame,
 I fly from *Titus*, that unlucky Name.
 A name which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
 Whilst my poor heart lies bleeding at your feet.
 Farewel: Oh be not at my Ravings griev'd. 145
 When of my death the news shall be receiv'd,
 Remember why I di'd, and what I liv'd——

[*Ex.* Antioch.]

Phæn. I grieve for him, a Love so true as this,
 Deserv'd, methinks, more fortunate success.
 Are you not troubled Madam——

Ber. Yes, I feel 150
 Something within me difficult to quell.

Phæn. You should have staid him.

Ber. Who, I stay him ? no,
 From my Remembrance rather let him go.
 His Fancy does with wild Distraction rove,

126 Friend.
 145 griev'd,

134 join'd.

136 Love.

142 form

Which thy raw ignorance interprets Love. 155

Phæn. *Titus* his thoughts, yet to unfold, denies
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous eyes.

Its rigorous Laws create my fears for you ;

Romans no Forrain Marriages allow.

To Kingly Power still enemies th'ave been, 160

Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.

Ber. *Phœnicia*, no, my time of fear is past,

Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the rest.

The splendor of this night thou hast beheld,

Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd ? 165

These Eagles, fasces, marching all in state:

And crowds of Kings that with their Tributes wait:

Triumphs below, and Blessings from Above,

Seem all at strife to grace this Man of Love

Away *Phœnicia*, let's go meet him strait, 170

I can no longer for his coming wait.

My eager wishes drive me wildly on ;

Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Titus, Paulinus, Attendants.

Titus. **T**O th' *Syrian* King, did you my Message bear ?
And does he know that I expect him here ?

Paul. Sir, in the Queens appartment, He alone
Was seen, but e'r I there arriv'd, was gone.

Tit. 'Tis well *Paulinus* for these ten days past 5
I have to *Berenice* a stranger been:

But you can tell me all—how does the Queen ?

Paul. She does, what speaks, how much she values you ;
When you mourn'd for your Father, she mourn'd too.

So Just a Sorrow in her face was shown, 10
It seem'd as if the Loss had been her own.

Tit. Oh lovely fair one, little dost thou know [*aside.*]

155 ignorance, 158 Laws, 159 allow 166 Eagles 167 wait.
1. ii. *Enter Titus (stage dir.)* 5 past.

How hard a Trial thou must undergo.

Heav'n! oh my heart!

Paul. What is't your Grief should raise
For her whom almost all the *East* obeys? 15

Tit. Command *Paulinus* that these
retreat. { *Paul. moves his*
Rome of my purposes uncertain yet, { *hand and all the*
Expects to know the fortune of the { *rest exit.*

Queen;
Their Murmurings I have heard, and Troubles seen.
The business of our Love, is the Discourse, 20
And expectation of the Universe.

And by the face of my affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I resolve and fix my mind.
Tell me *Paulinus*, justly, and be free,
What says the World of *Berenice* and me? 25

Paul. In every heart you Admiration raise:
All, Your high Vertues, and her Beauty praise.

Tit. Alas! Thou answerst wide of my desire,
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher.
How do they of my sighs and vows approve? 30
Or what expect they from so true a love?

Paul. Love or not love, Sir, all is in your power,
The Court will second still the Emperour.

Tit. Courtiers *Paulinus* seldom are sincere,
To please their Master they have too much care. 35
The Court did *Nero's* horrid Acts applaud,
To all his lusts subscrib'd, and call'd him God.
Th' Idolatrous Court shall never judg for me,
No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee:

What then must *Berenice* expect? declare, 40
Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or severe?
My happiness is plac'd in her alone.

Now they have rais'd me to the Imperial Throne,
Where on my head continual cares must fall,
Will they deny me what may sweeten all? 45

15 obeys. 16 retreat, | *ext.* (stage dir.) 29 nigher 34 sincere

Paul. Her vertues they acknowledg and desert,
 Proclaim indeed she has a Roman heart:
 But she's a Queen, and that alone withstands
 All which her beauty and her worth demands.
 In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd stood, 50
 Never to mix it's race with strangers blood.

Tit. It is a sign they are capricious grown,
 When they despise all vertues but their own.

Paul. *Julius*, who first subdued her to his Arms,
 And quite had silenc'd Laws with Wars alarms, 55
 Burning for *Cleopatra's* love, to Fame
 More just fled from her eyes, and hid his flame.

Tit. But which way from my heart shall I remove,
 So long establisht and deep rooted love?

Paul. The Conflict will be difficult I guess, 60
 But you your rising sorrows must suppress.

Tit. Who can a heart that's not his own controul?
 Her presence was the comfort of my Soul.
 After a thousand Oaths confirm'd in tears,
 By which I vow'd my self for ever hers, 65
 I hop'd with all my Love and all her charms,
 At last to have her in my longing Arms.
 But now I can such rare perfections crown,
 And that my love's more great than overgrown,
 When in one hour a happy Marriage may 70
 Of all my five years vows the tribute pay,
 I go *Paulinus*—how my heart does rise!

Paul. Whether?

Tit. To part for ever from her eyes:
 Tho I requir'd th'assistance of thy zeal,
 To crush a passion that's so hard to quell. 75
 My heart had of it's doom resolv'd before,
 Yet *Berenice* does still dispute the war.
 The conquest of so great a flame must cost
 Conflicts, in which my soul will oft be tost.

46 desert 56 love; 61 suppress, 62-3 given to *Paul.* in some
 copies 63 presenece 71 pay. 72 rise. 73 eyes,

Paul. You in your birth for Empire were design'd, 80
 And to that purpose Heav'n did frame your mind;
 Fate in that day wise providence did shew,
 Fixing the destiny of *Rome* in you.

Tit. My youth rejoyc'd in love and glorious wars,
 But my Remains of life must waste in cares. 85
Rome, my new Conduct, now observes; 'twould be
 Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
 If in my Dawn of power to clear my way
 To happiness, I should her Laws destroy:
 No, I've resolv'd on't, Love and all shall go; 90
 Alas! it must, since *Rome* will have it so.
 But how shall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

Paul. You must resolve to go and visit her,
 Sooth her sad heart, and on her patience win,
 Then by degrees——

Tit. But how shall I begin? 95
 Oh my *Paulinus*, I have oft design'd
 To speak my thoughts, but still they stay'd behind.
 I hop'd as she discern'd my troubl'd Brest,
 She might a little at the cause have guest;
 But nought suspecting, as I weeping lay, 100
 With her fair hand she'd wipe the tears away,
 And in that mist never the loss perceiv'd
 Of the sad Heart she had too much believ'd;
 But now a firmer constancy I take,
 Either my heart shall vent its grief, or break. 105
 I thought to have met *Antiochus*, and here
 All I e're lov'd surrender'd to his care.
 To morrow he conducts her to the East,
 And now I go to sigh, and look my last.

Paul. I ne're expected less from that Renown, 110
 Which all your Actions must with glory crown.

Tit. How lovely's glory, yet how cruel too!
 How much more fair and charming were she now,
 If through eternal dangers to be won,

86 observes

110 wanting in some copies

114 won!

So I might still call *Berenice* my own. 115

In *Nero's* Court where I was bred, my mind

By that example to all ills inclin'd,

The loose wild paths of pleasures I pursu'd,

Till *Berenice* first taught me to be good.

She taught me Vertue, but oh! cursed *Rome!* 120

The good I owe her, must her wrong become.

For so much Vertue and Renown so great;

For all the Honour I did ever get:

Her for whose sake alone, I fame pursu'd,

I must forgo to please the Multitude. 125

Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,

You have the bounds of *Palestine* enlarg'd.

Even t' *Euphrates*, her wide power extends;

So many Kingdoms *Berenice* commands.

Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Griefs must on her dwell!

I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well; 131

To greatness she so little did incline,

Her heart ask'd never any thing but mine.

Let's talk no more of her; *Paulinus*.

Paul. Why?

Tit. The thought of her, but shakes my constancy, 135

Yet in my heart if doubts already rise,

What will it do when I behold her eyes?

Enter *Rutilius*.

Rutil. Sir, *Berenice* desires admittance here——

Tit. Paulinus——Oh!

Paul. Can you already fear?

So soon are all your resolutions shook? 140

Now Sir's the time—— [Ex. Rut.]

Enter *Berenice*, *Phænicia* and *Attendants*.

Tit. I have no power to look.

Ber. Sir, be n't displeased, that I thus far presume,
It is to pay my gratitude I come.

123 get. 134 Why! 135-7 wanting in some copies 140 shook.
141 look;

Whilst all the Court assembled in my view,
 Admire the Favours you on me bestow; 145
 It were unjust, should I remain alone,
 Silent, as though I had a sense of none.
 Your mourning's done, and you from griefs are free,
 Are now your own, and yet not visit me?
 Your present of new Diadems I wait. 150

Oh! give me more content, and less of state.
 Give me a word, a sigh, a look at least,
 In those th' Ambition of my Soul is plac't.
 Was your discourse of me when I arriv'd?
 Was I so happy, may it be believ'd? 155
 Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* so blest;
 Or was I present to your thoughts at least?

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, by the Gods I swear't;
 That *Berenice* is always in my heart.
 Nor time, nor absence, can you thence remove. 160
 My heart's all yours, and you alone I love.

Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and sincere,
 But 'tis with a strange coldness that you swear.
 Why the just Gods to witness did you call?
 I don't pretend to doubt your faith at all. 165
 In you I trust, would onely for you live;
 And what you say I ever must believe.

Tit. Madam!

Ber. Proceed: Alas, whence this surprise?
 You seem confus'd and turn away your eyes.
 Nothing but trouble in your face I find, 170
 Does still a Fathers Death afflict your mind?

Tit. Oh, did my Father good *Vespasian* live,
 How happy should I be!

Ber. Ah, cease to grieve!
 Your tears have reverenc't his mem'ry now.
 Cares are to *Rome*, and your own glory due. 175
 A Father you lament, a feeble grief,
 Whilst for your absence I find no relief.

148 free. 155 happy 168 surprise! 172 live! 173 be. 174 tears,

But in your presence onely take delight,
I, who shall dye, if but debarr'd your sight.

Tit. Madam, what is it that your griefs declare? 180
What time d' you choose? For pittys sake forbear
Your Bounties my ingratitude proclaim.

Ber. You can do nothing that deserves that name;
No Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love. 185

Tit. No Madam! No, my heart (since I must speak)
Was ne're more full of Love or half so like to break.
But——

Ber. What?

Tit. Alas!

Ber. Proceed.

Tit. The Empire Rome——

Ber. Well.

Tit. Oh, the dismal secret will not come——
Away *Paulinus*, e're i'm quite undone. 190
My Speech forsakes me and my heart's all stone.

[*Ex.* *Tit.* *Paul.*

Ber. So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus how have I this deserv'd from you?
What have I done, *Phœnicia*? tell me, speak.

Phæn. Does nothing to your memory appear: 195
That might provoke him——?

Ber. By all that's to me dear,
Since the first hour I saw his face, till now,
Too much of Love, is all the guilt I know.
This silence is too rude, and racks my breast, }
In the uncertainty I cannot rest. } 200
He knows, *Phœnicia*, all my moments past.
Perhaps he's jealous of the *Syrian* King;
'Tis that's the root whence all this change must spring.
Titus, this Victory I shall not boast.
I wish the Gods would try me to the most. 205
With a more potent Rival, tempt my heart,

One that would make me greater than thou art.
 Then my dear *Titus*, shouldst thou soon discern,
 How much for thee I all mankind would scorn.
 Let's go, *Phœnicia*, with one gentle word
 He will be satisfied, and I restor'd:

210

"My Injur'd truth by my compliance find,
 "And if he has a heart he must be kind.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]*Ends the first Act.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus and Arsaces.

Tit. **A***ntiochus!* y'have done your Friendship wrong,
 In that y'have kept this Secret hid so long.
 What is't that your departure does incite,
 Which not unjustly, I may call a Flight?
 Tho on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
 So highly seem with Fortunes favour grac'd;
 As if she nothing further had to grant:
 I more than ever, do your friendship want.

5

Ant. Sir, your great kindness I so well did know,
 I durst not stay where I so much did owe.
 When first *Judæa* heard your loud alarms,
 You made me your Companion in your arms.
 Nay, nearer to you did with friendship joyn,
 And lodg'd the secrets of your Brest in mine.
 Yet all this goodness but augments my sin,
 For I have false and most ungrateful been.

10

15

Tit. I can't forget that to your arms alone,
 I owe the half of all I ever won:
 Witness those precious Spoils you hither brought,
 Won from the *Jews* when on my side you fought.
 To all those Purchases I lay no claim;
 Your heart and friendship are my only aim.

20

213 he, must II. i. 4 Fright?

Ant. My Heart! my Friendship! Heav'n, how you mistake!
On my deceit how weak a gloss you make!
When first you thought your self of me possest, 25
You took a very Serpent to your brest.

Tit. *Antiochus*, I find where thou art stung,
Tell me th' officious Slave that does me wrong.
Some base Detractor has my Honour stain'd,
And in your easie heart a Credit gain'd; 30
Abus'd and told you *Titus* is unjust;
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I must.
Tho you unkindly from your friend would run,
And own th' injustice which you think I've done.

Ant. Oh *Titus*, if I durst but speak my heart; 35
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part.
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Disease in't, I must shun or dye.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When most your friend, I shall appear your foe. 40

Tit. I either to your heart a stranger am,
Or sure *Antiochus* is not the same:
What else should make you not your mind declare?
What is't that you dare say, I dare not hear?

Ant. If then, what e'r I utter, you dare hear, 45
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your heart with Temper; well 'tis this:

Tit. Go on——

Anti. I love the charming *Berenice*.

Tit. Hah!

Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
Till you came on and robb'd me of the prize. 50
When at your Armies head you did appear,
You sackt *Jerusalem* and conquer'd her.

Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wish to find,
Than him that dares be just and tell his mind.
So far's Resentment from my heart remov'd, 55
That *Berenice* is by my friend belov'd,

30 gain'd. 48 on, 55 remov'd; 56 belov'd.

That I, *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
 For she was made to be ador'd by all:
 And happy he that shall possess her.

Ant. True,
 But 'tis fit none should be so blest but you, 60
 And *Berenice* for none could be design'd,
 But him that's the Delight of all Mankind.
 'Tis for this cause to *Syria* I repair,
 For when you're blest no envy should be near.

Tit. O my *Antiochus*, when thou shalt see, 65
 How small's the happiness in store for me:
 Thou needst not fear thy Envy, let me have
 Thy pitty and thy aid, 'tis that I crave.
 My best and truest friend, you must be so,
 For there's none fit for't in the World but you. 70
 None but a King, my Rival and my friend,
 Is fit to speak the torments of my mind.
 In my behalf you *Berenice* must see.

Antio. Is that an office, *Titus*, fit for me?
 Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear, 75
 But you must too solícite my despair?
 I swore for ever from her to depart;
 Alas! and dare not trust again my heart.
 Your passion by another may be shown,
 I have enough to do to rule my own. 80

Tit. He that so well his own misfortunes bears,
 Can best instruct her how to temper hers.
 Nay, my *Antiochus*, you must not start. }
 I know by mine, your news will shake her heart, }
 For I must too, for ever from her part. } 85

Antio. You part?

Tit. Yes! curst necessity! 'tis true,
 She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you,
 In whom alone I sum'd up all Delight,
 Must be for ever banish'd from my sight.

Antio. It cannot be. No Slave that wears her Chains,

59 her;

87 you.

Upon so easie terms his Freedom gains. 91

Tit. Lord of the World, my Empire wide does flow,
I can make Kings, and can depose 'em too.
The stubborn'st hearts must to my power bow down,
And yet I am not Master of my own. 95

Rome that to Kings so long a foe has been,
Will not admit my marriage with the Queen.
If *Berenice* to morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outrageous tongues, she'll hear 100
The news I dread to tell, and you to bear.

Antio. Now if my heart was to Revenge alli'd,
How might I triumph in her falling Pride!
To see her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with 'em all her tortur'd soul upbraid. 105
But, *Titus*, I'm more just, and rather mor'd,
That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit. When I the Imperial Power did first assume,
I firmly swore t'uphold the Rights of *Rome*;
Should I to follow Love, from Glory fly, 110
Forsake my Throne, in every Vassal's eye,
How mean and despicable must I prove!
An Emperor led about the World by love!
No, Prince, the fatal story you must tell,
And bid from me, poor *Berenice* farewell. 115
But if the hopes of reigning in my heart
May any ease to her sad mind impart;
Swear, friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
Entire I will preserve her ever there.
Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than she, 120
My Reign but a long Banishment shall be,
From all those Joys that wait on Pomp and Power.
To morrow she her journey hence must take,
And so I all that e'r I lov'd, forsake.
Her to your Care and Conduct I commend, 125
For tho my Rival, as a King and Friend,

92 World

101 to hear.

126 Rival

The dearest Treasure I dare with you trust.

Antio. Sir, do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust :
Her charms that made me my own Fame forgo,
Will be too apt to make me false to you. 130

Tit. No more ; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
Firm still in Dangers found thee by my side.
Thou knew'st my Love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd,
When all thy hopes by my success were quell'd ·
Even at that time thou didst no falshood show, 135
And wilt not wrong me on advantage now. [*Exit. Titus.*

Antio. No, I'll not see her, neither dare I go :
Too soon from others her hard lot she'll know.
Dost thou not think her Fate's enough severe,
Unless that I th' unwelcome Message bear ? 140
I who her hate, enough have felt before,
And need not seek new ways to purchase more.

Arsa. See, she approaches, now the Coward play,
And when you might have Conquer'd run away.

Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.

Antio. Oh Heaven!

Ber. My Lord, I see you are not gone, 145
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.

Antio. You came not here *Antiochus* to find,
The visit to another was design'd.
Cæsar, and 'tis on him the blame must light,
If now my presence here offend your sight. 150
Th' are his Commands, are guilty of the sin :
It may be else I had at *Ostia* been.

Ber. His friends are always with his presence Grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be so blest.

Antio. Too much his prejudice upon you gain'd : 155
'Twas for your sake alone I was detain'd.

Ber. For mine ? away.

Antio. *Tyrannick* fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here only to talk of you.

127 trust ;

136 *Exit after l. 135*

141 I who'm

Ber. Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly art,
Y' are brave and should not mock an easie heart. 160
In my distress, what pleasure could you see?
Alas! or what could *Titus* say of me?

Antio. Better a thousand times than I can tell,
So firm a passion in his heart does dwell.
When you are nam'd, he's from himself transform'd, 165
And every way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his face does like a Tyrant rise,
And Majesty's no longer in his eyes.
But there are things behind I dare not speak :
For at the news your tender heart would break. 170

Ber. How Sir?

Antio. Ere night the truth of what I've said you'll know,
And then, I doubt not, Justifie me too.
Farewell.

Ber. Oh, Heaven what can this Language mean!
You see before your eyes a wretched Queen. 175
Sir, of my quiet, if you have such care,
Or if my self your eyes held ever dear,
Dispel this mist of trouble from my Soul.

Antio. Madam, your self excuse,
For your own sake it is that I refuse. 180
'Twill not be long before the doubt's remov'd.

Ber. You told me once *Antiochus*, you lov'd;
But sure 'twas only that you might betray;
Or else you more would fear to disobey.

Antio. I disobey you! ask my life and try, 185
How gloriously I for your sake can dye.
It would by far, be the more welcome fate,
Then now to speak, and ever gain your hate.

Ber. No Sir, you never shall my hatred find,
'Tis my desire, and you must be so kind. 190
Will you?—

Antio. Heaven this constraint is worse than death,
You drive, and will not give me time to breath.

185 you, 187 fate.

Oh, Madam! put me to no further pain.

Ber. Must I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Henceforward Prince, either the truth relate, 195
Forbear or be assur'd for ever of my hate.

Antio. My heart was always yours, and is so still:
For ever must depend upon your Will.
I wish another way, your power you'd try'd:
But you're resolv'd, and must be satisfi'd; 200
Yet flatter not your self, I shall declare
Those horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.
You cannot but believe I know your heart,
Look then to feel me strike its tender'st part.
Titus has told me——

Ber. What? fear no Surprise. 205

Antio. That he must part for ever from your eyes.

Ber. We part! can things another nature take?
Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forsake?

Antio. Perhaps 'tis strange that I shou'd tell you so,
But you shall find I'll do him Justice too. 210
What ever in a heart both kind and great,
Love with despair most dreadful could create,
I saw in his; he weep's, laments, and more
Then ever dos fair *Berenice* adore.
But what avails it, that such love he shows? 215
A Queen suspected to *Romes* Empire grows.
And *Titus* cannot with her Laws dispence,
For therefore 'tis you must be banisht hence.

Ber. What do I hear, alas *Phœnicia*!

Antio. Nay, to morrow is your last and utmost day. 220
In bearing this the Courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty Soul which scorn'd my love.

Ber. Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who so many Oaths, so oft hath sworn?
I'll not believe't, his love and faith's more strong, 225
I'm sure he's guiltless and you do him wrong.

193 too 195 Hence forward 201 declare, 205 me. 210 too.
211 great 212 create. 213 his | more, 218 therfore 220 day,

This is a snare to disunite us laid,
Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.
 No, strait I'll see him, and secure all fear.
 Let's go.

Antio. Too well you may behold him here. 230

Ber. Too well you wish it to perswade it; No,
 In this your base degenerate Soul you show.
 When you no other stratagem could find,
 T' abuse my heart you would betray your friend.
 How e're he prove, Know I your sight abhor, 235
 And from this minute never see me more.

Antio. Oh *Berenice*! remorseless cruel fair!
 Born only for my torment and despair!
 Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd?
 Is this the recompence I have deserv'd? 240
 I who for you did all Ambition wave,
 And left a Kingdom to become your Slave
 Curse on my Fate!

Ber. If e'r my heart you priz'd,
 You never had this cruelty devis'd.
 Never to work my Torment, been thus bold; 245
 And so Triumphantly the story told.
 Away *Phœnicia* no more I'll hear him speak.

[*Ex. Ber. Phæ.*

Antio. Now, my *Arsaces*, would my heart but break!
 But yet I hope in part I've freedom won.
 And what love would not, by her hate sh'as done. 250
 The pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld,
 I left her all Enamour'd, Jealous, Wild.
 But now performing this Ignoble part,
 Perhaps, I'll ever banish her my heart.
 She left me cruelly, and let her go; 255
 My Honour and Repose command it too,
 For ever to my eyes a stranger be,
 Till I have learn't to scorn as well as she. [*Exeunt.*

230 here; 231 it, No; 238 despair, 243 If 're 248 break
in some copies

 ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Berenice in disorder.

Ber. I Of my wrong too well am satisfied;
 To see the perjur'd *Titus*, twice I try'd.
 Twice for admittance to him begg'd in vain:
 Nor is *Phœnicia* yet return'd again.
Phœnicia has no answer to bring back. 5
 Ingrateful *Titus* will not hear her speak:
 But hides himself and from my fury flies:
 Nor will have sense, though *Berenice* dies.

Enter Phœnice.

Phœnice, Well, my *Titus* hast thou seen?
 What, will he come and make me live again? 10

Phæ. Madam, the Emperor I alone did find;
 And saw in his the trouble of your mind;
 I saw the tears he would have hid run down.

Ber. But was he not asham'd they should be shown?
 Look't he not as he thought his Love disgrace? 15
 And was not all the Emperor in his face?

Phæ. Doubt it not, Madam, he will soon be here,
 But wherefore will you this disorder wear?
 Your rifl'd dress let me in order place,
 And these dishevel'd locks that hide your face. 20

Ber. Forbear, *Phœnice*, let it all alone:
 No, he shall see the triumph he has won;
 How vain those foolish ornaments must prove:
 If neither faith nor tears nor means can move!

Enter Antiochus, Arsaces.

Oh, my unruly sorrows! Oh, my fears! 25
 Who's here?

Antio. *Arsaces*, *Berenice* in tears!

III. i. 6 Inrgateful 10 What 26 tears;

Ber. Antiochus! Phœnice, let's away,
To let him see my torments I'll not stay. [Ex.

Antio. Now whither's all my resolution gone?
Arsaces, who could see't and be his own? 30

I said I'd never see her face again:
But come and find my boastings all were vain;
Seeing her sufferings, all her scorn forget,
And lose at once my vengeance and my hate.
Wretched *Antiochus!* with how much care 35

And labours, my own mischiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my injuries have born!
Hopeless, undone and to my self a scorn,
Leave me alone unhappy as I am:
I would not have a witness of my shame. 40

Enter Titus Attended.

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to see her, Oh my heart!
And now I go to see her, but to part.
Rutilius, fly and sooth the Queens despair,
And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.

Antio. What have you done, Sir? *Berenice* will dye; 45
I saw her hence with hair dishevel'd fly.
'Tis only you her fury can surcease.
When e're you're nam'd she's instantly at peace.
Her eyes still bent to your apartment were,
And every moment seem'd to wish you near. 50

Tit. Antiochus, assist me what to do.
I'm not prepar'd, for the sad Interview.
I have not yet consulted well my heart,
And doubt it is not strong enough to part.
Since first I took possession of the Throne, 55
What is it for my honour I have done?
My love and folly only I've disclos'd,
And nothing but my weaknesses expos'd.
The golden days where are they to be found,
So much expected, when this head was Crown'd? 60

Whose tears have I dry'd up? or in what face
 Can I the fruits of any good act trace?
 Know I what years Heaven has for me decreed?
 And of these few, how few are to succeed?
 And yet how many have I spent in wast! 65
 But now to honor I'll make greater hast.
 Alas! 'tis but one blow and all is past.

*Enter Berenice, pressing from Rut<ilius> and
 Paul<inus>.*

Ber. Let me alone, your counsels all are weak.
 See him I must, he's here, and I will speak.
 Has *Titus* then forsook me? is it true? 70
 Must we two part, does he command it too?

Tit. Oh! stop the deluge, which so fiercely flows;
 This is no time t' allay each others woes.
 Enough I feel my own afflictions smart,
 And need not those dear tears to damp my heart. 75
 But if we neither can our griefs command,
 Yet with such honour let 'em be sustain'd,
 As the whole World to hear it told shall smart;
 For dearest *Berenice* we must part.
 And now I would not a dispute maintain, 80
 Whether I lov'd, but whether I must Reign.

Ber. Reign (Cruel) then and satisfie your pride,
 And for your Cruelties be deifi'd.
 I'll ne'r dispute it farther, I but stay'd
 Till *Titus* who so many vows had made, 85
 Of such a Love as nothing could impair,
 Should come himself and tell how false they were.
 Now I believ't, enough I've heard you tell,
 And I am gone—eternally farewell,
 Eternally—Ah, Sir, consider now, 90
 How harsh that word is and how dreadful too.
 Consider, Oh the Miseries they bear,
 That are for ever rob'd of all that's dear.

71 we too

77 sustain'd.

86 impair.

87 were,

From this sad Moment never more to meet,
 Is it for day to dawn, and day to set, 95
 In which I must not find my hopes still young,
 Nor yet once see my *Titus* all day long?
 Heav'ns how I wildly rave—to lose my pains
 On him ungrateful that my tears disdains!
 Of all those days of absence I shall count, 100
 With him, the number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, there will be no need
 To count the days that shall your loss succeed.
 I hope e're long that you will hear from fame,
 How very wretched and how just I am. 105
 My heart bleeds now, I feel the drops run down;
 Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

Ber. Ah why, Sir, must we part if this be true?
 My claims to Marriage I'll no more renew.
 Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my death? 110
 Or why d' ye envy me the air you breath?

Tit. Madam, you are too powerful every way:
 Shall I withstand it? no, for ever stay.
 Then I from bliss must always be debarr'd,
 And on my heart for ever keep a guard; 115
 With fears through all my course of Glory move,
 Lest e're aware I lose my self and Love.
 Ev'n now my heart is from my bosom stray'd,
 And all its swelling's on a sudden laid;
 Bent thus to you by all Loves softest pow'rs, 120
 And only this remembers that 'tis yours.

Ber. O *Titus*, whilst this charming tale you tell,
 D'ye see the *Romans* ready to rebel?

Tit. How they will look on the affront who knows?
 If once they murmur and then fall to blows: 125
 Must I in Battel justifie my Cause?
 Or if they should submit and set their Laws;
 How must I be expos'd another day;

112 way,
 126 Cause;

115 guard.

119 swellings | laid.

124 knows,

And for their Patience too, how largely pay!
 With Grievances and wild Demands still curst, 130
 Shall I dare plead the Laws that break 'em first?

Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
 'Tis plain in your unsteady anxious mind.
 You weigh your Peoples Rights to your own fears,
 But never value *Berenices* tears. 135

Tit. Not value 'em! Why are you so unjust?
 Now by the honour of my Father's dust,
 By Heav'n and all the gods that govern there,
 If to me any thing be half so dear;
 May I be as a Slave, depos'd and serve, } 140
 Or else forlorn in some wild Desart starve, }
 Till I'm as wretched as my ills deserve.

Ber. Laws you may change, why will you for their sake,
 Into your brest eternal sorrows take?
Rome has her Priviledges, have not you 145
 Your Int'rests, your Rights as sacred too?
 Say, speak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my brest!
 I know indeed I never can have rest;
 And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change.
 Do, break my heart and take your full Revenge. 150

Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honor keep!
 You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!

Tit. I grant it, I am sensible I do,
 I weep, alas! I sigh and tremble too.
 For when to Empire first I did attain, 155
Rome made me swear I would her Rights maintain.
 I did, and must perform what I then vow'd,
 Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd:
 And 'tis their Honor: yet in leaving you;
 All their Austerest Laws I shall out-do. 160
 And an Example leave so brave and great,
 As none shall ever after imitate.

Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard,

135 tears?

149 change,

Go on, and Infamy be your reward.
Long since my fears your falshood had display'd; 165
Nor would I at your Sute have longer stay'd.
Would I the base Indignities had born,
Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn?
No, to this breach I would have spurr'd you on,
And I am pleas'd it is already done. 170
No longer shall the fear of me prevail;
Alas! you must not think to hear me rail;
Or Heav'n invoke, its vengeance to prepare;
No, for if Heav'n vouchsafe to hear my Pray'r,
I beg no memory may there remain, 175
Of either your Injustice, or my Pain. [Kneels.
But the sad *Berenice* before she dies,
Is sure to have Revenge if you have eyes.
Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
No further than that heart, I have it there: 180

[Points to his brest.

Within your self shall rise your dreadfull'st foe;
My past Integrities, my Torments now;
Which you, ungrateful perjur'd Man, have bred:
My blood which in your Palace I shall shed,
Sufficient terrors to your Soul shall give, 185
And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave.

[Exit furiously.

Paul. Thus, Sir, at least the Conquest you have won,
The Queen you see's contented to be gone.

Tit. Curse on thy *Roman* Rudeness, that canst see
Such tears, unmov'd, and mock such Misery! 190
Oh! I am lost, and 'tis in vain to strive,
If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.

Fly and prevent that Fate to which she's gone.
Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own. [Exit Rut.

Paul. Sir, if I might advise, you should not send, 195
Rather command her women to attend;
They better can her Melancholy chear;

183 bred,

184 shed.

The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to fear.
 I saw your melting Pity when she wept,
 And my rough heart but very hardly scap'd. 200

Yet look a little farther and you'll find
 That, spite of all, your fortune yet is kind.
 What triumphs the whole World prepares, you'll see,
 And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

Tit. Who for Barbarity would be ador'd? 205
 I hate my self. *Nero*, so much abhor'd,
 That bloody Tyrant, whom I blush to name;
 Was never half so cruel as I am.

No, I'll pursue the Queen, she loves me still,
 Will pardon me when at her feet I kneel: } 210
 Let's go, and let proud *Rome* say what it will.

Paul. How Sir?

Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I say:
 Excess of Sorrow drives my mind astray.

Paul. O follow where your full Renown does lead,
 Your last adieu's Report abroad has spread. 215

Rome that did mourn, does now new triumphs frame,
 The Temples fume with Offerings to your name:
 The people wild in the applause y'have won,
 With Laurel Wreaths to crown your Statues run.

Tit. By that their Salvage natures they betray, 220
 For so wild beasts roar o'r their murder'd prey.

Who would have sense the sweets of power to prize?
 Since most in danger when we highest rise:

For who by Greatness e'r did happy grow?
 None but the heavy Slave is truly so, 225

Who travels all his life in one dull road,
 And drudging on in quiet, loves his load;
 Seeking no farther than the needs of Life,
 Knows what's his own, and so exempt from strife, } 230
 And cherishes his homely careful wife;
 Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;

202 That all	205 ador'd!	206 self, <i>Nero</i>	218 won
219 crown,	222 prize!	225 so	227 load.
			230 wife.

Has all, because he cannot much desire.
 Had I been born so low, I had been blest,
 Of what I love, without controul possess;
 Never had Honour or Ambition known, 235
 Nor ever to be Great, had been undone.

[*Shout within.*

Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their state,
 I'th' name of all the Empire for you wait,
 They'r follow'd too by an impatient throng,
 Who seem to murmur, you delay so long. 240

Tit. Toyle me no more, disperse that clamorous Rout :
 Tell 'em they shall no more have cause to doubt ;
 The Queens departure they'll to morrow see,
 And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
 Take this *Paulinus* : bear it to the Queen, 245

[*Writes on a Tablet.*

For should we meet, I must relapse again ;
 I h've bid her here eternally adieu,
 Stay while she reads it, and her troubles view, }
 And bring me faithful word, as thou art true. }
 Hold! oh my Heart! yet go, it must be done, 250
 For what's necessity, we cannot shun.
 Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
 Or a new Being to my self could give ;
 Some monstrous and unheard of Shape now find,
 As Salvage, and as Barbarous as my mind. 255
Antiochus!

Enter Antiochus, Attendants, Arsaces

Ant. My last Adieu to pay,
 I come, and dare in *Rome* no longer stay.
 My griefs, and my afflictions, grow so high ;
 If not by absence slacken'd, I must dye.
Tit. What reason have the happy to repine? 260
 Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
 With all her charms receive her to thy brest,

233 blest 234 possess. 250 it it 253 give.

And be of all I ever lov'd, possest.

Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my pain :
I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!

265

No, should I stay to see you when you part,
Tho I am sure the sight would break my heart,
Yet she, as still my prayers have been deny'd,
Tho I but beg'd one blessing ere I dy'd,
Even then with scorn would throw me from her side.

270

Tit. Oh Heaven! she's entring, from her Charms lets fly:
I know my weakness; if I stay, I dye.
Meet, and prevent her——

[*Ex.* Titus.]

Enter Berenice, &c.

Ber. How he hasts away!

Ingrateful! Dearest Perjur'd *Titus*, stay. [*kneels.*
Afflictions catch him, great as those I bear.

275

My Lord, at last I have receiv'd my Doom : <to Antioch.>

'Tis seal'd; but ere I part from you and *Rome*,

I ask, and I your pardon would receive :

Can you the wrongs which I have done, forgive?

Ant. I never any Injuries did find;
No, *Berenice* has always been too kind.

280

With one soft word, how suddenly I'm lost,

And have no sense of my disgraces past!

But must I then for ever lose you so?

I am no *Roman*, nor was ere your foe.

285

No, rather here continue, and be Great,

Whilst I live ever hopeless at your feet.

Ber. Should I stay here and my wrongs tamely bear
From him that shuns, and flies me every where?

I have a nobler mind, and you shall see

290

I can disdain and scorn as much as he :

For tho 'tis true I never can be yours;

Both *Rome* and him my heart this hour abjures.

Ant. To banish him your heart, whilst you prepare,
What will you do with all the Love that's there?

295

There's no one Mortal can deserve it all,

291 fly,

292 true,

And sure a little to my share might fall.

Ber. Oh of that killing Subject, talk no more,
I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.
Love for another struck me with his Dart, 300
And 'tis not in my power to force my heart.

Ant. When first my Passion was disdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your esteem.
But now at last his breach of Faith you see, }
And bear it nobly too : how can it be } 305
T' your self so Just, and yet so hard to me? }

Ber. What cruel storms, and fierce assaults you make,
To batter down a heart you cannot take!
Till you have broke it, will you not give o'r ?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more. 310

Antio. O stay, since of the Victory you are }
secure, }
Pitty the pains and anguish I endure ; } [*Kneels.*
In wounds which you and none but you can cure. }
Look back, whilst at your feet my self I cast,
And think the sigh that's coming is my last. 315
My heart it's sad eternal farewell takes :
Be but so kind to see me when it breaks.

Ber. Rise, rise my Lord. The Emperor's return'd.
Conduct me hence, let me not more be scorn'd.

Enter Titus.

Tit. How am I lost! resolve on what I will, 320
Spite of my self I wander this way still.
Why would you *Berenice* my presence shun ?

Ber. No! I'll hear nothing, I've resolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my sight ?
Why come you thus t'exasperate my despair? 325
Are you yet not content? I know you are.

Tit. If ever yet my heart was dear to yours;
By all our plighted vows, those softest hours
In which for ever to be true I swore,

305 *Query?* can you

309 it Will

I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

330

Ber. I till to morrow had your leave to stay;
But my resolves are to be gone to day.
And I depart.

Tit. No journey must you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his griefs forsake?
No! Stay——

Ber. I stay! Ungrateful as you are, 335
For what? a Peoples rude affronts to bear,
That with the sound of my misfortune rend
The Clouds, and shouts to Heaven in Vollys send?
Does not their cruel joy yet reach your ears,
Whilst I alone Torment my self in tears? 340
By what offence or crime are they thus mov'd?
Alas! what have I done, but too much Lov'd?

Tit. D'you mind the voice of an outrageous throng?
I ever thought your constancy more strong.
Never believ'd your heart so weak could be, 345
Whose powerful charms had captivated me.

Ber. All that I see distraction does create,
These rich Apartments and this Pompous State.
These Places where I spent my happiest hours,
And plighted all my Vows, false Man, to yours. 350
All, as most vile Impostors I detest,
How strangely, *Titus*, might we have been blest!

Tit. This art to torture souls where did you learn?
Or was it in your nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice*! how you destroy me!

Ber. No, 355
Return and to your famous Senate go;
That for your cruelties applaud you so.
Have you not honour to your full delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more in expiation can you do? 360
Have you not ever sworn to hate me too?

335 are. 336 bear. 355 After me! *Q* r prints what was
perhaps prompter's instruction. Attendants, bring your Chair nearer.

Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
 Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?
 This hard suspicion was unjustly urg'd,
 'Gainst a poor heart too much before surcharg'd. 365
 Oh Madam! know me better, and recall
 The wrong; since first I at your feet did fall
 Count all the single days and minutes past,
 Wherein my vows and my desires I prest.
 And at this time your greatest Conquest know, 370
 For you were never so belov'd as now.
 Nor ever——

Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own,
 Yet you your self command me to be gone.
 Is my despair so charming to your view?
 D' you think the tears I shed are all too few? 375
 Of such a heart, a vain return you make.
 No never call those dear Idea's back.
 But suffer me in this belief to rest;
 That secretly, long since exil'd your breast,
 I only from a faithless wretch depart, 380
 And one that never lays the loss to heart.
 If you had Lov'd me, this had nere been sent,
 Here you have commanded me to banishment.

[*Opens the Tablets.*

What wondrous Love you bear me this doth show.
 Read, read, ungrateful, read and let me go. 385

[*Gives him the Tablets.*

Tit. You shall not go, I have not given consent,
 Nor will I ever to your banishment.
 Your cruel resolution I descry,
 To be reveng'd of me you seek to dye.
 And then of all I love, except the pain, 390
 Nought but the sad remembrance will remain.

Antiochus! be thou a witness here { *Ber. sinks down*
 Of all my misery and my despair. { *in a Chair.*

367 wrong, | fall. 369 Where in 376 make, 385 the *Tabletto*
 (*stage dir.*)

Antio. Despair's a Theam I only understand;
 You, if you will, your wishes may command. 395
 Such Beauty ready for possession see,
 And leave that ugly hag Despair, to me.

Tit. Behold these eyes how dull and dark they grow!
 Madam, when at your feet I fall thus low, [Kneels.
 Vouchsafe my sad afflictions to believe, 400
 Alas! 'tis all the ease I'm like to have.
 When first the dreadful minute I beheld;
 That by my duty and the Laws compel'd,
 I found it forc'd that you must hence depart,
 Though nothing e're can banish you my heart; 405
 'Twas then my soul had first a sense of fears,
 Foreseeing your reproaches and your tears.
 I then expected, Madam, all the weight
 Of woes that can on worst misfortunes light.
 But whatsoever fears opprest my heart, 410
 I find I but foresaw the lesser part.
 I thought my vertue not so apt to bow;
 And am asham'd 'tis thus intangled now.

Ber. Let me alone and vex my soul no more,
 You of your vertue talk't enough before. 415
 Urge it not still to aggravate my shame.
 When Crown'd with conquest from the wars you came,
 I know you brought me but to fill your state;
 For else the triumph had not been complete.

Tit. Since you have then resolv'd: It shall be so. 420
 And judg by this if y'are belov'd or no.
 No longer Torments on my soul shall prey,
 Since I to freedom see so brave a way;
 A way by more than one great Roman shown,
 Who, when their Misery's had prest 'em down, 425
 Propt from within, shook off with life, the
 weight, { *Offers to*
 And thus fell nobly grappling with their fate. { *stab him-*
 { *self.*

Ber. Oh stay! to wrong me more what way d'ye take?
 398 *Antio.* Behold those 404 depart 405 heart. 428 dy'e

Would *Titus* die for *Berenices* sake?

I see the blow you cruelly prepare 430

To wound that breast where I, you say, have share.

To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done,

No, rather strike this heart, that's all your own.

Tit. Best of thy sex! and dearest, now I see
How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee. 435

Hence, ye perplexing Cares, that clog a brain,
Whilst struck with extasie, I here fall down. [Kneels.

Thus at your feet a happy prostrate laid,

I'm much more blest than if the world I swaid.

Ber. Now the blest *Berenice* enough has seen: [Kneels.

I thought your Love had quite extinguisht been: 441

But 'twas my error, for you still are true.

Your heart is troubled, and your tears I view.

Ev'n my worst sufferings much o'repaid I see,

Nor shall th' unhappy world be curst for me. 445

Nothing since first 'twas yours, my love would shake,

So absolute a Conquest did you make.

But now I'll bring it to the utmost test,

And with one fugal Act crown all the rest.

Tit. Hah! tell me *Berenice* what will you do? 450

Ber. Far from your sight and *Rome* for ever go:

I have resolv'd on't, and it shall be so.

Tit. *Antiochus!* I'm born to be undone;
When I the greatest conquest thought t'have won: }
Ev'n in my noblest race I am out-run. 455

But thou wer't always gen'rous, always kind;

Your enlarg'd Kingdom shall to hers be joyn'd.

And now how much you are my faithful friend,

In being so to her, you'll best express. { *Falling on*

Never forsake her in sad distress. { *his neck.*

Where e're she goes, for ever with her be. 461

And sometimes in my absence sigh for me.

Antio. *Arsaces!* on thy bosome let me lye,

Whilst I but take one last dear look, and die.

434 see.

436 Hence ye,

445 me,

458 friend;

Ber. No live : and by a generous strife out-do 465
Us both, and of your self be conqu'rour too.
Farewel.

Let us all three a rare example prove :
Of a most tender though unhappy love.
Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I restore. 470
Farewell and reign, I'll never see you more. [*Ex. Ber.*

Antio. Oh Heaven!

Tit. She's gone and all I valu'd lost :
Now Friend, let *Rome* of her great Emp'ror boast.
Since they themselves first taught me cruelty,
I'll try how much a Tyrant I can be. 475
Henceforth all thoughts of pitty I'll disown,
And with my arms the Universe ore-run ;
Rob'd of my Love, through ruins purchase fame,
And make the world's as wretched as I am.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

473 *Rome,*

477 ore-run.

T H E Cheats of Scapin.

Act First. Scene First.

Enter Octavian, Shift.

Oct. **T**HIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already.

Sh. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning? 5

Sh. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to Marry me?

Sh. Yes, Sir, To Marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Sh. Advise you? 10

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Sh. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busie in Contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first prudent, and then 15 good natur'd.

Oct. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happen'd in his absence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

Sh. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily; 20 methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Oct. Dis-inheriting is the least I can expect.

Sh. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in Love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover-Coach*; she is indeed a good 25

1. i. *Enter Octavian (stage dir.)*

smug Lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some——

Oct. Villain.

Sh. I have done, Sir, I have done.

30 *Oct.* I have no Friend that can appease my Father's anger, and now I shall be betrayed to want and misery.

Sh. For my part, I know but one Remedy in our misfortunes.

Oct. Prithee what is it?

35 *Sh.* You know that Rogue and arch-Cheat *Scapin*.

Oct. Well; What of him?

Sh. There is not a more subtle Fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly Cheated; 'tis such a Wheadling Rogue, I'll undertake in two hours he shall
40 make your Father forgive you all, nay, allow you Money for your necessary Debauches: I saw him in three days make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymist and Projector.

Oct. He is the fittest person in the World for my Business; the Impudent Varlet can do any thing with the
45 peevish old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll set him a work immediately.

Sh. See where he comes——Monsieur *Scapin*!

Enter *Scapin*.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Sh. I have been giving my Master a brief Account of thy
50 most Noble Qualities: I told him, thou wert as Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, Sincere as Whores, Honest as Pimps in want.

Scap. Alas Sir! I but Copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you scorn the Gibbets, Halts and Prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

55 *Oct.* Oh *Scapin*! I am utterly ruin'd without thy assistance.

Scap. Why? What's the matter good Mr. *Octavian*?

Oct. My Father is this day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a resolution to Marry me.

60 *Scap.* Very well.

Oct. Thou knowest I am already Married; How will my Father resent my Disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Marriage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it. 65

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well: I am publick-spirited; I love to help distressed young Gentlemen, and thank Heav'n I have had good success enough.

Oct. Besides, My present want must be considered, I am in rebellion without any Money. 70

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occasion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority, ruin such little Undertraders as I am. 75

Oct. Well, Get thee straight about thy Bus'ness: Canst thou make no use of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his assistance; the Knave has Cunning, and may be useful.

Sh. Ay Sir; But like other wise Men, I am not over-80 Valiant: Pray leave me out of this Bus'ness; my Fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Scap. I stand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou hast enough of that: Come, come, thou shalt along; What, Man, stand out for a Beating? That's 85 the worst can happen.

Sh. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Oct. Here comes my dearest *Clara*.

Cl. Ah me *Octavian*! I hear sad News: They say, your Father is return'd. 90

Oct. Alas! 'Tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the World; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but yours: How can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduc'd?

Clar. Love shall teach me, that can make all things 95

easie to us, which is a sign it is the chiefest good: But I have other Cares; Will you be ever constant? Shall not your Father's Severity constrain you to be false?

Oct. Never, my dearest, never.

¹⁰⁰ *Clar.* They that love much, may be allow'd some fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Clar. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

¹⁰⁵ *Scap.* You must appear resolute at first: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Souldier; or what will frighten him worse, say you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Composition.

¹¹⁰ *Oct.* What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your Father, very grave and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small Courtier
¹¹⁵ upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more surlily:—
 Very well:—Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority.
 —*Octavian*, Thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas they are not tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a Father beget so lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I
¹²⁰ think thy Mother Vertuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate-Bird*, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick hast thou play'd me in my absence? Marry'd? Yes: but to whom? Nay that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you, some Waiting-Woman corrupted in a Civil Family, and
¹²⁵ reduc'd to one of the Play-Houses, remov'd from thence by some Keeping Coxcomb, or—

Cl. Hold *Scapin*, Hold—

Scap. No offence Lady, I speak but anothers words.

Thou abominable Rascal, thou shalt not have a groat,
¹³⁰ not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my house—Why Sir, you reply not

107 say,

117 Octavian,

123 you

129 shall.

a word, but stand as bashfully, as a Girl that's examin'd by a Bawdy Judge, about a Rape.

Oct. Look yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay *Shift*, and get you two gone, let me alone to ¹³⁵ manage the old fellow. [*Exit Oct. and Clara.*]

Enter Thrifty.

Th. Was there ever such a rash action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Business, and is now so full of it, that he vents it to himself.

Th. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves. ¹⁴⁰

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a distance.*]

Th. Will they be so Impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Th. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may doe. 145

Th. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Th. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son fast.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Th. And for that Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'll thrash him ¹⁵⁰ to death, I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Sh. I wondred he had forgot me so long.

Th. Oh Oh! Yonder the Rascal is, that brave Governour, he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoyed at your safe return. 155

Th. Good morrow *Scapin*, <to *Shift*> indeed you have followed my Instructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himself very prudently in my absence, has he not Rascal, has he not?

Scap. I hope you are very well. 160

Th. Very well——<to *Shift*> Thou sayst not a word Varlet, thou sayst not a word.

Scap. Had you a good Voyage Mr. *Thrifty*?

Th. Lord Sir! A very good Voyage, pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler. 165

152 *Th.* I wondred

Scap. Would you be in Choler Sir?

Th. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Th. With that confounded Rogue there.

170 *Scap.* Upon what reason?

Th. Upon what reason? hast thou not heard what hath happened in my absence?

Scap. I have heard a little Idle story.

Th. A little Idle story, quoth a! why Man, my Son's
175 undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried, but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Th. I am not of your opinion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

180 *Scap.* Lord Sir, I have stormed about this business as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him indeed, Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well, to wrong so good a Father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do, 'till at last, when
185 I had well examined the Business, I found you had not so much wrong done you as you Imagine.

Th. How not wrong done me to have my Son married without my consent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas he was ordained to it.

190 *Th.* That's fine indeed, we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordained to it.

Scap. Truly I did not think you so subtile a Phylosopher, I mean he was fatally engaged in this affair.

Th. Why did he Engage himself?

195 *Scap.* Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wise as your self, young men will have their follies, witness my charge *Leander*; who has gon and thrown away himself at a stranger rate then your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young
200 your self; yes I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Th. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a man may

172 absence. 174 story. Quoth a! 185 Business

be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas he was so in Love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hang'd himself. 205

Sh. Must! why he had already done it, But that I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

Th. Didst thou cut the rope, Dog? 'Ile Murther thee for that; thou shouldest have let him hang.

Scap. Besides, her Kindred surprized him with her, and 210 forc't him to marry her.

Th. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord Sir, he scorn'd that.

Th. Then might I easily have disanulled the Marriage. 215

Scap. Disanul the marriage?

Th. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the marriage.

Th. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No. 220

Th. What shall not I claim the priviledge of a Father, and have the Satisfaction for the violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

Th. He will not consent to!

Scap. No. Would you have him confess he was hector'd 225 into any thing? that is to declare himself a Coward: Oh fie Sir, one that has Honour of being your Son, can never do such a thing.

Th. Pish, talk not to me of Honour, he shall do it or be dis-inherited. 230

Scap. Who shall dis-inherit him?

Th. That will I Sir.

Scap. You dis-inherit him! very good.

Th. How very good?

Scap. You shall not dis-inherit him. 235

Th. Shall not I dis-inherit him?

Scap. No.

Th. No!

Scap. No.

240 *Th.* Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my Son?

Scap. No I tell you.

Th. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas Sir, your own self Sir; your own self.

245 *Th.* I my self?

Scap. Yes Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Th. You shall find I can Sir.

Scap. Come you deceive your self, Fatherly affection must show it self, it must, it must; do not I know you
250 were ever tender hearted.

Th. Y'are mistaken Sir, Y'are mistaken:—Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle tattle with this Idle fellow?—Hang-dog go find out my rake-hell—— [to Shift.
whilst I go to my Brother *Gripe* and Inform him of my
255 misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time if I can do you any service.—

Th. Oh! I thank you Sir, I thank you.—

[*Exit Thrift*<y>].

Shift. I must confess thou art a brave Fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better posture—but the money, the
260 money—we are abominable poor, and my Master has lean Vigilant dunns that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded Daughter.

Scap. Your money shall be my next care—let me see,
265 I want a fellow to—Canst thou not Counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alsatia*?—Stalk—look big—very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

Sh. Pray take a little care and lay your plot so that I may not act the Bully all wayes, I would not be beaten
270 like a Bully.

Scap. We'l share the danger, we'l share the danger.

[*Exeunt*].

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Thrifty* and *Gripe*.

Gr. **S**Ir, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath strangely frustrated our Designs.

Thr. Sir, trouble not your self about my Son, I have undertaken to remove all Obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of. 5

Gr. In troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I say to you, The Education of Children after the getting of e'm, ought to be the nearest Concern of a Father: And had you tutored your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his. 10

Thr. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence. Those that are so quick to Censure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought first to take Care that all be well at home.

Gr. Why Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son? 15

Thr. It may be I have, and it may be worse than of my own.

Gr. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thr. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or some body else: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Messenger of ill news to one that I think so to me: Your Servant: I must hasten to my Council to advise what's to be done in this Case. God-bu'y till I see you again. 25

[*Ex. Thrifty.*]

Gr. Worse than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; For a Son to marry impudently without the Consent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter *Leander*.

Leand. Oh my Dear Father, how Joyful am I to see you 30

safely return'd. Welcome as the Blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gr. Not so fast, Friend a' mine, soft and fair goes far Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

35 *Leand.* What d'ee mean Sir?

Gr. Stand still, and let me look yee in the Face.

Leand. How must I stand Sir?

Gr. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well Sir I do.

40 *Gr.* What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gr. Yes Report Sir, I speak English as I take it, What is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is't Sir which you would have had me
45 done?

Gr. I do not ask you what I would have had you done; but what you have done.

Leand. Who I Sir? Why I have done nothing at all, not I Sir.

50 *Gr.* Nothing at all!

Leand. No Sir.

Gr. You have no Impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

55 *Gr.* Very well, But *Scapin*, d'ye mark me young man, *Scapin* has told me some tales of your Behaviour.

Leand. *Scapin*!

Gr. Oh have I caught you? That name makes ye blush do's it? 'Tis well you have some Grace left.

60 *Leand.* Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gr. That shall be examined anon. In the mean while get you home d'ye hear, and stay till my return; But look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or see my Face more; but
65 expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee.

[*Exit. Gr.*]

33 fast Friend'a,

51 Sir,

56 behaviour?

62 hear. And

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition. This Rascal has betrayed my marriage and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by rapine: and to set my hand in; the first thing shall be to Cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruined me. 70

Enter Octavian and Scapin.

Oct. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoyed to see you good Mr. Dog! 75

Scap. Sir your most humble Servant, You honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fools part, But I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir.

80

Oct. Hold *Leander*.

Leand. No, *Octavian*, I'll make him confess the Treachery he has committed; yes Varlet Dog, I know the trick you have playd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But i'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts. 85

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing? have I done you any Injury Sir?

Leand. Yes Rascal that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swing it out of your already tan'd thick hide. [Beats him. 90

Scap. The Devil's in't, Lord Sir, what d'yee mean? Nay good Mr. *Leander*, pray Mr. *Leander*; Squire *Leander*—As I hope to be saved——

Oct. Prithee be quiet: forshame enough:— [Interposeth. 95

Scap. Well Sir, I confess indeed that——

Leand. What? speak Rogue.

Scap. About two Months agoe, you may remember, a Maid Servant dyed in the house.——

Leand. What of all that?

100

Scap. Nay Sir, if I confess you must not be angry.

Leand. Well go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she dyed for love of me Sir; But let that pass.

105 *Leand.* Death, you trifling Buffoon.

Scap. About a week after her death, I drest my self up like her Ghost, and went into Madam *Lucia* your Mistresses Chamber, where she lay half in half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book.

110 *Leand.* And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap. They both beleive it was a Ghost to this hour. But it was my self playd the Goblin to fright her from the Scurvy Custome of lying awake at those unseasonable hours, hearing filthy Plays when she had never said her
115 Prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all in time, and place; But come to the point, and tell me what thou hast said to my Father.

Scap. To your Father? I have not so much as seen him
120 since his return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes he has told me himself, and told me all thou hast said to him!

Scap. With your good leave Sir, then he ly'd, I beg your
125 pardon I mean he was mistaken.

Enter *Sly*.

Sly. Oh Sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

Leand. Whats the matter?

Sly. Your Mistress Sir, is yonder arrested in an Action of 200 *l*. They say 'tis a debt she left unpaid at *London*,
130 in the hast of her escape hither to *Dover*, and if you do not raise money within this two hours to discharge her, Shee'll be hurried to prison.

Leand. Within this two hours?

Sly. Yes Sir, within this two hours.

135 *Leand.* Ah my poor *Scapin*, I want thy assistance.

[*Scapin walks about Surlily.*]

105 Buffoon;

109 Play-book,

119 To you

129 *London*;

Scap. Ah my poor *Scapin*! Now I'm your poor *Scapin* now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No no, never pardon me, run your Sword in my 140 Guts, you'll do better to Murder me.

Leand. For Heaven's sake; think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Oct. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes to have my bones broken for my pains. 145

Leand. Would you leave me *Scapin* in this severe extremity?

Scap. To put such an affront upon me as you did.

Leand. I wrong'd thee I confess.

Scap. To use me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Rascal, to 150 threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy with all my Heart, and if thou wilt have me throw my self at thy Feet, I'll doo't.

Oct. Faith *Scapin* you must, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then; But d'yee mark me Sir, another time 155 better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my business?

Scap. As I see convenient, Care shall be taken.

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scap. Pray Sir, don't be so troublesome: How much 160 money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.—

Scap. And you?—

Oct. As much.

Scap. No more to be said. It shall be done; For you the 165 Contrivance is laid already; [*To Leander*] and for your Father though he be covetous to the last degree, Yet thanks be to Heaven he's but a shallow person, his parts are not extraordinary; do not take it ill Sir, for you have no

147 extremity! 148 did; 152 withall 158 taken, 166 *Stage dir.* To Leander. against the whole passage No more . . . shallow person enclosed within a bracket. 169 extraordinary,

170 resemblance of him, But that y'are very like him ; Begon,
I see *Octavians* Father coming, I'll begin with him.

[*Exeunt* Oct. and Leand.

Enter Thrifty.

Here he comes mumbling and chewing the Cud to prove himself a clean Beast.

Thr. Oh audacious Boy, to commit so insolent a Crime,
175 and plunge himself into such a mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thr. How do you *Scapin*?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Sons rash Action.

180 *Thr.* Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't ; But your Philosopher is alwaies prepared. I remember an Excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Case.

185 *Thr.* What's that?

Scap. Pray mind it, 'twill do ye a World of good.

Thr. What is't? I ask you.

Scap. Why; When the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or Mansion,
190 he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and Philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may during the Interval conspire to the Conjunction of those misfortunes, and troublesome accidents, that may intervene upon the said absence, and the
195 interruption of his Oeconomical inspection, into the remissness, negligences, frailties, and huge and perillous Errours, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto, which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated
200 Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and

170 him; But | Begone 182 prepared 187 is't | you? 198 aud

Conversation run consequently defiled, and impure: These things premised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent Philosophical *Pater Familias*, to find his House laid waste, 205 his Wife murdered, his Daughters deflowred, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est;

and to thank Heaven 'tis no worse too: D'ye mark, Sir?

Thr. S'death! Is all this a Proverb? 210

Scap. Ay, and the best Proverb, and the wisest in the World: Good Sir, get it by heart: T'will do ye the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it to you, till you have gotten it by heart.

Thr. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't. 215

Scap. Pray do; you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say—When the Master of a—

Thr. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your self 220 among Lawyers? Do you not see every day how the Spunges suck poor Clyents, and with a company of foolish, non-sensical terms, and knavish tricks, undo the Nation? No, you shall take another way.

Thr. You have reason, if there were any other way. 225

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief; I cannot when I see tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons miscarriages, but have bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you. 230

Thr. Truly my Case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is; tears will burst out; I have a great respect for your person. [*Counterfeits weeping.*]

Thr. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling. 235

Scap. Ay, so we should; I assure you there is not a person in the World whom I respect more than the Noble Mr. *Thrifty*.

Thr. Thou art honest, *Scapin*. Ha' done, ha' done.

240 *Scap.* Sir, Your most humble Servant.

Thr. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, In brief I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has Married.

Thr. What is he?

245 *Scap.* A most outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face enflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths and bellows out Curses enough in a Day, to serve a Garrison a Week; bred up in
250 blood and rapine, used to slaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conscience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Lowse; he has killed sixteen, four for taking the Wall of him; five for looking too big upon him; two he shot pissing against the Wall: In short, he is
255 the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thr. Heav'n! How do I tremble at the Description? But what's this to my Business?

Scap. Why, He (as most Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courses
260 of Law, all the assistance of your Friends, and your great Purse, (in which I ventur'd my life ten times, for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a Composition, and to null the Marriage for a sum of Money.

265 *Thr.* Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what sum?

Scap. Faith, He was damnably unreasonable at first, and gad I told him so very roundly.

Thr. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500 *l*.

270 *Thr.* Ouns and Heart, 500 *l*! Five hundred Devils take him,—and fry and frigassee the Dog; does he take me for a mad-Man?

Scap. Why, so I said; and after much argument I brought him to this: Dammee, says he, I am going to the

Army, and I must have Two good Horses for my self, for 275
fear one should die; and those will cost at least Threescore
Guinea's.

Thr. Hang him Rogue! Why should he have two
Horses? But I care not if I give Threescore Guinea's to
be rid of this Affair. 280

Scap. Then, says he, my Pistols, Saddle, Hose, Cloth,
and all, will cost Twenty more.

Thr. Why, That's Fourscore.

Scap. Well reckoned; faith, this Arithmatick is a fine
Art: Then I must have One for my Boy, will cost Twenty 285
more.

Thr. Oh the Devil! Confounded Dog! Let him go and
be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thr. Not a Sous, damn'd Rascal, let him turn Foot- 290
Souldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man besides; Would you have him go
a Foot?

Thr. Ay, and his Master too, I'll have nothing to do
with him. 295

Scap. Well, You are resolv'd to spend twice as much at
Doctors Commons, you are, you will stand out for such a
Sum as this; do.

Thr. Hah! Oh damn'd unconscionable Rascal! well if it
must be so, let him have the other twenty. 300

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thr. No I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh a Coveteous
Rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so Covetous.

Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at *Doctors*
Commons, and though her Brother has no Money, she has 305
an Uncle able to defend her.

Thr. Oh Eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Divels in
him I think!

Scap. Then saies he, I must carry into *France* money to
buy a Mule to carry—— 310

Thr. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay good Sir, think a little.

Thr. No, I'll do nothing.

315 *Scap.* Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thr. No not so much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thr. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law you do not consider
320 the Appales, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of so many Ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, Villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; None of which but will puff away the clearest right in the World for a Bribe;
325 on the other side the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, And sell your cause for ready Money; Your Advocate shall be gained the same way, And shall not be found when your cause is to be heard: Law is a torment of all torments.

Thr. That's true: Why what does the damn'd Rogue—
330 reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands and will have two hundred pounds.

Th. Come, come, let's go to Law. { *Thr. walks up and*

335 *Scap.* Do but reflect upon—— { *down in a great heat.*

Th. I'll go to Law.

Scap. Do not plunge your self.

Thr. To Law I'll tell you.

Scap. Why there's for Procuration, Presentation,
340 Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribbling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles, Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings—Expedition Fees, besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives. Hang't,
345 the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the money, give him it I say.

322 you,

336 Law?

338 you?

Thr. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'l gain 150 l. by it, I have summ'd it up; I say give it him, I, faith do.

Thr. What 200 l! 350

Scap. Ay, besides you ne're think how they'l rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings, and Commutings in their Courts.

Thr. I defie 'em, let 'em tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion. 355

Scap. Peace, Here's the Brother.

Thr. Oh Heaven! what shall I do?

Enter Shift disguised like a Bully.

Sh. Damme, where is this confounded Dog, this Father of *Octavian*? Null the Marriage! By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'll chine the Villain. 360

Thr. Oh, Oh! [*Hides himself behind Scapin.*

Scap. He cares not Sir, He'l not give the 200 l.

Sh. By Heaven, he shall be Worms-meat within these two hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not. 365

Th. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Sh. He! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? Hah!

Scap. Not he, Sir. 370

Sh. Nor none of his Friends?

Th. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Sh. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal?

Th. Oh! ay, hang him——Oh damn'd Bully! [*Aside.*

Sh. Give me thy hand, old Boy, the next Sun shall not 375 see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Th. Do not provoke him, *Scapin*.

Sh. Would they were all here: Ha! { *He foyns every way*
hah! hah! Here I had one through the { *with his Sword.* 380

350 200 l. 353 Courts, 357 do. 359 Marriage: 373 Rascal.

Lungs; there another into the Heart; Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah Rogues! there I was with you. Hah—hah!

Scap. Hold Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Sh. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is
385 up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha,—hah!

[*Ex.* Shift.

Th. Here *Scapin*, I have two hundred Guinea's about me, take e'm, No more to be said, Let me never see his face again, take e'm I say, This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give e'm him your self?

390 *Th.* No, no! I will never see him more. I shall not recover this these three Months. See the business done, I trust in thee, Honest *Scapin*: I must repose somewhere; I am mightily out of Order—A plague on all Bullies I say.

[*Exit* Thrifty.

395 *Scap.* So ther's one dispatht, I must now find out *Gripe*; He's here; how Heaven brings e'm into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heaven! Unlookt for misfortune, poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do? [*walks about distractedly.*

400 *Grip.* What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there no body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Who's there? *Scapin*!

Scap. How I run up and down, to find him to no purpose! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe*?

405 *Grip.* Art thou blind, I have been just under thy Nose this hour.

Scap. Sir,—

Grip. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your Son—

410 *Grip.* Hah, my Son—

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the World.

Grip. What is't?—

Scap. I met him a while ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my

399 do 402 there 403 go purpose! 412 What is't—

Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to⁴¹⁵ walk upon the Pier, amongst other things he took particular Notice of a New Caper in her full Trim, the Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Grp. Well, and where's the disaster of all this? 420

Scap. While we were eating he put to Sea; and when we were at a good distance from the Shoar, He discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service; And sent me off in his Long-Boat to tell you, That if you do not forthwith send him two hundred⁴²⁵ pounds, he'll carry away your Son Prisoner; Nay, for ought I know he may carry him a Slave to *Algier*.

Gr. How in the Devils name? 200 l!

Sca. Yes Sir, and more then that, he has allowed me but an hours time; you must advise quickly what course to⁴³⁰ take to save an only Son.

Gr. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard?—Run quickly *Scapin*, and tell the Villain Ile send my Lord Chief Justices Warrant after him.

Sca. Oh law! his Warrant in the open Sea! d'ye think⁴³⁵ Pyrates are Fooles?

Gr. I'th Devils name what business had he a Shipboard?

Sca. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to mischief, Sir.

Gr. *Scapin* thou must now act the part of a faithful⁴⁴⁰ Servant.

Sca. As how, Sir?

Gr. Thou must go bid the Pyrate send me my Son and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the Money.

Sca. Alas Sir, think you the Captain has so little wit as⁴⁴⁵ to accept of such a poor Rascally fellow as I am, instead of your Son?

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Sca. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two hours time.

Gr. Thou say'st he demands——

Sca. 200 *l.*

Gr. 200 *l!* Has the fellow no Conscience?

Sca. O law! the Conscience of a Pyrate! why very few
455 lawful Captains have any

Gr. Has he no reason neither? Do's he know what the
Sum of 200 *l.* is?

Sca. Yes Sir, Tarpawlins are a sort of People that under-
stand Money, though they have no great acquaintance
460 with Sence. But for Heav'n's sake dispatch.

Gr. Here take the key of my Compting House.

Sca. So.

Gr. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

465 *Gr.* In the left hand Window lyes the Key of my
Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Chest,
and sell 'em to the Brokers, to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, Y'are mad; I shan't get Fifty Shillings for
all that's there, and you know how I am streightned for
470 time.

Gr. But what a Devil did he do a Ship-board?

Scap. Let Ship-board alone, and consider, Sir, your Son.
But Heav'n is my witness, I ha' done for him as much as
was possible, and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his
475 Father's kindness.

Gr. Well, Sir, I'll go see if I can raise the Money. Was
it not ninescore Pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, 200 *l.*

Gr. What, 200 *l. Dutch*, ha?

480 *Scap.* No, Sir, I mean *English* Money, 200 *l.* sterling.

Gr. I'th Devil's Name, what business had he a Ship-
board? Confounded Ship-board.

Scap. This Ship-board sticks in his Stomach.

Gr. Hold *Scapin*, I remember I received the very Sum
485 just now in Gold, but did not think I should have parted
with it so soon.

451 demands.—

453 200 *l.*

454 Pyrate,

457 is.

He presents Scapin his Purse, but will not let it go, and in his transportments, pulls his Arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gr. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gr. A Dogbolt.

490

Scap. I shall, Sir.

Gr. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 l. contrary to all Law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gr. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

495

Scap. Very good.

Gr. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

Scap. Right, Sir.

Gr. Now make hast, and go redeem my Son.

500

[He puts up his Purse, and is going away.]

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money?

Gr. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gr. Ha—my griefs and fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I see it does indeed.

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Ship-board?—Damn'd Pyrate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell pursue thee.

<Gives the Purse and Ex.> 510

Scap. How easily a Miser swallows a Load, and how difficultly he disgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him so, he's like to pay in other Coyn, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Octavian and Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your Business, there's 200 l. which I have squeez'd out of your Father.

[to Octavian.]

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin*.

Scap. But for you I can do nothing—— [To *Leander*.

Lea. Then may I go hang my self. Friends both adieu.

520 *Scap.* D'ye hear, d'ye hear; the Devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride Post. With much ado I've got your Business done too.

Lea. Is't possible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge
525 my self on your Father, for the Trick he has served me.

Lea. With all my heart, at thy own discretion, good honest *Scapin*.

Scap. Hold your hand, there's 200 *l*.

Lea. My thanks are too many to pay now; Farewel dear
530 Son of *Mercury*, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy Pupil: Hence we gather,
Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

The End of the Second Act.

Act Third. Scene First.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Lucia. WAS ever such a Trick play'd, for us to run
away from our Governesses, where our
careful Fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young
Gentlemen, only because they said they lov'd us! I think
5 'twas a very noble Enterprize! I am afraid the good fortune
we shall get by it, will very hardly recompence the
reputation we have lost by it.

Clar. Our greatest satisfaction is, that they are Men of
fashion and credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd not
10 to Marry any other, nor such a one neither, till I had a
perfect confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an assurance
of *Octavian's* that brought me hither.

Lucia. I must confess, I had no less a sence of the Faith
and Honour of *Leander*.

III. i. 4 lov'd us, 5 Enterprize?

Clar. But seems it not wonderful, that the Circumstances 15
of our Fortune should be so near ally'd, and our selves so
much Strangers? Besides, if I mistake not, I see some-
thing in *Leander*, so much resembling a Brother of mine, of
the same Name, that did not the time since I saw him
make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so. 20

Lucia. I have a Brother too, whose Name's *Octavian*,
bred in *Italy*, and just as my Father took his Voyage,
return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is
the reason I have not seen him yet: But if I deceive not
my self, there is something in your *Octavian*, that ex- 25
treamly refreshes my memory of him.

Clar. I wish we might be so happy, as we are inclin'd to
hope; but there's a strange blind side in our Natures,
which always makes us apt to believe what we most
earnestly desire. 30

Lucia. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our
Fathers; and for my part, I had rather lose an old Father
than a young Lover, when I may with reputation keep him,
and secure my self against the Imposition of fatherly
Authority. 35

Clar. How insufferable it is to be sacrificed to the Arms
of a nauseous Blockhead, that has no other sense than to
eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, rise in the morn-
ing, and go to Bed at night, and with much ado be per-
swaded to keep himself clean. 40

Lucia. A thing of meer Flesh and Blood, and that of the
worst sort too, with a squinting meager hang-Dog Counte-
nance, that looks as if he always wanted Physick for the
Worms.

Clar. Yet such their silly Parents are generally most 45
indulgent to, like Apes, never so well pleas'd, as when
th'are fondling with their ugly Issue.

Lucia. Twenty to one, but to some such charming
Creatures, our careful Fathers had design'd us.

Clar. Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest 50

kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill, if they make the right use of them.

Lucia. I'de no more be bound to spend my days in
55 Marriage to a Fool, because I might rule him, than I would
always ride an Ass, because the Creature was gentle.

Clar. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Designs and Affairs,
as a Callow Statesman at a Treaty of Peace.

<Enter Scapin.>

Scap. Ladies!

60 *Clar.* Oh Monsieur *Scapin*! What's the reason you have
been such a Stranger of late?

Scap. Why, faith Ladies, Business, Business has taken
up my time, and truly I love an active life, love my Business
extreamly.

65 *Lucia.* Methinks tho, this should be a difficult place for
a Man of your Excellencies to find employment in?

Scap. Why, faith Madam, I'm never shy to my Friends:
My Business is, in short, like that of all other Men of
Business, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and
70 Cheat, to get an honest Livelyhood.

Clar. Certainly, Men of Wit and Parts need never be
driven to indirect Courses?

Scap. Oh Madam! Wit and Honesty, like Oyl and
Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Relish to
75 a good Fortune, and pass well enough for Sauce, but are
very thin Fare of themselves. No, give me your Knave,
your thorow-pac't Knave; hang his Wit, so he be but
Rogue enough.

Lucia. You'r grown very much out of humour with Wit,
80 *Scapin*; I hope, yours has done you no prejudice of late?

Scap. No, Madam, Your Men of Wit are good for
nothing, dull, lazy, restive Snails; 'tis your undertaking,
impudent, pushing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Clar. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding,
85 whatever you are in others.

62 Business, has

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the Female Sex, (I speak all this with respect to your Ladiship) is generally most Indulgent to the nimble metled Block-Heads, Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they should be Active; why who beleives any man of wit to have so much as Courage? No Ladies, if y'ave any Friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'l near want Patrons: And for honesty, if your Ladiships think fit to retire a little further, you shall see me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way. 95

Clara. Prithee *Lucia*, let us Retreat a little and take this opportunity of some divertisement: which hath been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter Shift with a Sack.

Scap. Oh *Shift*!

100

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Masters coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his Friend; if any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I loose this Nose with the Pox, without the pleasure of getting it. 105

Sh. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine to the Indignity of bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures make them pleasant when accomplisht. 110

Sh. But your Adventures, how Comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous Spirit; Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: here comes my Man. 115

⟨*Ex. Shift.*⟩

Enter Gripe.

Oh Sir, Sir, shift for your self, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heavens sake.

88 melted 91 Courage. 95 further; 103 Friend, 105 it: 107 thine: 109 makes 110 accomplisht 111 Adventures 115 them,

Gr. What's the matter Man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you
120 be Murdered instantly? I am afraid you'll be killed within
these two Minutes.

Gr. Mercy on me! killed for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gr. Who? Who?

125 *Scap.* The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd,
hee's A Captain of a Privitere, who has all sorts of
Rogues, *English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French*, under his
command; and all lying in wait now, or searching for you
to kill you, because you would Null the Marriage; they run
130 up and down, crying where is the Rogue *Gripe*, where is
the Dog, where is the Slave *Gripe*; they watch for you so
narrowly that there's no getting home to your House.

Gr. Oh *Scapin*! what shall I do? what will become of
me?

135 *Scap.* Nay Heaven knows, but if you come within their
reach they'll De—wit you, they'll tear you in pieces: heark.

Gr. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum 'tis none of them.

Gr. Canst thou find no way for my Escape, dear *Scapin*?

140 *Scap.* I think I have found one.

Gr. Good *Scapin*, show thy self a man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gr. Dear *Scapin*, do; I will Reward thee bounteously:
Ile give thee this Suit when I have worn it 8 or 9 Months
145 longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gr. God forgive me, Lord have Mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'll save your life
go into this Sack presently.

150 *Gr.* Oh! whose there?

Scap. No body: get into the Sack and stir not, what
ever happens; I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods through
all your Enemies to the Majors house, or the Castle.

138 them?

152 happens,

153 Castle?

Gr. An Admirable Invention, Oh Lord! quick.

[*Gets into the Sack.*]

Scap. Yes, 'tis an Excellent Invention, if you knew all; 155
keep in your Head, Oh here's a Rogue coming to look for
you.

Scapin *counterfeits a Welshman.*

*Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's Fathers, look
you.*

In his own Voice.

How should I know? what would you have with him?— 160

[*To Gr.*] lie close.

*Have with him! look you, her has no creat pus'ness, but her
woud have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for
Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy he shall not put the
Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir.* 165

In his own Voyce.

He Affront the Captain! he meddles with no Man.

*You lye Sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and
chastisements for your Contradictions when hur Wells ploods
up, look you, and hur will Cudgel your Packs and your
Nottles for it, take you that pray you now. [Beat<s> the Sack.* 170

His own Voyce.

Hold, hold, will you Murder me? I know not where he
is, not I.

*Hur will teach sawcy Jacks how they profook Hur Welse
ploods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue hur will have
his Guts and his plood look you Sir, or hur will never wear 175
Leek upon St. Taffyes day more, look you.*

His own Voice.

Oh! He has mawl'd me, a damn'd Welch Rogue.

Gr. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders: Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the
main substantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me. 180

154 Oh! Lord 155 Invention, | all, 160 know; | him—
161 [*lie close.*] 162 *him, | you!* 165 Sir, 166 Captain,
168 *chastisements,* 171 me. 177 *in italic with Welch in roman*

Gr. Why did you not stand further off?

Scap. Peace—Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancashire Dialect.

Yaw Fellee, wi'th Sack theere, done yaw knaw whear th'awd Rascatt Graip is?

185 *Not I; but here is no Rascal.*

Yaw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw known weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, and that he is a foo Rascatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

190 *By th'Mess, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle th'bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.*

Me, Sir? I don't understand ye.

Why, Th'awrt his Mon, thaw Hobble, I'll snite th'Nase o'thee.

195 *Hold, hold, Sir, What would you have with him?*

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the first bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap by th'Mess, and after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and Ay wot, he'll be a pratty swatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and

200 *Naes.*

Why, truly Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, sayn ye? Ays find him by'r Lady, an he be above grawnt.

205 *So, he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire Rascal.*

Gr. Oh good *Scapin!* go on quickly.

Scap. Hold, here's another. [Gr. pops in his Head.]

In an Irish Tone.

Dost thou hear Sack-man? I pridee fare is de dam Dog Gripe?

His own Voice.

210 *Why, What's that to you? What know I?*

Fat's dat to me Joy? By my soul Joy, I will lay a great

187 *ond that* 198 *and after* 207 *omits Scap.* 210 *I.*

Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon till thou dost know, by my salvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten. 215

Now the Devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.

What would you have me do ? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him ? 220

Fat would I have wid him ? By my soul, if I do see him, I will make Murther upon him, for my Captain's sake.

Murther him ? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat Sack ? Joy, by my salvation I will look into it. 225

But you shall not. What have you to do with it ?

By my soul Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gr. Oh ! Oh !

Scap. *Fatt it does grunt, by my salvation ; de Devil take me,* 230
I will see it indeed.

You shall not see my Sack ; I will defend it with my life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body ; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my soul, and so I do take my leave Joy.

[Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone ; he has almost kill'd me. 235

Gr. Oh ! I can hold no longer ; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders.

Scap. You can't tell me ; they fell on mine : Oh my Shoulders !

Gr. Yours ? Oh my Shoulders !

Scap. Peace, th'are a coming. 240

In a hoarse Sea-man's Voice.

Where is the Dog ? I'll lay him on fore and aft, swinge him with a Cat o' nine tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

In broken French-English.

245 *If dere be no more Men in England, I vill kille him, I vill
put my Rapire in his Body, and I vill give him two tree
pushé in de gutté.*

Here Scapin Acts a Number of e'm together.

*We mun go this way—o'th' right hand, no to th' left hand—
lye close—search ev'ry where—by my salvation, I will kill
250 the dam Dog—and we do catch en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, an
I do heer he went thick way—no, streight forward. Hold, here
is his Man, where's your Master—Dam me, where? in
Hell? speak—hold, not so furiously—and you don't tell us
where he is, we'll murder thee—*

255 *Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.*

Lay him on thick, thwack him soundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll nere betray my Master.

Knock'en down, beat'en zoundly, to'en, at'en, at'en, at—

*[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps
out, and Scapin takes to his heels.*

*Gr. Oh Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? Would
260 you have murder'd me, Rogue? Unheard of Impudence.*

Enter Thrifty.

*Oh Brother Thrifty! You come to see me loaden with
disgrace; the Villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now,
cheated me of 200 l. This beating brings all into my
memory.* *[Aside.*

265 *Th. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the same
Sum.*

*Gr. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath
abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am ashamed to
tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.*

270 *Th. But this is not all, Brother, one Misfortune is the
forerunner of another: Just now I received Letters from
London, that both our Daughters have run away from
their Governesses, with two wild debauched young Fellows,
that they fell in Love with.*

258 *at.*

263 *this*

266 *Sum?*

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Luc. Was ever so malicious Impudence seen?—Hah— 275
Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my Father.

Cla. And the other mine, who *Scapin* has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us! Return'd, and we not know of it?

Cla. What will they say to find us here?

Luc. My dearest Father, Welcome to *England*. 280

Th. My Daughter *Luce*?

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gr. My *Clara* here too?

Cla. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe Arrival.

Th. What strange destiny has directed this happiness 285
to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gr. Hey day!

Th. Oh Son! I have a Wife for you.

Oct. Good Father, All your Propositions are vain, I
must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged. 290

Th. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now I have a
mind to be merry, and be friends with you, you'll not let
me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter here—

Oct. I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe's* daughter, Sir, as long
as I Live; No, yonder's she that I must Love, and can 295
never Entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes *Octavian*, I have at last met with my Father,
and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thr. Law ye now, you would be wiser than the Father
that begot you, would you? did not I always say you 300
should marry Mr. *Gripes* daughter? But you do not know
your Sister *Luce*?

Oct. Unlook'd for blessing, why she's my friend
Leander's Wife!

Thr. How *Leander's* Wife! 305

Gr. What my Son *Leander*?

Oct. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

Gr. Indeed! well Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was

274 *Enter Lucia. (stage dir.)* 275 seen——

always a good natur'd Boy. Well now am I so overjoyed,
 310 that I could laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I
 dare not, they are so sore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Lean. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is discovered; nor would I indeed, have longer concealed it; this is my Wife, and I must own her.

315 *Gr.* Brother *Thrifty* did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? Ha?

Thr. Own her quoth a! why kiss her, kiss her, Man, oddsboddikins, when I was a young fellow and was first married, I did nothing else for three months. O my
 320 conscience I got my Boy *Octi.* there, the first night before the Curtaines were quite drawn!

Gr. Well, 'tis his Fathers nowne Child; Just so Brother was it with me upon my Wedding day, I could not look upon my dear without blushing, but when we were a Bed,
 325 Lord ha mercy upon us—but I'll say no more.

Lean. Is then my Father Reconcil'd to me?

Gr. Reconcil'd to thee! why I love thee at my heart man, at my heart, why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty's* daughter, Mrs. *Luce*, whom I always design'd for thy Wife, and that's
 330 thy Sister *Clara* married to Mr. *Octa.* there.

Lean. *Octavian* are we then Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wisht after the Compleating of my happiness with my charming *Lucia*.

Thr. Come Sir, hang up your complements in the Hall
 335 at home, they are old and out of fashion: *Shift* go to the Inn and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than I have ready to pay for't, for I am resolved to run in debt to night.

Sh. I shall obey your commands Sir.

340 *Thr.* Then d'you hear, send out and muster up all the Fidlers, (Blind or not Blind, Drunk or Sober) in the Town; let not so much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Case, escape ye.

311 not

313 it,

326 me.

327 to thee,

Gr. Well what would I give now for the fellow that sings the Song at my Lord Mayors Feast! I my self would 345 make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he should set a Tune to it, 'twas the pretty'st he had last time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh Gentlemen here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thr. What's the matter? 350

Sly. Poor *Scapin*.

Gr. Ha! Rogue let him be hang'd, I'll hang him my self.

Sly. Oh Sir, that trouble you may spare, for, passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head and broke his Scull so, you may see his Braines. 355

Thr. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes

Enter Scapin between two, his Head wrap'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded.

Scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen you see me, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the prime of my years: But yet I could not dye without the pardon 360 of those that I have wrong'd, yes Gentlemen I beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more especially, I beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Master Mr. *Gripe*.

Thr. For my part, I pardon thee freely, go, and dye in 365 peace.

Scap. But 'tis you Sir, I have most offended, by the inhumane Bastinadoes which——

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, that I 370 should with Vile Crab-tree Cudgel——

Gr. Pish, no more, I say I am Satisfied.

Scap. And now so near my death 'tis an unspeakable grief that I should dare to lift my hand against——

Gr. Hold thy Peace, or dye quickly, I tell thee I have 375 forgot All——

Scap. Alas! how good a man you are! But Sir, d'you pardon me freely and from the bottom of your Heart, those merciless drubs that——

380 *Gr.* Prithee speak no more of it. I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodness Revives me!

[*Pulls off his Cap.*]

Gr. Hows that! Friend take Notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are sure to dye!

385 *Scap.* Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thr. Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge imploy your thoughts now, forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gr. A dewce on't Brother, as I hope to be sav'd he beat
390 me basely and scurvily, never stir he did; But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thr. Now then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the Lower End of
395 the Table,

Where in my Chair of State, I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may dye in Peace.

[*A Dance.*]

The End.

382 stage dir. after l. 381

395 Table.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee*,
when she was out of Humour.

*How little do you guess what I'm to say?
I'm not to ask how you like Farce or Play;
For you must know, I've other bus'ness now:
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we when in humble guise, 5
You came with honest Hearts and harmless Eyes:
Sate without Noise and Tumult in the Pit:
Oh what a pretious Jewel then was Wit!
Tho now 'tis grown so common, let me dye,
Gentlemen scorn to keep it company. 10
Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now y'are proud,
Did not in curst Cabals of Criticks croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud; } 15
But came to see the Follies you would shun:
Tho now so fondly Antick here y'are grown.
Y'invert the Stages purpose, and its Rules.
Make us Spectators, whilst you play the Fools.
Equally witty as some valiant are; 20
The sad defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll Censure, who disdain to write,
As some make Quarrels here, that scorn to fight.
The rugged Souldier that from War returns,
And still wi'th' heat of former Action burns: 25
Let him but hither come to see a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a day:
Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent chat with Tawdry Maux:
Till e're aware the Blust'rer falls in love; 30
And Hero grows as harmless as a Dove.*

2 ask you how 25 burns. 27 day.

- With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes.
Though now alas we must your absence mourn,
35 Whilst nought but Quality will serve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uses poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on hearts.
The proper use of Vizors once was made,
When only worn by such as own'd the Trade:
40 Though now all mingle with 'em so together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter, on, pursue your Game,
Till wearied you return at last and tame;
Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe,
45 For when y've left your Stings behind you there:
You lazy Drones, ye shan't have harbour here.* }
-

FINIS

FRIENDSHIP
IN
FASHION.
A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted at his Royal Highness the
Dukes Theatre.

Written by

THOMAS OTWAY.

Archilochum Rabies arnavit Iambo.

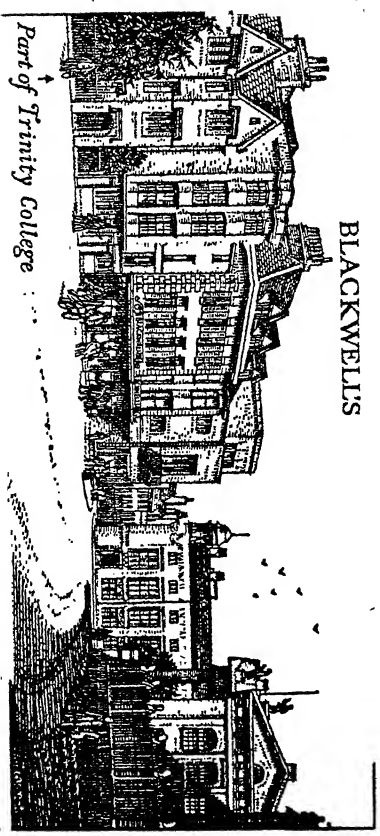
Licenced May 31. 1678. *Roger L'Estrange.*

L O N D O N,

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To the Right Honourable *CHARLES*
Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX,
Gentleman of his MAJESTIES
Bed-Chamber, &c.

My Lord,

YOur Lordship has so often and so highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn my self for giving you a trouble so Impertinent, as this is: Considering how remiss I have been in my respects to your Lordship, in that I have not waited on you so frequently as the duty I owe your Lordship and my own Inclinations required; But the Circumstances of my Condition, whose daily business must be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that happiness: Be pleased ¹⁰ then my Lord to accept this humble dedication as an Instance of his Gratitude, who in a high measure owes his well being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for succor unsuccessfully, I am sure I have reason to ¹⁵ acknowledge it. As for the unlucky censures some have past upon me for this Play, I hope your Lordship will believe I hardly deserve 'em. For to my best remembrance, when first I was accused of the thing by some people of the World, who had perhaps as little ²⁰ reason to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themselves deserved it, I made it my business to clear my self to your Lordship, whose good opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worst Enemies can wrong me of else; I hope I convinc't your Lordship ²⁵ of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured, had it not been Just. For I

*thank my Stars I know my self better then (for all the
Threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me)
30 to tell a lie to save my Throat. Forgive me my Lord
this trouble, continue me in your Lordships favour
and good opinion, and accept of the Prayers and well-
wishes of*

Your most Humble, and
most Obliged Servant,
Thomas Otway.

THE
PROLOGUE,
Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

HOW hard a task hath that poor *Drudg* of Stage,
That strives to please in this *Fantastick Age*?
It is a thing so difficult to hit,
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;
Therefore our Author bad me plainly say, 5
You must not look for any in his Play.
I'th' next place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,
No not so much as one well-meaning hint;
Nay more, 'twas written every word he says
On strictest Vigils and on Fasting Days, 10
When he his Flesh to Pennance did enjoin,
Nay took such care to work it chast and fine,
He Dissiplin'd himself at every Line. }
Then Gentlemen no Libel he intends,
Tho some have strove to wrong him with his Friends; 15
And Poets have so very few of those,
They'd need take care whose favour 'tis they lose:
Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,
Cherish and Educate your Sons with care;
Breed 'em to wholesome Law, or give 'em Trades, 20
Let 'em not follow th' Muses, they are Jades:
How many very hopeful rising Citts
Have we of late known spoil'd by turning Wits?
Poets by Critiques are worse treated here,
Then on the Bank-side Butchers do a Bear. 25
Faith Sirs be kind, since now his time is come,
When he must stand or fall as you shall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair play for't,
And he's content for one, to make you sport.

The Actors Names.

<i>Goodvile.</i>	Mr. <i>Betterton</i>
<i>Truman.</i>	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
<i>Valentine.</i>	Mr. <i>Harris.</i>
<i>Sir Noble Clumsey.</i>	Mr. <i>Underhill.</i>
<i>Malagene.</i>	Mr. <i>Leigh.</i>
<i>Caper.</i>	Mr. <i>Jevon.</i>
<i>Saunter.</i>	Mr. <i>Bowman.</i>

Women.

<i>Mrs. Goodvile.</i>	<i>Mrs. Barrey.</i>
<i>Victoria.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
<i>Camilla.</i>	<i>Mrs. Price.</i>
<i>Lady Squeamish.</i>	<i>Mrs. Guin.</i>
<i>Lettice.</i>	<i>Mrs. Seymour.</i>
<i>Bridget.</i>	<i>Mrs. ———</i>

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

Act I. Scene, The Mall.

Truman reading a Billet, and Servant.

Trum. **I**N a Vizor say you?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and as soon as she had deliver'd it, without anything more, gave the word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice and away she hurry'd.

Trum. The meaning of a Billet of this nature without a Name is a Riddle to me.—

[*Reads.*

You know me and see me often, I wish I may never see you more, except you knew better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As your are a Gentleman, burn this so soon as it comes to your hands.—

10

Adieu.

Well, this can be no other then some Stanch Vertue of 35 that is just now fallen under the Temptation, or what is as bad, one of those Cautious Dealers that never venture but in Masquerade, where they are sure to be wondrous 15 kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover then he has just occasion to make use of.

Enter Goodvile and Valentine.

Val. Truman, Good morrow, just out of your Lodging? but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolv'd to spend this day in Humiliation and Repentance 20 for the sins of the last.

Goodv. I beg your pardon! Some Lady has taken up your time. Thou canst no more rise in a Morning without a Wench, then thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman,* wilt thou never leave whoring? 25

Trum. Peace, Matrimony, peace—speak more reverently of your dearly beloved whoring. *Valentine,* he is the meer

I. 13 of 35.

Spirit of Hypocrisie——h'ad hardly been married Ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone
 30 in her Coach, whilst he debauched me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

Val. Truly *Goodvile*, that was very civil, and may come to something—But Gentlemen it begins to grow late. Where shall we Dine?

35 *Trum.* Where you will, I am indifferent.

Goodv. And I.

Val. I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but——

Tru. With whom?

Val. Why, your Cousin *Malagene*, *Goodvil*.

40 *Goodv.* *Valentine*, Thou art too much with that fellow. 'Tis true indeed he is some relation to me, but 'tis such a lying Varlet, there is no induring of him.

Val. But Rogues and Fools are so very plenty 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

45 *Trum.* Besides he dares be no more a Friend then a Foe, he never spoke well of any man behind his back, nor ill before his face: he is a general Disperser of nauseous Scandall tho' it be of his own Mother or Sister, prithee let's avoid him if we can to day.

50 *Goodv.* 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesom; as there is no Company so ill but hee'l keep, so there is none so good but hee'l pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, hee'l be sure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room,
 55 then you can keep him out of your Debt.

Val. He came where I was last Night, roaring drunk: swore Dam him, he had bin with my Lord such a one, and had swallow'd three quarts of Champaigne for his share, said he had much ado to get away, but came then particu-
 60 larly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc't to promise him I would meet him to day, to get rid of him.

Goodv. Faith Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my house: I have snubb'd him of late, and he'l hardly venture that

way so soon again: At Night I'll promise you good Company, my Wife (for I allow her for my own sake what 65 freedom she pleases) has sent for the Fiddles to come.

Trum. Goodvile, If there be any such thing as ease in Matrimony, thou hast it. But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon married men that makes 'em as distinguish- 70 able from one of us as your Jews are from the rest of Man- kind.

Goodv. Oh there are pleasures you dream not of: he is onely confin'd by it that will be so: A man may make his Condition as easie as he pleases.—Mine is such a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but she entertains me 75 with fresh kindness: and *Jack* when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miss'd of an Opportunity, stops a Gap well enough.

Trum. There's no Condition so wretched but has its reserve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of doors goes contentedly 80 to his Kennel. Your Begger when he can get no better lodging, knows his old warm Bush; and your married Whore-master that misses of his Wench, goes honestly home, and there's Madam Wife.—But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night? 85

Goodv. In the first place, my Cousin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then Mr. *Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*, and another that never fails upon such an occasion, the unimitable Lady *Squeamish*.

Trum. That indeed is a worthy person, a great Critick 90 forsooth; one that censures Plays, and takes it very ill she has none dedicated to her yet, a constant frequenter of all Masquerades and publick Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and something old.

Val. Discourses readily of all the Love Intrigues of the 95 Court and Town, a strange Admirer of Accomplishments and good breeding as she calls it; a restless Dancer: one that by her good will would never be out of motion.

Trum. How *Valentine*! you were once a great Admirer there, have a care, how you speak too harshly of your 100

Mistress, though the business be over. You stand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a man of principles.

Goodv. That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harrass'd Stager has always some such resty Whore-master or
105 another, whom she makes the best of her despair withall, and after being forsaken by half the Town besides, comforts her self in her man of principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen you'll be sure to follow?

110 *Trum.* Sir, wee'l not fail to wait on you. [*Exit Goodvile.*] Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddest adventure this Morning—ha—*Malagene!*

Enter Malagene.

How came he hither?

Mal. Jack Truman, Monsieur *Valentine*, bon jour——
115 was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in——hah?

Val. Yes, he parted hence but now.

Mal. Faith I'll tell ye what Gentlemen, *Goodvile's* a very honest Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, though faith 'twas none of my seeking.

120 *Trum.* No, I'll besworn for thee, thou lov'st thy self better.

Val. Pray, what was the matter *Malagene?*

Mal. Why I was advising him to look after things better at home. The Fellow has married a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was
125 very free with him and told him of it to the purpose: for faith I should be sorry to see any ill come on't, very sorry.

Trum. But hark ye *Malagene*, *Goodvile's* a sort of a surly Companion, and apt to have so good an Opinion of himself, that he is able to manage Affairs without
130 your advice: He might have been very severe with you upon this occasion.

Malag. Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my heart. That had been the way to have made a fine piece of work on't indeed! Hark ye, (under the Rose) he's
135 sweetly fitted with my Cousin though.

Val. Pray, Sir, Speak with more respect: We are his friends, and not prepar'd to relish any of your Satyr at present.

Malag. O Lord Sir! I beg your pardon, you are a new acquaintance there, I remember, and may design an Interest. Faith *Ned*, if thou dost, I'll ne'r be thy hindrance, for all she's my Kinswoman.

Trum. The Rascal if he had an opportunity would pimp for his Sister, though but for the bare pleasure of telling it himself.

145

Malag. Now when he comes home, will she be hanging about his neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you should go abroad so soon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debauched Companion young *Valentine*: But that I know you are a good Dear, I should be apt to be jealous of you, that I should, ha, ha.

Trum. Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

Malag. I, shaw! your Servant: Sure we that know one another may be free: You may say as much of me if you please. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Business last Night?—hah?

Trum. Not a word I assure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Prithee let him alone a little, *Valentine*.

160

Malag. Why, coming out of *Chatolins* last Night, (where it had cost me a Guinney-Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a Coach, who should come by but a Blustering Fellow with a woman in his hand, and swore, Dam him, the Coach was for him: we had some words, and he drew; with that I put by his pass, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away *Toledo*, gave him 2 or 3 good Cuts over the Face, seiz'd upon *Damozel*, carried her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and just now sent her off.—Faith, amongst friends she was a person of quality, I'll tell you that.

170

Trum. What! a person of quality at that time o'th' Night, and on foot too?

175 *Malag.* Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

Val. Oh, Sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any Secrets of yours of this nature — Lying Rakehel, the highest he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and she
180 too banisht him at last, because he boasted of her Favours.

Malag. Nay, not that I care very much neither, you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more then any one wou'd have done upon the same occasion—ha.—

Trum. Doubtless, Sir, you were much in the right: but,
185 *Valentine*, we shall stay too long: 'tis time we were going.

Malag. What, to Dinner? I'll make a third man—where shall it be?

Trum. Sir, I am sorry, we must beg your excuse this time, for we are both engag'd.

190 *Malag.* Whoo! prithee, that's all one, I am sure I know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

Val. No, but *Malagene!* to make short of the Business, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneasie if you be there.

195 *Malag.* What's that to the purpose?—I care as little for them as they do for me, tho' on my word, Sparks! of honest Fellows, you keep the oddest Company sometimes that ever I knew!

Trum. But, Sir, we are resolv'd to reform it, and in order
200 thereunto desire you would leave us to our selves to day.

Malag. No—but I'll tell you, go along with me, I have discover'd a Treasure of pale Wine—I'll assure you 'tis the same the King drinks of—What say you, *Jack?* I am but for one Bottle or two, for faith I have resolv'd to live sober
205 for a week.

Trum. Prithee, Tormentor, leave us! do not I know the Wine thou drink'st is as base as the Company thou keep'st? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

Malag. Why, if one should ask the question now, 210
whither are you going? hah?

Val. How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two
Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter*?—you may be sure of them;
they'll eat and drink, and go all over the World with you.

Malag. How canst thou think that I would keep such 215
loathsom Company? a brace of silly talking, dancing, sing-
ing Rascals: 'Tis true, I contracted an acquaintance
with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am
out of humour, love to laugh at and abuse 'em for an hour
or two—but come what will on't, I am resolv'd to go 220
along with you to Day.

Trum. Upon my word, Sir, you cannot—Why should
you make so many difficulties with your friends?

Malag. Whoo! prithee leave fooling.—You would
shake me off now, would you? But I know better things.— 225
The Sham won't pass upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

Trum. Death, we must use him ill, or there is no getting
rid of him: not pass, Sir?

Mal. No, Sir!

Trum. Pray, Sir, leave us. 230

Mal. I shan't do't, Sir.

Trum. But you must, Sir.

Mal. May be not Sir.

Trum. I am going this way. [Walking off.

Mal. So am I. 235

Trum. But, Sir, I must stay here a little longer.

Malag. With all my heart! tis the same thing, I am not
in hast.

Val. Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Truman*
—you'll run the hazard of a scurvy beating, my friend, if 240
you do.

Malag. Beating! I am sorry, Sir, you know no better:
pox, I am us'd to serve him so, man; let me alone, you shall
see how I'll teaze him. Hark you *Jack*.

Trum. Sir, you are an impudent troublesom Coxcomb. 245

Malag. No matter for that, I shan't leave you.

Trum. Sir, I shall pull you by the Nose then.

Malag. Tis all one to me, do your worst.

Trum. Take that then, Sir.—Now d'ye hear—[*Tweaks*
250 *him by the Nose.*] Go about your business.

Malag. Nay, Faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jest too far:
what a Pox, I know you are not in earnest, prithee let's go.

Trum. Death, Sir, you lye, not in earnest!—let this con-
vince you—[*Kicks him.*] How like you the Jest now,
255 Sir?

Malag. Hark you *Truman*, We shan't Dine together
then, shall we?

Val. Faith, to tell you the truth of the matter; *Truman*
had a quarrel last Night, and we are just now going to make
260 an end on't: 'tis that makes him so surly. Nevertheless,
now I think on't better, if you'll go, you shall, perhaps we
may have occasion for a third man.

Malag. No, no, if that be the business I'll say no more,
puh—I hate to press into any mans Company against
265 his Inclination. *Truman!* Upon my Reputation, you are
very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the
Groom-Porters last Night and lost my Money—Prithee
lend me two Guineys till next time I see thee, Child.

Trum. With all my heart, Sir, I was sure 'twould come
270 to this at last: 'Tis here, you may command what you
please from your Servant. *Malagene*, Good morrow.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Malag. Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble—

[*Exit Truman.*]

Val. Won't you go along with us then *Malagene*?

Malag. No, here are two silly Fellows coming, I'll go
275 and divert my self a little with them at present.

Val. Why, those are the very people you rail'd at so
but now: you will not leave us for them? at a time when
you may be so serviceable?

Malag. Hang't, you'll have no occasion for me man: Say no more on't, but take my advice, be sure you stand ²⁸⁰ fast, Don't give ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your business.

Val. Sir, I thank you for your counsel, and am sorry we can't have your company; but you are ingag'd?

Malag. Are you sure though it will come to fighting? I ²⁸⁵ have no mind to leave your company methinks.

Val. Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight: I wish you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

Malag. A pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet ²⁹⁰ these people here, and can't avoid 'em now, I'de go with you else with all my heart, Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'll do't.

Val. No, Sir,—there's no danger—Nothing but the Rogues cowardize could have rid us of him. ²⁹⁵

[*Exit Valentine.*]

Malag. How now Bullies, whither so fast this Morning? I parted just now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would fain have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in humour of drinking, and to speak the truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all ³⁰⁰ the discourse to themselves: and a man can never be free with them neither.

Cap. Oh Lord, *Malagene!* we met the Delicat'st Creature but now as we came round, I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the 'finest Women in the world: ³⁰⁵ I shan't get her out of my mind this Month.

Saunt. 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfields* Daughter that came to Town last Summer when *Goodvile* was marri'd. He in love with her, poor Soul!—I shall beg his pardon there as I take it— [Sings. ³¹⁰

Malag. That's *Truman's* blowing: she's always lingring after him here and at the Play-house: She heats herself here every Morning against the general Course at Night,

where she comes as constantly as my Lady *Squeamish*
315 her self.

Saunt. I vow that's a fine person too, don't you think she has abundance of wit, *Malagene*? She and I did so rally *Caper* t'other day.

Cap. Ay, it may be so.

320 *Saunt.* But did you never hear her sing? She made me sit with her till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song. I have, and I vow she sings it wonderfully.

Malag. Dam her, she's the most affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more then an old Kite does young
325 Chicken: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can escape her, we shall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

Cap. *Malagene*, Thou art the most Satyrical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didst but love dancing,
330 that I might have thee on my side sometimes.

Saunt. Well *Malagene*, I hope to see thee so in love one day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and set up for a Shape and a Face: Or what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like
335 Rivals. I would not be in love for all the world, I vow and swear. [*Walks up and down with an affected motion.*]

Cap. Nor I.

—*Ah Phyllis, if you wou'd not love*

The Shepherd, &c.

[Sings.]

340 But d'ye hear, *Malagene*, They say *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night, is it true?

Malag. Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

Cap. I am glad of it with all my heart—*Saunter*—
There's my Lady, to be sure, she'l not fail.

345 *Saunt.* But will you go, *Malagene*? *Goodvile* and you are at a distance.

Malag. Whoo! pox that's nothing, I'll go for all that. But faith, I shou'd meet my Lord—at Court to Night: besides, I han't been in the Drawing Room these three
350 days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter Lady Squeamish.

She here! Nay then——

Cap. Madam, your Ladships most humble Servant.

[Congees affectedly.]

L. Squ. Mr. *Caper!* your most Devoted.—Oh dear Mr. *Saunter!* a thousand thanks to you for my Song.

Saunt Your Ladship does your Servant too much ³⁵⁵ honour.

[Sings, As Cloe full of, &c.]

L. Sq. Mr. *Caper*, you are a stranger indeed, I have not seen you this two days: Lord, where d'ye live?

Cap. I should have waited on your Ladship, but was so tired at the Masquerade at my Lords *Flutters* t'other ³⁶⁰ Night.

[Dances and capers.]

Saunt Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night: Will your Ladship be there?

L. Sq. Yes; I heard of it this Morning, *Victoria* sent me word. ³⁶⁵

Cap. Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to Night: I hope I shall have the honour of your Ladships company.

L. Sq. Oh, by all means: Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us. Oh Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your pardon, upon ³⁷⁰ my honour I did not see you, I was so engaged in the Civilities of these Gentlemen.

Malag. Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, must command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladship see Mr. *Valentine?* ³⁷⁵

L. Sq. Oh, name him not, Mr. *Malagene*, he's the unworthi'st basest Fellow——besides he has no principles nor breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him company. I'll swear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

Malag. The truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him ³⁸⁰ now and then, because the Fellow has some wit, but it is when better Company is out of the way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

L. Squem. Oh Lord, 'tis impossible. Wit! Why he was abroad but two years, and all that time too in an Academy, ³⁸⁵

he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the *French* Court, and has the worst mien in the world: he has a sort of an ill-natur'd way of talking indeed, and they say makes bold with me sometimes, but I'll assure you I scorn him.

390 *Malag.* Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully bely'd: ha, ha, ha.

L. Sq. They say, he's grown a great Admirer of *Madam Camilla* of late, who passes for a Wit forsooth. 'Tis true, she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has
395 been troubled with his impertinent Addresses.

Mal. Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: he owes that happiness to me. But methinks your Ladiship speaks with something of heat—— By Heav'n she's jealous! *<Aside.>*

400 *L. Sq.* No, I assure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the least. But did you ever hear 'em discourse any thing of me?

Mal. Never any ill, Madam, onely a little idle Raillery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be something lavish when they have been drunk in my company.
405 —'Twill work. *<Aside.>*

L. Sq. Nay, I know he has spoken dishonourably of me behind my back, because he fail'd in his filthy designs. *Madam Camilla* may deserve better of him, I doubt not: but
410 if I am not reveng'd on his falshood [*Aside*]——*Mr. Caper.*

Cap. }
Saunt. } Madam.

L. Sq. Where do you go to day?

Cap. Will your Ladiship be at the new Play?

L. Sq. No, I saw it the first day, and don't like it.

415 *Mal.* Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

L. Sq. O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll assure you there's nothing in it that's moving. I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

Saunt. Does your Ladiship know who writ it?

420 *L. Sq.* Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my
410 falshood——[*Aside*] *Mr. Caper.*

Lodgings: He is but a young man, and I suppose he has not been a Writer long: besides, he has had little or no conversation with the Court, which has been the reason he has committed a great many Indecorums in the conduct of it.

Saunt. I did not like it neither for my part; There was 425
never a Song in it, ha!

Cap. No, nor so much as a Dance.

Mal. Oh, it's impossible it should take if there were
neither Song nor Dance in it.

L. Sq. And then their Comedies now a days are the 430
filthiest things, full of Bawdy and nauseous doings which
they mistake for raillery and intrigue; besides they have
no wit in 'em neither, for all their Gentlemen and men of
wit, as they style 'em, are either silly conceited impudent
Coxcombs, or else rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows—— 435
fogh—I am asham'd any one should pretend to write a
Comedy, that does not know the nicer rules of the Court,
and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that pass, I vow.

Mal. Who would improve in those things, must consult
with your Ladiship. 440

L. Sq. I swear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging
person: I wonder the world should be so malicious to give
you so undeserving a Character as they do: I always found
you extremely generous and a person of worth.

Mal. In troth, Madam, your Ladiship and my self are 445
the subjects of abundance of envy: for I love to be malicious
now and then, and faith, am the very scourge of the
Court, they all stand in awe of me, for I must speak what
I know, tho' sometimes I am used a little scurvily for it;
but faith I can't help it, 'tis my way. 450

L. Sq. Ha, ha, ha, really I love scandal extremely too
sometimes, so it be decently manag'd——But as I was
saying, there is not a person in the world understands the
Intrigues of the Court better than my self: I am the
general Confident of the Drawing Room, and know the 455
loves of all the people of quality in Town.

Cap. Dear Madam, how stands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofty*?

L. Sq. Worse then ever 'Tis very provoking to see how
 460 she uses the poor Creature: but the truth is, she can never
 be at rest for him; he's more troublesom then an old Husband,
 continually whispering his softnesses and making his vows,
 till at last she is forc'd to fly to me for shelter, and then we do
 so laugh—which the good natur'd
 465 Creature takes so patiently—I swear, I pity him.

Saunt. But my Lady *Colt* they say is kinder to the Sparkish Mr. *Pruneit*.

L. Squ. Oh Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you should understand
 no better; to my knowledge it is all false: I know all
 470 that Intrigue from the beginning to the ending, it has been
 off this Month—besides he keeps a Player again—Oh, Mr. *Saunter*!
 whatever you do, never concern your self with those Players.

Saunt. Madam, I have left the folly long since: When
 475 first I came to Town, I must confess I had a Gallantry
 there: but since I have been acquainted with your Ladships
 Wit and Beauty, I have learnt to lay out my heart to better
 advantage—I think that was finely said!

L. Sq. I'll swear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the most Court-
 480 like way of expressing your self——

Saunt. Oh Lord, Madam! [Bows and cringes.]

L. Sq. Mr. *Malagene*, these are both my intimate acquaintance,
 and I'll swear, I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* sings the
French manner better then ever I
 485 heard any *English* Gentleman in my life: besides he pronounces
 his *English* in singing with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent,
 that gives it a strange beauty—Sweet Sir, do me the favour of
 the last new Song.

Saunt. Let me die! your Ladship obliges me beyond
 490 expression—*Malagene*, thou shalt hear me.

[Sings a Song in a French Tone.]

Mala. What a Devil was this, I understand not a word on't

Saunt. Ha, *Malagene*, ha?

L. *Squ.* Did you ever hear any thing so fine?

Malag. Never, Madam, never: I swear, your Ladiship is a great Judge.

L. *Squ.* But how plain and distinctly too every word was pronounc'd? 495

Mal. Oh, to admiration, to admiration.

[*Makes mouths aside.*]

L. *Squ.* Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature—Oh sad, Mr. *Caper*, I long till Night comes: I'll dance 500 with no body but you to Night, for I swear I believe I shall be out of humour.

Malag. That's more then she ever was in her life, so long as she had a Fool or a Fiddle in her company. *<Aside>*

L. *Squ.* Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately.—But 505 now you talk of Intrigues, I am mistaken if you don't see something where we are going to Night.

Malag. What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not so?

L. *Squ.* Oh, fie, Mr. *Malagene*, fie: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk so strangely:—but let me die, I can't 510 but laugh—ha, ha, ha.—Well, Gentlemen, you shall Dine with me to day—What say you Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

Malag. Your Ladiship may be sure of me, I hate to break good Company.

L. *Sq.* And pray now let us be very severe and talk 515 maliciously of all the Town. Mr. *Caper* your hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how shall I divide my self—I'll swear, I am strangely at a loss—Mr. *Malagene*, you must be Mr. *Saunters* Mistriss I think at present

Malag. With all my heart, Madam,—Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, 520 your hand: I swear, you are a charming Creature, and your Courtship is as extraordinary as your Voice.—Let me die, and I vow I must have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humoursom and very whimsical I think: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

End first Act.

THE SECOND ACT.

SCENE, *The Ordinary.*

Enter Mrs. *Goodvile* and *Lettice*.

Mrs. *Goodv.* **D**Id you deliver the Billet?

Lettice. Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But are you sure you did?

Lettice. Can your Ladship think I would be guilty of the
5 least neglect in a Concern of such moment?

Mrs. *Goodv.* And are you sure he Dines here to day?

Lettice. Madam, they are now at Dinner below: Mr.
Valentine's there too. Oh, I'll swear he's a fine man, the
most courteous person!

10 Mrs. *Goodv.* What, because he hunts and kisses you when
he's drunk? No, *Lettice*, *Truman*, *Truman*, Oh that *Truman*!

Lettice. I wonder your Ladship should be so taken with
him: were I to choose, I should think my Master the more
agreeable man.

15 Mrs. *Goodv.* And you may take him if you will; he is as
much a Husband as one would wish: I have not seen him
this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morn-
ing, and then he sneaks to his separate Bed, where he lies
till Afternoon, then rises and out again upon his Parole:
20 flesh and bloud can't endure it.

Lettice. But he always visits your Ladship first.

Mrs. *Goodv.* That's his Policy, as great Debtors are
always very respectfull and acknowledging where they
never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what freedom
25 I can desire, but God knows that's all.

Lettice. And where's the pleasure of going abroad and
getting a stomach, to return and starve at home?

Mrs. *Goodv.* I laugh though to think what an easie fool
he believes me; he thinks me the most contented, innocent,
30 harmless Turtle breathing, the very pattern of patience.

Lettice. A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. Goodv. And as blind with love as his own good opinion of himself has made him.

Lettice. And can you find in your heart to wrong so good a natur'd compleat well-meaning harmless Husband, that 35 has so good an opinion of you?

Mrs. Goodv. Ha, wrong him! what you say, *Lettice*? I wrong my Husband! such another word forfeits my good opinion of thee for ever.

Lettice. What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this 40 Morning?

Mrs. Goodv. To make him my friend perhaps, and discover if I can who it is that wrongs me in my Husbands affection: for I am sure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deserves no better then ordinary of me, if 45 the truth were known.

Lettice. Why, she is his near Kinswoman and lives here in the house with you, besides he would never dishonour his own Family surely.

Mrs. Goodv. You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the nearness of 50 bloud is the least thing considered. Besides, as I have heard, 'tis almost the onely way Relations care to be kind to one another now a days.

Lett. Yet, Madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the joyes of love about 55 you. Lord! How can you dissemble with him so? Besides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mr. Goodv. Oh, if I would ever consent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice*!) it should be, to choose, with his Friend. For such a one has a double 60 Obligation to secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll swear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking so much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill thoughts into ones head, which I am the most averse to of all things in the world. 65

Lett. But, Madam, Thoughts are free, and it is as hard not to think a little idly sometimes, as it is to be always in

good humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Truman* should be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all
70 be reall which your Ladiship suspects.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ay, and with a design of Marriage too: but a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his experience to doubt his security in a Wife, as success in a Mistress.

75 *Lett.* Besides, after a little time, he is so very industrious in Cuckolding others, that he never dreams how swimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter Victoria.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But hush—she's here.

Victo. A happy Day to you, Madam.

80 Mrs. *Goodv.* Dear Cousin, your humble Servant: have you heard who are below?

Victo. Yes, young *Truman* and his inseparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Well, what will you do Cousin, *Truman*
85 comes resolv'd on Conquest; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impossible you should be able to hold out against him.

Vict. Yes, powerfull Champaign as they call it may do much, a spark can no more refrain running into love after
90 a Bottle, then a drunken Country Vicar can avoid disputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows stronger then his Reason.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Come, come, dissemble your Inclinations as artfully as you please, I am sure they are not so indifferent,
95 but they may be easily discerned.

Victo. Truly, Madam, you may be mistaken in your guess.

Mrs. *Goodv.* How! I doubt it is some other man then has caused this alteration in you.—Lord, *Lettice*, is she not extremely alter'd?

100 *Victo.* Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glass and let her see her self; Lord, you are paler then you use to be.

Lett. Ay, and then that blewness under the eyes.

Mrs. Goodv. Besides, you are not so lively as I have known you: pardon me Cousin. 105

Lett. Well, if there be a fault, Marriage will cure all.

Victor. I'll assure you, I have none that I know of stands in need of so desperate a remedy. Marriage! fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter Page.

Mrs. Goodv. Well, what now? 110

Page. Madam *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladiship.

Mrs. Goodv. Ha, *Camilla*! Tell her I'll attend her: Won't you go with me *Victoria*?

Victo. I'll but step into my Chamber, and follow you 115 instantly. [*Ex. Mrs. Good. <Lettice> and Page.*] Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of *Goodvile's* love and mine: if she has, I am ruin'd.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. *Victoria*! your Cousin is not here, is she? What, in Clouds? I stole this Minute from my friends on purpose 120 to see thee, and must not I have a look? not a word?

Victo. Oh, I am ruin'd and lost for ever. I fear your Wife has had some knowledge of our Loves: And if it be so, what will then become of me?

Goodv. Prithee, no more: my Wife! she has too good an 125 opinion of her self, to have any ill one of me; and would as soon believe her Glass could flatter her, as I be false to her: my Wife!—ha, ha.

Victo. Yes, I am sure it must be so; it can be no otherwise: But you are satisfi'd, and now have nothing more to 130 do, but to leave me to be miserable.

Goodv. Leave thee! By Heav'n I'de sooner renounce my Family, and own my self the Bastard of a Rascal: Come, quiet thy doubts, *Truman* is here, and take my Love for thy Security, he shall be thine to Night. 135

Victo. I have great reason to expect it indeed, that you

107 know off 111 Madam,

would hazard your Interest in so good a Friend for the reparation of my Honour, that so little concerns you, and which you have already made your best of

140 *Goodv.* No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deserve it, by doing thee that justice which I am incapable of.

Victo. You can promise easily.

145 *Goodv.* Ay, and as resolutely perform: when I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Ha, she here!

Mrs. Goodvile. So, so, Mr. *Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I should catch you

150 *Goodv.* Faith, my Dear, I have been speaking a good word for *Jack Truman*; my Cousin *Victoria*'s too cruel

Mrs. Goodv. Oh, fie, *Victoria*! Can you be so hard hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. *Goodvile* is an Advocate?

155 *Victo.* I must confess it is with some difficulty; but should I too easily comply upon Mr. *Goodvile*'s intercession, who knows but your Ladship might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may presume there's hopes for himself.

160 *Mrs. Goodv.* Ay, but Cousin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, though but in regard of that, do me such injury: Besides, Mr. *Goodvile* knows I dare trust him. Don't you, Love?

Goodv. Trust me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one—
165 Credulous Innocence! [*Aside.*] Alas, my Dear, were I as false as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would shame me into honesty.

Enter Camilla running and squeaking.

Truman and Valentine after her.

Camill. For Heav'ns sake, Madam, save me!—Mr. *Goodvile*, 'tis safer travelling through the Desarts of *Arabia*,

then entring your House: Had I not ran hard for it, I had 170
been devour'd, that's certain.

Val. Oh, Madam, are you herded? it will be to little
purpose, I am stanch, and never change my Game.

Cam. But when you have lost it, if fresh start up, you
can be as fully satisfied, who hunt more for the love of the 175
sport, then for the sake of the prey.

Valent. But, Madam, should you chance to be taken,
look to't, for I shall touse and worry you most unmerci-
fully, till I have reveng'd my self severely, for the pains you
cost me catching. 180

Cam. Therefore I am resolv'd to keep out of your reach;
Lord! what would become of such a poor little Creature
as I am, in the Paws of so ravenous an Animal?

Trum. But are you too, Lady, so wild, as Mrs. *Camilla*?

Victo. Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not so 185
unmercifull as Mr. *Valentine*.

Trum. No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as soft and
pliant as your Pillow, you may mould me to your own ease
and pleasure, which way you will.

Victo. 'Tis strange two of such different Tempers should 190
so well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring,
ranting, tory rory Sparks as one would wish to meet
withall.

Val. Yes, Madam, at the Play-house in a Vizor, when
you come drest and prepar'd for the Encounter; there in- 195
deed we can be as unanimously Modish and Impertinent
as the pertest Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we
lose our hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

Camil. But the comfort is, you are sure to find 'em again
in the next Bottle. 200

Mrs. Goodv. Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths,
and they are as well at ease as ever they were.

Trum. Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to
have us two such whining crop-sick Lovers, as sigh away
their hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be sung about 205
the Town by Fools and Bullies in Taverns.

Goodv. Till some *Smithfield* Doggrel taking the hint, swells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Chloris* dwindles into a Kitchen-Wench.

²¹⁰ *Victo.* 'Tis presum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our perfections.

Camill. As if the onely way to raise a good opinion of your selves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

²¹⁵ *Trum.* Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard world, and when Beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

Val. But you shall find, Ladies, we'll bid like Chapmen for all that.

²²⁰ *Victo.* You had best have a care though, lest you over-reach your selves, and repent of your purchase when 'tis too late.

Camil. Besides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine, for the love it raises is generally like the
²²⁵ courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very short liv'd.

Goodv. How, Madam! have a care what you say; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that speak against it, forfeit their Charter. I must not have my Favourite traduc'd. Boy, bring some Wine. You shall prove its good
²³⁰ effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink——

Cam. Till your Brains are afloat, and all the rest sink.

Val. I find then, Ladies, you have the like opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

²³⁵ *Cam.* Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

Tru. But if your Ladiship should be in the wrong.—Tho' Love like Wine be a good refresher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too busie withall. And though now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet
²⁴⁰ confound me, I think I shall have a care never to break my heart with loving.

Mrs. Goodv. But Sir, if all men were of your cruel

temper, what would become of those tender hearted Creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, though it comes without a Name, and makes you as unsatisfi'd as they poor Creatures are themselves? 245

Trum. Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leader! Sot that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she, could send mine this Morning. Well, poor *Jack* *Truman* look to thy self, snares are laid for thee;—but the Vertuous must suffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all flesh is frail. *<Aside.>* 250

Enter Boy with Wine.

Goodv. Now Boy, fill the Glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be consider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven years hence: but at Night— 255

Val. A very fair proposal.

Mrs. Goodv. Agreed, Sir, if you will have it so. 260

Goodv. The Wine—now each man to his post. The word. 265

<i>[All take Glasses.]</i>	<i>They separate,</i> <i>Goodv.</i> <i>to Cam. Val. to Victo.</i> <i>Trum. to Mrs. Goodv.</i>
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Trum. Love and Wine.

[Enter Lettice.]

Goodv. Pass—

They drink.

Now that nothing may be wanting, *Lettice* you must sing the Song I brought home t'other Morning, for Musick is as great an encouragement to drinking, as fighting. 265

Song.

Lettice sings.

How bless'd he appears,

That revels and loves out his happy years,

That fiercely spurs on till he finish his race: 270

And knowing life's short, chooses living apace.

To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it,

Then love and rejoyce, there's no living without it.

2.

Each day we grow older ;

275 *But as fate approaches, the brave still are bolder.*
The joys of Love with our Youth slide away,
But yet there are pleasures that never decay:
When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when w're old.

280 *Goodv.* So, now show me an Enemy to divine harmonious
Drinking!

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Squeamish* is below, just alighted out
of her Coach.

Goodv. Nay then drinking will have the major Vote
285 against it: She is the most exact observer of Decorums and
Decency alive. But she is not alone I hope?

Boy. No, Sir, there is Mr. *Malagene* with her, and three
more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumsey*, a full
portly Gentleman.

290 *Trum.* That's a hopeful Animal, an elder Brother, of a
fair Estate, and her Kinsman, newly come up to Town,
whom her Ladiship has undertaken to polish and make a
fine Gentleman.

Val. 'Tis such a fulsom over-grown Rogue, yet hopes to
295 be a fine Spark, and a very Courtly Youth; he has been
this half year endeavouring at a shape, which he loves
eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other
I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite
Companion Mr. *Saunter*.

300 *Goodv.* She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her
heels, and we may know as well when she is near by the
noise her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain
Spark of this Town is at hand by the new fangled gingle of
his Coach. She comes—and wo be to the Wretch whom
305 she first lights upon.

Enter L. Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey,
Malagene, Caper and Saunter.

L. Sq. Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten thousand happinesses

wait on you: fair Madam *Victoria*, sweet charming *Camilla*, which way shall I express my Service to you?—Cousin your honour, your honour to the Ladies.

Sir *Noble*. Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can ³¹⁰ bow, I salute you all: And Gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted Servant.—That I learn'd at the end of an Epistle Dedicatory.

Goodv. Sir *Noble Clumsey* is too great a Courtier.

Sir *Noble*. Yes, Sir, I can complement upon an occasion; ³¹⁵ my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

L. *Squ.* Gallants, you must pardon my Cousin here, he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Conversation but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

Malag. But let me tell you, he is a man of parts, and one ³²⁰ that I respect and honour: 'Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

Val. Hark you *Malagene*, how durst you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care so little for your company? ³²⁵

Malag. O, Sir your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I guess'd this was the Duel you were going about: I should not have left you else faith *Ned*, I should not.

Goodv. But, Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinsman drink? What think you Sir *Noble* of the Ladies ³³⁰ Healths?

Sir *Nob.* In a Glass of small Beer, if you please.

L. *Squ.* Oh sweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll swear, I am so afraid he should spoil himself with drinking. Lord, how I should loath a Fellow ³³⁵ with a red Nose!

Val. See, *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Mistresses.

Trum. Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em; a woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb sometimes as naturally, ³⁴⁰ as with a Lap-Dog; and I could no more be jealous of one then of the other.

Val. I am not of your opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em sport: And the familiarity
 315 of Fools proceeds often-times from a priviledge we are not aware of. For my part, I shall make bold to divert.—*Mr. Saunter* a word: Have you any pretences with that Lady? hah?

Saunt. Some small encouragement I have had, Sir; but
 350 I never make my boast of those Favours, never.

Val. No, Sir, 'twere not your best course.

Saunt. Oh Lord, you are pleas'd to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that.—[*Sings.*]
 —Would *Phyllis* be mine, and for, &c.

Enter Boy.

355 *Boy.* Madam, the Fiddles are below, shall I call 'em up?
Mrs. Goodv. No, let 'em stay a little, we'll dance below.
Cap. Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you?

[*Caper capers.*]

Boy. Here, Sir.

Cap. Have you brought my Dancing-shoos?

360 *Boy.* No, Sir, you gave me no order: but your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

Cap. Rascal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-shoos? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your Ears, and have
 365 'em fasten'd to the Heels of those I have on.

Trum. It is an unpardonable fault, Sir, that your Boy should forget your Dancing-shoos.

Cap. Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no sense; I must get rid of him as soon as I can: I would no more dance in
 370 a pair of shoos that we commonly wear, then I would ride a race in a pair of Gambado's.

L. Squeam. *Mr. Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman then to leave his Mistriss for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a love between you and Madam *Camilla*? Thou Monster
 375 of perjury. [To *Val.*]

Val. Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is

353 *Sings.*—

abundance of love on my side, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladiship would But stand my Friend upon this occasion.—I think this is civil.

L. *Squ.* I'll swear, Sir, you are a most obliging person—³⁵⁰
Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has desired me to be his Advocate. Who could withstand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein; besides a thousand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla*! guard, guard your Heart; but I'll swear, ³⁸⁵
if it were my own case, I doubt I should not—ha, ha, ha.

Val. Madam? what means all this?

Goodv. Poor *Ned Valentine*!

Trum. 'Tis but what I told him he must look for: but stay, there is more yet coming. ³⁹⁰

L. *Sq.* Nay, this is not half of what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worse then thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expose thy folly and falshood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me. ³⁹⁵

Val. But has your Ladiship no mercy? will nothing but my ruine appease you? Why should you choose by your malice to expose your decay of years, and lay open your poor Lovers follies to all, because you could improve 'em to your own use no longer? [*Approaches.* ⁴⁰⁰

L. *Squ.* Come not near me, Traytor,—Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be so cruel? See, see, how wildly he looks: for Heav'n sake have a care of him; I fear he is dis-temper'd in his mind: What pity 'tis so hopeful a Gentleman should run mad for Love,—ha, ha, ha. ⁴⁰⁵

Mrs. *Good.* Dear Madam, how can you use Mr. *Valentine* so? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour and spoil him for being good company all the day after it.

L. *Squ.* Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greatest pleasure to me in the world: Let me die, but I love to railly a bash- ⁴¹⁰
full young Lover, and put him out of count'nance, at my heart.

Saunt. Ha, ha, ha, and I'll swear the Devil and all's in

her wit, when she sets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine*! Lord,
 415 how silly he looks!

Cap. Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how

Val. Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry,
 d'ye mark me?

Sir Noble No, but Sir, don't be in a passion, my Lady will
 420 have her humour; but she's a very good woman at the bottom.

Val. Very likely Sir.

Mrs. Goodv. Now, Madam, if your Ladiship thinks fit,
 we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themselves a
 little; onely Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* must do us the
 425 honour of their company.

Saunt. Say you so, Madam? I'faith and you shall have
 it. Come *Caper*, we are the men for the Ladies, I see
 that.—Hey Boys!

L. Squ. Oh dear and sweet Mr. *Saunter* shall oblige us
 430 with a Song.

Saunt. O Madam, Ten thousand, ten thousand if you
 please: I'le swear, I believe I could sing all Day and all
 Night, and never be weary. [Sings.

When Phyllis watcht her harmless Sheep,
 435 *Not one poor Lamb, &c.*

[Ex. *Saunter, Cap. Ladies.*

Goodv. A happy riddance this: Now Gentlemen for one
 Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and now acquaintance,
Sir Noble Clumsey.

Sir Noble. Really Gallants, I must beg your pardon, I
 440 dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and
 my Head won't bear it.

Trum. Oh, surely that honourable Bulk could never be
 maintain'd with thin regular Diet and small Beer.

Sir Noble. I must confess, Sir, I am something plump,
 445 but a little fat is comely, I would not be too lean.

Malag. No, by no means my Dear, thou hast an heroick
 Face which well becomes the noble port and fulness of thy
 Body.

Val. *Goodvile*, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been sometime in a Cloud, for this once receive him 450 into good Grace and Favour again.

Malag. Faith, *Goodvile* do, for without any more words, I love thee with all my heart—Faith and Troth—give me thy hand.

Goodv. But Sir should I allow you my Countenance, you 455 would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly I fear.

Malag. Drunk, Sir? I scorn your words, I'de have you know I han't been drunk this week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I wont be very sober: This noble Knight shall be 460 security for my good behaviour. Wilt thou not Knight?

Sir Noble. Sir, you are a person altogether a stranger to me; and I have sworn never to be bound for any man.

Trum. Oh but *Sir Noble*, you are oblig'd in honour to serve a Gentleman and your friend. 465

Sir Noble. Say you so, Sir? oblig'd in honour? I am satisfi'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatsoever he says I'll stand to.

Malag. Hark thee Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my acquaintance, and 470 have thee made a Lord.

Goodv. Boy, the Wine, give *Sir Noble* his Glass,—Gentlemen, *Sir Noble's* Ladies Health.

Sir Nob. Od's my life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't, Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you 475 shall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glass of good Wine!

Val. Say you so? take the other Glass then *Sir Noble*.

Sir Nob. 'Fore *George*, and so I will. Pox on't, let it be a brimmer: Gentlemen, God save the King. 480

Malag. Well said my lovely man of might: His worship grows good company.

Trum. *Sir Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*, they are men of pretty parts.

Sir Noble. Oh Sir, the finest persons—the most obliging 485

well-bred complaisant modish Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are men of fine estates

Trum. This Rogue is one of those Earthy Mongrels that
490 knows the value of nothing but a good Estate, and loves a fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, though his Grandfather were a Blacksmith.

Sir *Nob.* How say you Sir, a good Estate? od's heart, give me the other Glass, I have two thousand pounds a year.
495 *Malag.* Say'st thou so? Boy, bring more Wine; Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou see'st I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

Goodv. *Malagene*, it shall be your task; drink him up
500 lustily, and when that's done, wee'l bring him to my Lady his Cousin, it may make some sport.

Val. A very good proposal.

Malag. Say no more, thy word's a Law, and it shall be done: Come, bear up my lusty Limb of honour, and hang
505 sobriety.

Sir *Noble.* Ay, so say I, hang sobriety—drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a noise, and all that: But be honest, do'st hear, be honest.

Trum. I would very fain be so if I could: But the
510 damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not strike first, and there's an end on't. *<Aside.>* [*Musick within.*]

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies desire
515 your Company.—Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

Trum. Say'st thou so? I thank thee for thy news with all my heart. The Devil I see will get the better on't, and there is no resisting. *<Aside.>*

Lettice. Sir *Noble*, my Lady *Squeamish* sent me to tell
520 you, she wants your company to dance.

Sir *Nob.* Tell her, I am busie about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come.—Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but these women will be always putting us on more then we can do. Boy, give me more Wine.

Goodv. *Malagene*, remember, and use expedition. 525

[*Ex. Goodv. Trum. Val. Lettice.*

Sir *Noble* Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight: And here's a Health to all the Whores in Christendom.

Malag. Not forgetting all the Ladies within Now we are alone I may talk. [*Drinks.*

Sir *Nob.* So, there's for you, do you see? [*Breaks a Glass*] 530

Sirrah, don't you look scurvily, I have money in my Pocket, you must know that.—Bring us more Wine.

Malagene, thou art a pretty Fellow; do'st thou love me? Give me thy hand: I will salute thy under Lip. [*Staggers*

Malag. Hah, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I 535 shall almost be drunk as soon as the Knight. Sir *Noble*, canst thou whore?

Sir *Nob.* How, whore! what a question's there? Thou shalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

Malag. What a Rascal this Knight is? I have known as 540 worthy a person as himself a Pimp, and one that thought it no blemish to his honour neither.

Enter Lady Squeamish at the Door.

Sir *Noble.* Hah, my Lady Cousin?—Faith, Madam, you see I am at it.

Malag. The Devil's in't, I think, we could no sooner 545 talk of Whores, but she must come in, with a Pox to her. Madam, your Ladiships most humble Servant.

L. *Squ.* Oh, odious! insufferable! Who would have thought, Cousin, you would have serv'd me so—fough how he stinks of Wine, I can smell him hither.—How have 550 you the patience to hear the noise of Fiddles, and spend your time in nasty drinking?

Sir *Nob.* Hum! 'tis a good Creature: lovely Lady, thou shalt take thy Glass.

555 L. *Squ.* Uh gud murther, I had rather you had offered me a Toad.

Sir *Noble.* Then *Valentine*, here's a Health to my Lady Cousins *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. [*Drinks and breaks Glass.*]

L. *Squ.* Lord, dear Mr. *Malagene*, what's that?

560 *Malag.* A certain place Madam in *Greece*, much talkt of by the Ancients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

L. *Squ.* Nay he is an ingenious person I'll assure you.

Sir *Noble.* Now Lady bright I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy hand, I'll go straight and begin my Grand-
565 mothers kissing Dance; but first design me the private honour of thy Lip.

L. *Squ.* Nay, fie Sir *Noble*! how I hate you now! for shame be not so rude: I'll swear you are quite spoiled. Get you gone, you good natur'd Toad you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

End second Act.

THE THIRD ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Goodvile a little heated.

Good-**W**hat a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I
vile. grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holiday. *Truman* marries *Victoria*,
5 that's resolv'd on, and so one Care is over. But then *Camilla*! how I shall get possession of her.—Well, my mind misgives me I shall do something may call my Discretion in question, and yet I can't avoid it. *Camilla* I do love and must have her, come what will on't: And no time

so fit to begin the Enterprize as this; she may make a good 10
Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter *Truman, Valentine*. Musick.

Fie, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit
Champaign for this? Faith I begin to despair of you, and
doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers

Trum. Goodvile thou hast no Conscience. A decay'd 15
Cavalier Captain that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy
Lieutenant in the Country is not able to keep thee com-
pany Two Bottles, as I take it, is no such trifling matter

Goodv. Oh but I hate to be baulkt, and a friend that
leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Mistriss that jilts 20
me when I thought I had made sure of the Business But
Gallants, how stand the Affairs of love? *Truman*, is
Victoria kind? I question not your friendship in the
matter, but trust the honour of my Family in your hands.

Val. He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no 25
longer a stranger on what score he is so wondrous civil.
But I am mistaken, if he be behind with him in kindness
long. [Aside.]

Trum. A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never
agree with me, methinks the very thought on't goes a little 30
against my stomach: Like a young Thief, though I have
some itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may
follow.

Goodv. Well, I'll go in and better prepare *Victoria*; in
the mean time believe it onely my ambition to be as well 35
ally'd in blood as friendship to so good and generous a
person as *Truman*. <Exit *Goodv.*>

Trum. What a damn'd Creature man is! *Valentine*,
did'st thou believe this fellow could be a Villain?

Val. I must confess, it something surprizes me; he 40
might have found out a fitter person to put his Mistriss
upon, then his Friend: but how the Devil got you the
knowledge of it?

Trum. Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way

45 oblig'd to conceal it—his Wife, even his very wife told me all.

Val. I begin to suspect that Mrs. *Goodvile* has no ill opinion of you; I observ'd something but now very obliging towards you: Besides when a Woman begins to
50 betray her Husbands secrets, 'tis a certain sign she has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

Trum. *Valentine* no more of that; Though it would be a rare revenge to make a Cuckold of this smiling Rogue.

Val. 'Tis 50 times better then cutting his Throat, that
55 were to do him more honour then he deserves.

Enter *Malagene*.

Malag Ha, ha, ha, the rarest sport—*Jack Truman*, *Ned Valentine*.

Trum. Why, whats the matter? where?

Malag. Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight as drunk as a
60 Porter; and faith *Jack* I am but little better.

Val. Dear Sir, and what of all this?

Mal. Why with a Bottle under his arm, and a Beer-glass in his hand I set him full drive at my Lady *Squeamish*; for nothing else but to make mischief *Ned*—nothing else in
65 the world; for every body knows I am the worst natur'd fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of wit.

Val. Do you love no body then?

Malag. No not I: yes, a pox on't I love you well enough, because ye are a Rogue I have known a good while.
70 Though should I take the least prejudice against you, I could not afford you a good word behind your back for my heart.

Trum. Sir, we are much obliged to you: 'Tis a sign the Rogue is drunk that he speaks truth.

75 *Malag.* I tell you what I did t'other day: faith 'tis as good a jest as ever you heard.

Val. Pray Sir do.

Mal. Why walking along, a lame Fellow follow'd me, and askt my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty pro-

position to me :) being in one of my witty merry fits, I askt 80 him how long he had been in that condition? The poor Fellow shook his head and told me he was born so.—But how d'ye think I serv'd him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Malag. I show'd my parts I think; for I tript up both 85 his wooden Legs, and walkt off gravely about my business.

Trum. And this you say is your way of wit?

Malag. Ay altogether this and Mimickry: I am a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, Prince *Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the 90 rumbling of a Wheelbarrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Malag. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, so I say—Nay, more then that, I can act a Sow and Piggs, Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting: I can act a 95 Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed must be the effect of very curious observation.

Malag. No, hang it, I never make it my business to observe any thing, that is Mechanick. But all this I do, 100 you shall see me if you will: But here comes her Ladship and Sir *Noble*.

Enter Lady Squeamish and Sir Noble.

L. Squ. Oh dear Mr. *Truman* rescue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'ns sake.

Sir Nob. I tell thee Lady, I must embrace thy lovely 105 body. Sir, do you know me? I am Sir *Noble Clumsey*: I am a Rogue of an Estate, and live I—Do you want any money? I have fifty pound.

Val. Nay good Sir *Noble*, none of your generosity we beseech you. The Lady, the Lady Sir *Noble*. 110

Sir Nob. Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.—Hang money, my Father was an Alderman.

Mal. 'Tis pity good Guinneys should be spoil'd: Sir *Noble*, by your leave. [Picks 'em up.

115 Sir *Nob.* But Sir you will not keep my money?

Malag. Oh, hang money Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

Sir *Nob.* Well, get thee gone for an Arch-wagg—I do but sham all this while:—But by Dad he's pure company.

Trum. Was there ever such a Blockhead! Now has he
120 nevertheless a mighty opinion of himself, and thinks all this wit and pretty discourse.

Sir *Noble.* Lady, once more I say be civil and come kiss me; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

Val. Well done Sir *Noble*, to her, never spare.

125 L. *Squ.* I may be even with you though for all this Mr. *Valentine*: Nay, dear Sir *Noble*, Mr. *Truman*, I'll swear he'll put me into Fits.

Sir *Nob.* No, but let me salute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me? [Kneels.]

130 *Malag.* Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

L. *Squ.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a strange man, and I'll swear have a great deal of wit. Lord, why don't you write?

Malag. Write? I thank your Ladiship for that with all
135 my heart. No, I have a finger in a Lampoon or so sometimes, that's all.

Trum. But he can act.

L. *Squ.* I'll swear and so he does better then any one upon our Theatres; I have seen him. Oh the *English*
140 Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian*: Besides we want Poets.

Sir *Nob.* Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

145 L. *Squ.* Oh Cousin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my counsel: Be sure to say soft melting tender things in it that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters vertuous what ere you do.

Sir *Nob.* Moving? why, I can never read it my self but it
150 makes me laugh, well, 'tis the pretty'st Plot and so full of waggery.

L. *Squ.* Oh ridiculous!

Malag. But Knight the Title, Knight, the Title.

Sir *Noble*. Why let me see; 'Tis to be call'd, The merry Conceits of Love; or, The Life and Death of the 155
Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, with the humours of his Dog *Bobadillo*.

Malag. Ha, ha, ha.

Val. But Sir *Noble*, this sounds more like a Comedy.

Sir *Noble*. Oh, but I have resolved it shall be a Tragedy, 160
because *Bobadillo's* to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy!
no, I scorn to write Comedy. I know several that can
squirt Comedy.—I'll tell you more of this when I am
sober.

L. *Squ.* But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us see you act a little something of *Harlequin*? I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [*Malag. acts.*] Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

Trum. Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole life surely is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd woman with all the exquisite silliness and vanity of her Sex, yet none of the charms.

{ *Malag. speaks in Punchi-* 175
{ *nello's voice.*

L. *Squ.* O Lord, that, that ; that is a pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actress?

Malag. Ever since your Ladiship has been off from the 180
hooks with Mr. *Valentine*. [*In his own voice aloud.*]

L. Squ. Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any such base thing to my face, what ever he might say of me behind my back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the world, that I am 185 satisfied of.

Val. Can your Ladiship take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene*? A woman should bear with the unluckly Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill manners
190 of her Monkey sometimes: The Fools and Rascalls your Sex delights in, ought to have the priviledge of saying as well as they have of doing any thing.

L. Squ. Which you men of wit (as you think your selves!) are very angry you should be debarr'd of: Lord,
195 what pity 'tis your good parts should be your misfortune.

Val. Ay Madam, I feel the curse of it: I who had just sence enough to fall in love with so much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily possest of.

200 *L. Squ.* This malice and ill-nature shall not serve your turn; I shall know all your proceedings and intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter *Caper* and *Saunter*.

Cap. Oh dear Madam, w'are utterly undone for want of
205 your Ladiships company I'll vow. Madam *Goodvile* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here.

[*Cuts backward.*

Sir Noble. Sir, are you a Dancing-Master? you are very nimble methinks.

Caper. Ay Sir, I hate to stand still. But *Sir Noble*, I
210 thought you had known me, I doubt you may be a little over-taken; Faith, dear heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

Sir Noble. Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a year or so, 'tis good for my bodily health. But do you never
215 drink?

Cap. No, *Sir Noble*, that is not my Province you know: I mind Dancing altogether.

Sir Noble. Nor you? can't you drink, hah?

Saunt. No, I make love and sing to Ladies.

220 *Sir Noble.* Whores to my knowledge, errant rank com-

mon Whores. A pox on your woman of quality that you carried me to in the *Mail*.

Trum. Why, what was the matter Sir *Noble*?

Sir *Nob.* By yea and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Baud instead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Cloaths, and nothing to eat.

L. *Sq.* Oh dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleasant.

Trum. I believe Sir *Noble* is much in the right, for I never came near these giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney stripping Whore that did not know 'em.

Cap. Ned *Valentine*, I have a kindness to beg of you.

Val. Sir, you may command me any thing.

Cap. Why, you must know I am in love with *Camilla*

Val. Very good.

Cap. Now I would have you speak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catcht him at it but now: Faith it made my heart ake, never stir if it did not. [Ex.]

Val. In troth Sir 'tis very uncivil: *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as fast as he can. *Camilla's* his Quarrey now I understand, and by that time he has plaid as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Mistriss *Victoria*, I may stand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

Trum. *Valentine*, thou art upon too sure grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much wit and vertue, and each with as little affectation as the other.

Val. *Jack*, after this I cannot but be very free with you; I know there is some love hatching between you and his Wife: both our revenge lies in thy hands, and if thou do'st not thy self and me justice, I'll disown thee for ever.

Trum. See where he comes with a heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but honesty in it.

Enter Goodvile.

Sings.

*When Beauty can't move, and our passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its charms, and we drink when w'are old.*

260 *Good.* Jack Truman, yonder have I and Victoria been laughing at thee till we were weary. She swears thou art so very modest, she would not for all the world marry thee for fear of spoiling that vertue.

Trum. Nay then I doubt I have lost her for ever; for if
265 she complains of my modesty, she has found a fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

Goodv. But that is a quality which though they hate never so much in a Gallant, they are apt for many reasons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Dissimulation is the
270 natural adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more despair of a woman, though she swore she hated me, then I would believe her though she swore she lov'd me.

*Enter Lady Squeamish, and the rest of the
Company with the Fiddles.*

L. Sq. Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! Mr. *Caper* where are you? you shall dance with Madam *Camilla*.
275 *Mr. Saunter* wait on *Victoria*. *Mr. Goodvile* your humble Servant. Dear *Mr. Truman* won't you oblige me? Madam *Goodvile*—ha, ha, ha: I'll swear I had utterly forgotten *Mr. Valentine*.

Val. Your Ladship knows me to be a civil person, if you
280 please, I'll keep good orders. [*All take out the Women.*]

Malag. Faith *Ned* do, and I'll keep the Musick { *Musick*
in tune: Away with it; Hold, hold—what in- { *plays.*
sufferable Rascals are these? why ye scurvy thrashing
scraping Mongrels, ye make a worse noise then cramp
285 Hedg-hogs. An old gouty Dancing-Master that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Musick on his crackt Kitt—'Sdeath ye Dogs can't you play now as a Gentleman sings? hah—

260 *Good.*—*Jack*

Goodv. Sir, will you never leave this nauseous humour of yours? I can never be with you but I must be forc'd to 290 use you ill, or indure the perpetual torment of your Impertinence.

Malag. Well Sir, I ha' done Sir, I ha' done: but 'tis very hard a man can't be permitted to shew his parts. 'Sdeath *Frank*, do'st thou think thou understand'st 295 Musick?

Goodv. Sir I understand it so well, that I won't have it interrupted in my company by you.

Malag. I am glad on't with all my heart; I never thought you had understood any thing before.—I think 300 there I was pretty even with you.

Goodv. Sauciness and ill-manners are so much your province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

Malag. Sir, you may use your pleasure; but I care no more for being kickt, then you do for kicking. But prithee 305 *Frank* why should you be out of humour so? The Devil take me, if I shall not give thee such a jerk presently will make thee angry indeed.

L. Sq. Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be so ill-natur'd? I'll swear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. These people have 310 no manners in the least, play not at all to dancing: but I vow he himself sings a Tune extream prettily.

Goodv. Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd? I shall have no opportunity to pursue my business with *Camilla*: I must remove this troublesom Coxcomb, and 315 that perhaps may put stop at least to her Impertinence.

<Aside.>

L. Squ. Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beseech you do me the favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* sing a *Scotch* Song. I'll swear I am a strange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the pretti'st soft melting gentle harmless things— 320

Saunt. By Dad, and so they are.—*In January last*—

[Sings.

Val. Deliver us! A *Scotch* Song! I hate it worse then a *Scotch* Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of,

and have better Musick. I wish I could see her Ladiship
325 dance a *Scotch Jigg* to one 'of 'em.

Mal I must needs beg your Ladiships pardon, I have forgotten the last new *Scotch Song*: But if you please, I'll entertain you with one of another nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleasant.

330 *L. Sq.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

Malag. sings an Irish Cronon.

Malag. Well, Madam, how like you it Madam, hah?

L. Sq. Really it is very pretty now—the pretti'st odd out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it strangely?

335 *Mal.* I'll assure your Ladiship I learnt it of an *Irish* Musician that's lately come over, and intend to present it to an Author of my Acquaintance to put it in his next Play.

L. Sq. Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Mistriss,—ha, ha, ha.

340 *Val.* My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty voice, he shall learn it if you please; and if your Ladiship has any further service for him——

L. Sq. Ah Lord, Wit, wit, wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

345 *Trum. Valentine*, thou art something too rough; I am afraid her Ladiship will be reveng'd; I see mischief in her eyes; 'tis safer provoking a *Lancashire* Witch, then an old Mistriss; and she as violent in her malice too.

Goodv. Malagene, a word with you—hark ye, come
350 hither. [Goes to the Door.]

Mal. Well *Frank*, what's the business now? I am clearly for mischief, shall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Rascals out of doors?

Goodv. No, Sir; but I'll be so civil to turn you out of
355 doors. Nay, Sir, no struggling, I have Footmen within.

Mal. Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a silly affected fantastical Gipsy: I did all this but o' purpose to shew her——Let me alone, I'll abuse her worse.

Goodv. No Sir; but I'll take more care of your reputation, and turn you out to learn better manners. No resistance, as you tender your Ears; but begon. [*Exit (Mal.)*] So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little time to my self — Fiddles strike up. [*Dance.*]

Truman. Thus Madam you freely enjoy all the pleasures of a single life, and ease your self of that wretched formal Austerity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. Goodv. Who would not hate to be one of those simpring Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very strict to their Devotion for a while, but at last turn as errant Sinners as e're they were.

Truman. Marriages indeed should be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are, for handsom retreats and conveniences, not for Prisons, where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. Goodv. But never Sir without a Lady Abbess or a Confessor at least.

Trum. Might I Madam, have the honour to be your Confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of Absolution to so pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. Goodv. See, Mr. *Goodvile* and Madam *Camilla* I believe are at shrift already.

Trum. And poor *Ned Valentine* looks as pensively as if all the sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. Goodv. See Mr. *Caper* your Mistress.

Cap. Ha *Camilla*! Sir your Servant, may I have the honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

Goodv. No Sir, Death! surely I have Fools that rest and harbour in my house, and they are a worse plague then Buggs and Mothes: shall I never be quiet?

Val. Sir *Noble*, Sir *Noble*, have a care of your Mistriss! do you see there?

Sir Noble. Hum—ha—where? oh—— [*Wakes and rises.*]

Saunt. Nay, faith Madam, *Harry Caper's* as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiy'st 'Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town *Harry*, I shall marry her.

Sir *Nob.* Marry Sir! whom will you marry Sir? you lye.
 400 Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry thee my self presently.

Victo. You, Sir *Noble*!—what d'ye mean? [*She squeaks.*]

Sir *Noble.* Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably. These are Rogues my Dear, arrant Rogues.
 405 Come along.— [*Ex. Sir. Nob. Vict.*]

Cap. Ha, *Saunter.*—

Saunt. Ay *Caper*, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

Cap. I faith, and so I will—I don't value him this! [*Cutts*
Ex. Cap. and Saunt.]

L. *Sq.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear my Cousin Sir *Noble*
 410 is a strange pleasant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and see the sport. Mr. *Truman* will you walk? Oh dear, 'tis violent hot [*Exeunt.*]

Val. I'll withdraw too, and at some distance observe how matters are carried between *Goodvile* and *Camilla.* [*Exit.*]

415 *Goodv.* Are you then Madam resolv'd to ruine me? Why should all that stock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the gleanings of it? I love you—

Cam. And all the Sex besides. That ever any man
 420 should take such pains to forswear himself to no purpose!

Goodv. Nay, then there's hopes yet, if you pretend to doubt the truth of my love; 'tis a sign you have some inclinations at least that are my Friends.

Cam. This *Goodvile* I see is one of those spruce polisht
 425 Fools, who have so good an opinion of themselves, that they think no woman can resist 'em, nor man of better sence despise 'em. I'll seem at present to comply, and try how far 'twill pass upon him. <*Aside.*>

Goodv. Well Madam, have you consider'd on't? will the
 430 stone in your heart give way?

Cam. No Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever 'twas.

Goodv. And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with my self? Hah?

Cam. At your own discretion Sir, though I should be loth to see so proper a handsom Gentleman come to an ill end. 435

Goodv. Good charitable Creature! But Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my revenge shall be to love you still; gloat on and loll after you where ere I see you; in all publick meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and so plain, that every Fop 440 that sings 'em shall know 'tis you I mean.

Cam. So Sir, this is something: Could not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; besides, 'tis a thousand times better then vowing and 445 bowing, and making a deal of love and noise, and all to as little purpose as any thing you say else.

Goodv. Right exquisite Tyrant! I'll set a watch and guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-drest Fool in private, but I'll know it; Then in a lewd 450 Lampoon publish it to the Town; till you shall repent and curse the hour you ever saw me.

Cam. Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel man!

Goodv. Hah, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thousand pardons; 455 curst damn'd sot that I was! I have ruin'd my self now for ever.

Cam. Well Sir, should I now forgive you all, could you consent to wrong your Lady so far? you have not yet been married a full year: How must I then suspect your love 460 to me, that can so soon forget your faith to her?

Goodv. Oh Madam, what do you do? the name of a Wife to a man in love is worse then cold water in a Feaver: 'Tis enough to strike the Distemper to my heart and kill me quite, my Lady quoth a! 465

Cam. Besides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

Goodv. I grant it, he is so; A Friend is a thing I love to

eat and drink and laugh withall: Nay more, I would on a good occasion lose my life for my Friend; but not my
 470 pleasure. Say where and when it shall be?

Cam. Never, I dare not.

Goodv. You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the lowest Garden.

Camil. I won't promise you; can't you trust my good
 475 nature?

Goodv. Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my hopes are compleated. *<Aside.>*

Cam. Haste! haste! away Sir, I see *Valentine* coming.—
 [Ex. *Goodv.*]

Enter Valentine.

480 *Val.* Madam, you are extreamly merry; I am glad Mr. *Goodvile* has left you in so good a humour.

Cam. Ay Sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a humour as he has left me here.

[*Enter Lady Squeamish, <and> Bridget at the Door.*]

L. Sq. *Valentine* and *Camilla* alone together! Now for
 485 an opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love malice!

Val. Ungratefull'st of women!

Cam. Foolishest of men! Can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: What have you ever observ'd since first your knowledge of me that might
 490 perswade you I should ever grow fond of a man, as notoriously false to all Women, as you are unworthy of me?

L. Squ. Has *Valentine* been false to her too? nay, then there is some pleasure left yet, to think I am not the onely Woman that has suffer'd by his baseness. [*Aside.*]

495 *Val.* What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an hour only for a little harmless raillery or so; an honour I could never obtain without hard suit and humble supplication.

Cam. Alas! how very Politick you are grown! you

would pretend displeasure to try your power. No—I⁵⁰⁰ shall henceforth think you never³ had a good opinion of me, but that your Love was at first as ill grounded as your fantastical Jealousy is now.

Val. What specious pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am easy and⁵⁰⁵ good natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd:—what, not a word?

Camill. Though I can hardly descend to satisfy your distrust, for which I hardly value you and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him,⁵¹⁰ and of love too; nay more, granted him an appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promised it onely to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted such an opportunity as this to check your pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept⁵¹⁵ at a distance.

Val. Tho' I had some reason to be in doubt, yet this true resentment and just proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodvile* is a man I have little reason to trust, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his baseness⁵²⁰ made me run into so mean a distrust of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again discard me for ever.

Cam. Yes: But the next time I shall happen to discourse with a Gentleman in private, I shall have you listning at the door or eves-dropping under the window.⁵²⁵ What, distrust your friend the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodvil*!—fie, how can you be so ungenerous?

Val. There is not such another Hypocrite in the World: He never made Love but to delude, nor Friendship but for his ends:—Even his own Kinswoman, and charge *Victoria*⁵³⁰ he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

Cam. I cannot but laugh to think, how easily he swallow'd the cheat: He could not be more transported at possession, then he was with expectation, and he went away⁵³⁵ in a greater Triumph then if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

Val Where did you promise him?

Cam In the left hand walk in the lower Garden.

L. Squ. So in the left hand walk in the lower Garden: I
540 heard that. [*Aside*] But Mr. *Valentine* you may chance
to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant.

Val. And when?

Cam. Anon when it begins to grow dark.

L. Squ. Enough, I know the time and place; and Madam
545 *Camilla*, I shall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to
night. Alas poor inconsiderable Creature, how this makes
me loath her! <*Aside.*>

Camil Now would this News be more welcom to her
Ladiship Madam *Squeamish*, then a new Fashion, a new
550 Dance, or a new Song: How many Visits would she make
on the occasion! not a Family in Town would be at rest
for her, till she had made it a Jest. From the Mother of the
Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in *Holborn*.

Val. But for some private reasons I would have kept it
555 from her, and from Madam *Goodvile* too. There are
Affairs to be carry'd on to Night, which the least Accident
may interrupt.—Besides, I have thought upon't, and will
so contrive the matter, that *Goodvile* shall keep his
Assignment, and her Ladiship her self supply the place of
560 the much expected charming *Camilla*.

Cam. But would you Sir do me such an Injury as to make
me break my word with Mr. *Goodvile*? that were inhumane.

Val. Good Conscionable Creature have patience, and
don't you think of paying Debts too fast, there's an
565 Account yet between you and I which must be made
even; and I think I had best secure it now I have you in
my custody.

Cam. Ay but Sir, if I part with any thing, I shall expect
to have something to shew for't.

570 *Val.* Nay, if I don't offer as lusty security and conditions
as any man, let me lose all I lay claim to, that's fair.

[*Exeunt.*]

L. *Squ.* So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extreemly surprizing. *Bridget* go home, and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had last made in imitation of *Camilla's*, for perhaps I shall go a Masquerading to 575 Night, or it may be not, but fetch it nevertheless.

Bridg. Madam, won't the other serve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove's* t'other Night; that's nearer.

L. *Squ.* Impertinent Creature! and would'st thou have 580 me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I say; And d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to Night.

Bridg. I never knew her without fantastical ones I am sure, for they cost me many a weary Errand. [*Ex.* 585

Enter Victoria.

L. *Squ.* Oh my dear *Victoria!* the most unlookt for happiness! the pleasant'st accident! the strangest discovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure melancholy *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, 590 ha, ha.

Victo. Dear Madam, what is it so transports you?

L. *Squ.* Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: hold me, hold me, or I shall dye with laughter—ha, ha, ha, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, *Valentine* and *Camilla*—ha ha ha.— 595 O dear, my heart's broke.

Victo. Good Madam refrain your mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a share in it.

L. *Squ.* An Assignment! an Assignment to Night in the lower Garden.—By strong good fortune I over-heard it all just now—but to think on the pleasant consequence that 600 will happen, drives me into an excess of joy beyond all sufferance.

Victo. Madam, in all probability the pleasant'st consequence is like to be theirs if any bodies, and I cannot guess how it should touch your Ladiship in the least. 605

L. *Squ.* Oh Lord how can you be so dull? why, at the

very hour and place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla*'s stead, before she can be there her self; then when she comes expose her infamy to all the world, till I have
610 throughly reveng'd my self for all the base Injuries her Lover has done to me.

Victo. But Madam, can you indure to be so malicious?

L. Squ. That, that's the dear pleasure of the thing; for I vow I'd sooner die ten thousand deaths, if I thought I
615 should hazard the least temptation to the prejudice of my honour.

Victo. But why should your Ladship run into the mouth of danger? Who knows what scurvy lurking Devil may stand in readiness and seize your Vertue before you are
620 aware of him?

L. Squ. Temptation? No, I'd have you know I scorn Temptation: I durst trust my self in a Convent amongst a Kennel of Cramm'd Friers: Besides that ungrateful ill-bred fellow *Valentine* is my mortal aversion: more odious
625 to me then foul Weather on a *May-Day*, or ill smell in a Morning.

Victo. Nay, now Madam you are too violent.

L. Squ. Too violent! I would not keep a waiting-woman that should commend any one thing about him: Dear
630 *Victoria* urge nothing in his behalf, for if you do, you lose my friendship for ever: Tho' I swear he was a fine Person once, before he was spoil'd.

Vict. I am sure your Ladship had the best share in his spoiling, then.

635 *L. Squ.* No, were I inclin'd to entertain addresses, I assure I need not want for Servants: For I swear I am so perplext with *Billet Deux* every Day, I know not which way to turn my self: Besides there is no fidelity, no honour in Mankind: Oh dear *Victoria*! whatever you do, never
640 let Love come near your heart: Though really I think true Love is the greatest pleasure in the World.

Victo. Would I had never known Love: My honour had

634 spoiling then. [*Aside.*]

not then lain at the mercy of so ungrateful a Wretch as *Goodvile*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me. *(Aside)* 645

L. Squ. Well, certainly I am the most unsteady restless humoursome woman breathing. Now am I so transported at the thoughts of what I have design'd, that I long till the hour comes, with more Impatience then—I'll swear I know not what to say—Dear *Victoria* ten thousand adieus— 650
Wish me good success—Yet now I think on't I'll stay a little longer—I'll swear I must not neither— Well! I'll go— No, I'll stay—Well, I am resolv'd neither to stand still—sit still—nor lie still—nor have one thought at rest—till the business be over.—I'll swear I am a strange Creature. 655

[Exit L. Squ.]

Victo. Farewel Whirligig.

Enter Goodvil.

Goodv. *Victoria* here! To meet with an old Mistress when a man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse Omen then a Hare in a Journey. I'll step aside this way till she's past me, so, farewell Fubb. *[Makes mouths. Exit Victo.]* 660
Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla*! How I long for the happy hour! Swelling burning breasts, dying eyes, balmy lips, trembling joints, millions of kisses and unspeakable joys wait for me.

Enter Truman and Valentine.

Well, Gentlemen! Now you have left the Ladies. I hope 665
there may be room near your hearts for a Bottle or two.

Trum. Dear *Goodvil* thou art too pow'rful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a switt Glass or two now were seasonable and refreshing, to wash away the Foil and Fatigue of the Day. 670

Val. After a man has been disturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Follies he meets withall abroad, he ought to recompence himself with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

Goodv. Spoken like men that deserve the life you enjoy: 675
I'll in before and put all things in readiness. *[Exit Goodvil.]*

Val. This worthy Person, for his honesty and sobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaster: But he is as damnable an *English* Friend and Gentleman as one
680 would wish to meet withal.

Trum. *Valentine*, thou art too much concerned at him: Methinks *Camilla*'s Justice and the pleasant Cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despise and laugh at him as I do

685 *Val. Truman*, thou indeed hast reason: And when I shall know the happy success of the revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do my Self and Him that Justice as scorn him, but am too angry yet.

Trum. Then to give thee ease (for I dare trust thee) know
690 this very night I also have an Assination with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper end of the Garden, the opposite walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla*.

Val. Then I am at rest, let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no
695 Interruption: At least he will be so full of his expectation of *Camilla*, that he'l never dream in what posture his own affairs stand in another place.

Trum. Away then: and may good luck attend us: Er'e yet two hours are past, his Wife's my own; methinks
700 already in that secure dark private Grotto,

*Close in my arms, and languishing she lies,
With dying looks, short breath, and wishing eyes;
And the supine dull Cuckold nothing spies.* [Exeunt.]

 THE FOURTH ACT.

 SCENE *Night-garden.*

Enter Goodvile at one Door, Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice following her at the other.

Goodv. SO, I think I came off in good time: hold! now for *Camilla*, by *Jove* I think I am little better then drunk. Hah! who's there, *Victoria* as I live; nay it must be she as I said before. The poor Gipsy's jealous; has had some intimation of my appointment with *Camilla*: I'll loof off and observe which way she steers.

Mrs. Good. *Lettice* I fear that's Mr. *Goodvil's* Voice, what ever you doe, if any cross accident happens, be sure you call me *Victoria*.

Good. Aye aye, 'tis *Victoria*! Vigilant Devil! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower end of the Walk.

⟨*Exit.*⟩

Mrs. Goodv. *Lettice* look well round you that no body see us, and then follow me.

⟨*Exit.*⟩

Enter Truman.

Trum. Thus far all is well: how I pity poor *Valentine*! yonder is he plying Bumpers as they call 'em, more furiously then a Foreign Minister that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited something long though, who comes here?

Enter Lettice.

Lett. 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant *Lettice*.

Trum. My little good natur'd Agent is it you? where's thy Lady? she's too cruell to let a poor Lover languish here so long in expectation: it looks as if she rather meant to make a tryall of my Patience, then my Love: is she coming?

25 *Lett.* Well, I swear (as my Lady *Squeamish* says) you are a strange Creature. But I'll goe and tell her: Though I'll vow I utterly disowne having any hand in this Business; and if any ill comes of it 'tis none of my fault.

Trum. No no, not in the least, prithee dispatch. How's
30 this! more company! who comes there?

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Tis I, *Jack Truman*, your friend *Valentine*.

Trum. My dear encourager of Iniquity! what news? Where's *Goodvile*?

Val. No matter for *Goodvile*! here comes your Mistress.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Valentine retires.

35 *Trum.* Now, now, now, what the Devil ailes me? how I shall quake and tremble? Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. Goodv. Mr. *Truman*, is't your voice? *Lettice*, you may goe in again if you will. [*Ex. Lettice.*] Well, Sir, I'll
40 vow Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp evening for a World.

Trum. I'll warrant you Madam, whilst you are in my possession, no cold shall hurt you: come, shall we with-
45 draw to the *Grotto*?

Mrs. Goodv. Withdraw to the *Grotto*? bless me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll swear you make my Heart ake.

Trum. Oh Madam! I have the best Cure for the passion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it Madam, 'tis
50 *Probatum*: come, come, let's retire,—do, make a disturbance and ruine your self and me, do!

Mrs. Goodv. Nay, I'll swear, Sir, you are insufferably rude; you had best make a noise and Alarm my Husband, you had, for hang me I shall cry out.

55 *Trum.* No, no, I'm sure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll use you so gently—hark!—don't you hear, there's some body coming.

Mrs. Goodv. Where, where, where? If we are seen we are

undone for ever: well, I'll never give you such an advantage again. 60

Trum. I'm sure you would not, if I should let slip this. Come, come, delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. Goodv. Ah Lord you kill me!—what will become of me—ah—— [*<Trum.> Carries her in.*] 65

Val. Nay, faith, Madam, your condition is something desperate that's certain. 'Tis a pretty employment I am like to have here; but it is for the sake of my Friend and my Revenge: and two dearer Arguments there cannot be to perswade me to any thing. 70

Enter Malagene at some distance.

Malag. So, *Jack Truman* and *Madam Goodvile* have ordered matters pretty well; I'll say that for my Kinswoman, she lays about her handsomly; but certainly I hear another Voice this way; I'll withdraw once again, there may be more sport yet. 75

Val. That should be *Goodvile*: I'll step behind this Tree, and see how he and her Ladyship behave themselves. This is like to be a night of as civil business as I have known a great while.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. Death, and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *so Valentine* has souced me? if I should have overstay'd the time now and mist of my appointment with *Camilla*—*Truman* is reel'd home that's certain, and *Valentine* I believe has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou? 85

Enter Lady Squeamish.

L. Squ. That must be *Valentine*, nay, I am sure it is he! how sneakingly will he look when he shall find his mistake? but I'll take care if possible that no such thing shall happen, so mine be the pleasure, and *Camilla's* the scandal; I'll rush by him through the Walk into the Wilderness. 90

[*Runs cross the Walk.*]

Goodv. That must be she, how swiftly she flew along, as if she fear'd to be too late, loosely attired and fit for Joys! Now all the power of Love and good fortune direct me.

[Exit.

Val. So, thanks to our Stars, he is safe; though a Pox
 95 on't, methinks this dry pimping is but a scurvy employ-
 ment: had I but a Sister or Kinswoman of his to keep doing
 withall, there were some comfort in it,—but here comes
Truman and the Lady, I must not be seen. [*Ex.*]

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. You shall not goe: Come but back a little, I have
100 something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both:
besides, Mr. *Goodvil*'s in the Garden, and if he should
chance to meet us, what excuse could we make to him?

Mrs. *Goodv.* But will you promise me *Victoria* shall never rob me of your heart? She does not deserve it I am sure
105 half so well as I.

Trum. Kind tender hearted Creature I know it: nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have one:—alas! we walk too long, [*Noise.*] I hear company coming, we shall be surpriz'd, and disappointed, and then I am undone.

110 Mrs. *Goodv.* I'll swear you make me tremble every
Joynt of me: what would you have me doe?

Trum. See, see, who are yonder. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Exeunt Truman and} \\ \textit{Mrs. Goodville.} \end{array} \right.$

Enter Goodvile and Lady Squeamish.

Goodv. What a feast of delight have I had! surely she
was born only to make me happy! her naturall and un-
115 experienced Tenderness exceeded practis'd Charms:—
Dear blest lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys!

L. *Squ.* Ha, ha, ha!

Goodv. How's this? my Lady *Squeamish*!—Death and the Devil.

120 L. Squ. Truly sweet Mr. *Valentine* the same: Now, Sir,
I hope—Ugh gad! Mr. *Goodvile*! [*They stare at each other.*]

Goodv. Have I been mumbling an Old *Kite* all this while instead of my Young *Partridge*? a Pox o' my depraved palate that could distinguish no better.

L. Squ. Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what ayles you!—this was ¹²⁵ an unexpected Adventure; but let, let me dye, it is very pleasant: ha, ha, ha.

Goodv. A Pox on the pleasures, and you too I say.

L. Squ. This malicious Devil *Camilla* has overreached me:—Well Mr. *Goodvile* you are the worthyest person;— ¹³⁰ had I an only Daughter, I durst trust her with you, you are so very civil:—well, Innocence is the greatest happiness in the World.

Goodv. Right Madam, it is so, and you know we have been very innocent; done no harm in the world, ¹³⁵ not we.

L. Squ. The Censorious World if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to speak reproachfully; but so long as I my self am satisfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a thing I defy and scorn. ¹⁴⁰

Goodv. Very Philosophically spoken:—But, Madam, so long as the World is to be a stranger to our Happiness, why should we deny our selves the second pleasure of Congratulation?

L. Squ. Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot say that you ¹⁴⁵ have had the least advantage over my frailty: well, what might have happened if the strict severity of both our virtues had not secured us?

Goodv. This affected Impudence of hers is beyond all the impertinence I ever knew her guilty of:—Vertue with a ¹⁵⁰ Pox! I think I have reason to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Vertue found I about her. *(Aside)*

L. Squ. But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: though I am extreamly mistaken if I saw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much mistaken if a Lady ¹⁵⁵ was not with him too.

Goodv. Hell and Confusion! that must be *Victoria*: I

thought indeed I saw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending she came with a malicious design of dis-
160 covering me, avoided her,—false to me with *Valentine*?

L. *Squ.* I'll swear Mr. *Goodvile* I have long suspected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria*, and this Jealousy has confirmed me, and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha.

165 *Goodv.* Death Madam! this is beyond all sufferance:—disappointed, and jilted by *Camilla*! abused by *Victoria*! and with *Valentine* too, *Trumans* friend, whom I thought should have marry'd her!—Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex! may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and
170 the most cautious always betray'd.

L. *Squ.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be patient let me dye, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or trusting men again:—Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire, I'll swear if you are not more
175 moderate, you'll discompose me strangely:—how my heart beats!

Goodv. Patience! preach it to a galled Lyon:—no, I am sure she is not far off, and I will find her; surprize her in the midst of her Infamy and prostitution;—'Sdeath
180 Madam, let me goe.

L. *Squ.* I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you shall not goe:—I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to stir:—oh my heart, here's *Malagene*.

Enter Malagene Singing Frank, Frank, Frank, &c.

Malag. Why how now *Frank*, what a pox, out of
185 humour? Why Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him Madam? Lord how he looks!—why *Frank* I say, prethee bear up.

Goodv. Hark you Dog fool Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath
190 you Buffoon I will.

Malag. No, but hark you dear heart, good words, good words do you hear, or I shall publish, by my Soul Joy, I shall.

Goodv. How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owles! I'll set my house o' fire rather than have it haunted and pester'd by such Vermine. 195

Malag. Faith *Frank* doe: I have not seen a House o' fire this great while, it would be a pretty Frollick, prethee let us about it presently.

L. Squ. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* you shall be perswaded: don't run your self into danger thus rashly. 200

Goodv. Do you hear then, Monsieur *Pimponio*, as you expect to live a quiet hour, run in and call for some Lights, and return with 'em instantly.

Malag. Say no more Dear Heart; I'll doe't: if mischief comes not of this the Devil's in't—but dear *Frank* stay till 205 I come again, I'll be back in a Trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyship into the Wilderness; or any thing.

[*Ex. Malag.*

L. Squ. Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Person, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you use him too severely. 210

Goodv. I wish Madam he may deserve that Character of you: he is one of those Worldlings you were speaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully: and I believe knows all that has past between us to night, for he has a shrewd discerning Judgment in these matters. 215

L. Squ. Lord Mr. *Goodvile* what can he say of me? I defy even Envy it self to doe me or my Honour any prejudice: though I wish I had let this Frollick alone to night.

Goodv. Frollick with a Pox!—if these be her Frollicks, what the Devil is she when she is in earnest? Oh he returns 220 with the Lights:—<*Re-enter Malagene*> look who are these? by Heaven the same.

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. Gently, gently Madam, for fear of an Ambuscade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* since?

Mrs. Godv. See, see Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile*: haste, haste 225 down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

Trum. Fear not, trust all to my Conduct. [Exeunt.

{ As Mrs. Goodvile 'tis going away, Goodvile catches
hold of her Gown—she claps on her Masque.

Goodv. Stay Madam *Victoria*, nay you may stay, 'tis in vain to flye, I have discovered all your falshood, I have:
230 was mine a passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious false Woman!—is your Lover too ashamed or afraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter Truman.

Trum. Here I am Sir

235 *Goodv.* Hah! *Truman*! [Mrs. Goodv. gets loose and Ex.

Trum. Yes Sir, the same: ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought Sir, might have been allowed without any offence to Mr. *Goodvile*. That she is Innocent as to any thing on my part,
240 I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to doe my own Honour Justice, and to demand of you on what grounds you appear so highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleased to commend to your friend for a Wife?

245 *Goodv.* Concern'd Sir! have I not reason to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinswoman under my charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unseasonable hour, might alarm a Man less tender of his reputation then I am.

250 *Trum.* Sir, this excuse won't serve my turn; nor am I so blind as not to be sensible (which I before suspected,) that *Victoria* has been long your Mistress:—A pox of the Honour of your Family, you had given her all your Heart you said; and your Passion was not a thing to be thus
255 abused: nor Sir, is my Honour.

Goodv. No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

Trum. You would have made me believe so indeed; but the daubing was too course, and the Artificiall Face appeared too plain:—One would have thought Sir, that

you who keep a generall Decoy here for Fools and Cox-combs, might have found one to have recompenced a Cast Mistress withall, and not have indeavour'd the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend: but Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own mouth: I hope it will not be esteemed much ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr *Malagene* and I joyn forces to publish a little, as he calls it. 265

Malag. Faith *Jack Truman*, with all my heart; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing—*Frank Goodvile*—pugh.

Goodv. Sir, I shall require a better account of this here- after. 270

L. Squ. Lord Mr. *Truman*, what ayles Mr. *Goodvile*? how happen'd this difference?—I'll swear I am strangely surprized.

Trum. Your Ladyship I suppose can best give an account how matters are with him. I am apt to believe he has been very free with you. 275

L. Squ. Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll swear you are a scandalous Person.

Goodv. Sir, since you are so rough, be pleased not to concern your self with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to doe if you dare justify your own to morrow. 280

Trum. If I dare?—nay Sir, since you question it, I'll convince you presently;—Draw. [They fight.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Hold, hold, what's the matter here?—*Jack Truman*, *Frank Goodvile*, for shame put up. 285

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Mrs. Goodv. Where is this perfidious false man? where is Mr. *Goodvile*? So Sir, I have found now the Originall of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rivall it seems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria*, possesses all my Joys: what, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Mistress?—here, 290

260 and 1,

come kill me: would I had been lain in my Grave, e're I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

Goodv. 'Sdeath I thought she had been in her Chamber
295 this hour at least:—'Tis true my Dear, I must own a kindness for *Victoria*, as my Kinswoman; but—

Mrs. Goodv. How! dare you own it? and to my face too? matchless Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out those hot lascivious glowing Eyes that wander after
300 every Beauty in their way:—oh! that I could blast him with a look!—was my Love so despicable to be abandon'd for *Victoria's*! The thought of it makes me mad: I'll indure it no longer, I will have Revenge or I will dye! Oh!
Trum. Delicate Dissimulation! How I love her!

<Aside.>

305 *Goodv.* Dear Madam hear me speak—Madam, I say that—

Mrs. Goodv. I know you cannot want an excuse, Dissimulation and Falshood have been your practice:—But that you should wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that
310 for the sake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me,) is an injury so great, that it distracts my Reason:—I could pardon any thing but my wrong'd Love.—Let me be gone; send me to a Nunnery; confine me to a charnel House,
315 Vile Ungrateful Wretch, any thing but thy presence I can endure.

Goodv. Is there every way so damn'd a Creature as a Wife?—Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. Goodv. I'll warrant it, you would perswade me I
320 am mad:—Would I had been born a Fool! I might then have been happy: Patiently have pass'd over the many tedious Nights I have indured in your absence: Contented my self with Prayers for your safety.

Mal. Oh! Lord, Prayers!

325 *Mrs. Goodv.* When you in the very instant were languishing in the Arms of a Prostitute.

315 presence (*d.l.*) can

Goodv. Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now:—Curse on her what shall I do!

Mrs. Goodv. 'Tis a sign you believed me safe enough; you would not certainly else have had the Impudence to 330 have brought a new Mistress under my Nose:—I see there how guilty she stands;—have you a stomach so hot that it can digest Carrion that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? Or was it the fantasticalness of your Appetite, to try how so course a Dish would 335 relish, after being cloyed with better feeding?—Nay Sir I have been informed of all.—

Val. Has then your Vertuous Ladiship been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. *Goodvil* this Evening?

[*To La.* Squeamish.

Goodv. Well, she has dealt with the Devil that's certain: 340 —A Pox on't, I see there's no living for me in this side of the World.—Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'll into the Country.

Mrs. Goodv. Nay Sir I know my presence has always been uneasy to you; Day and Night you are from me, or 345 it ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to Cure. This is the first year of our Marriage! Nay and to own it! Proclaim your own Falshood and my disgraceful Injury in the face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of 350 all the Scandal in Town was by, to be a Witness:—'Twas very discreetly done, and doubtless will be a Secret long.

Goodv. Whirr,—Nay since it is so, why the Devil should I strive to smother my good Actions?—Well, if you will have it so, Madam, *Victoria* has been my Mistress, is 355 my Mistress, and shall be my Mistress, and what a Pox would you have more? and so God b'ye to you.

Enter Sir Noble, Caper, and Saunter.

S. Nob. How's this! Who's that speaks dishonourably of my Love, and Lady that shall be, *Victoria*? Before *George* she's a Queen, and whoever says to the contrary, 360

I'll first make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilts of it!

Cap. Oh! Dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Musquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they see
 365 no Company: *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack* prithee go and take one frisk!—As I hope to be saved, there are Three or Four the finest Ladies, the delicatest shaped Women; I am sure I know 'em all.

Tru. Sir I wish you good Fortune, but I dare not
 370 venture, you know my Temper; I shall be very boisterous and mistake 'em for Whores, though if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they must be of Quality.

Cap. I Gad, and so they are, but Mum for that:—One of 'em is she that gave me this Ring; and the other pre-
 375 sented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not cost less than Thirty Guinnies:—Trifles *Jack* which I have the Fortune to meet withal sometimes.

Saunt Nay Sir you must not come off so,—*Victoria* your Mistress!

380 *Goodv.* Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd at it?

Saunt. Nay Sir I can be as civil as any body,—*Victoria* your Mistress!

Goodv. 'Sdeath you Coxcomb, mind your singing, do you hear? and play the Fool by your self, or—

385 *Saunt.* Sing Sir? so I can, *Fa La Da La La*, &c. *Victoria* your Mistress!

Goodv. Yes Sir, I say my Mistress.

S. Nob. Ounds, then Draw.

Val. Hold Sir *Noble*, you are too furious; what's the matter?

390 *Cap.* Why how now *Saunter*? How dost doe dear Heart?—Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and—

Goodv. Was ever man so overwhelm'd with Fools and Blockheads? Why you ill-ordered Addle-pated wadling brace of Puppies:—You Fool, in the first place sing and
 395 be safe,—and you slight Grashopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

Cap. Dance Sir? and so I think I can Sir, and Fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet Doux, or anything better then you Sir: Dance quoth a——there Sir.

Mrs. Goodv. Nay Sir *Noble*, not only so, but own'd and 400 boasted of it to my Face: Told me——

S. Nob. Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable. and I'll eat his Heart for it.

Goodv. Dear raw Head and bloody Bones be patient a little:——See see you Beagles, Game for you, fresh Game; 405 that great Towser has started it already, on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo. *[Thrusts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.]*

L. Squ. But Dear Mr. *Caper*, Masqueraders did you say! I'll swear I'll among 'em, shall I not have your Company? Oh! Dear Masqueraders! I'll vow I can stay no 410 longer. *[Exit hastily.]*

I'al. Curse on her, she's gone and has prevented me:——*Caper*, *Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Masqueraders, for shame follow her; she'll take it ill you did not wait on her. 415

Saunt. Faith *Caper* and so she will. Well I am resolved to Marry *Victoria* for fear of the worst——Madam your most Devoted Servant: I hope our difference with Mr. *Goodvil* to Night——

Mrs. Goodv. Dear Sir it needs no excuse. 420

Cap. My resentments Madam——

Tru. You are too Ceremonious Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear she has lost you.

Cap. Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I must bring thee acquainted with those Ladies. 425

Saunt. Prithee put on a Masque and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

Tru. Sirs, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Both. Dear Soul Adieu. *[Embracing him.]*

[Exeunt Singing and Dancing.]

Tru. These Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good time, 430 they were never seasonable before.

Mrs. Goodv. Diseases and Visitations are necessary some-

times to sweep away the noisome Crowds that infest and
incumber the World.

435 *Mal.* As I have often said, I must publish, I must
spread; and so God b'ye to you. *[Exit*

Enter Lettice

Lettice. Oh! Madam, yonder's my Master raving for his
Coach: Sayes he'l into the Country presently: Has given
order to disperse the Company, what will you do?

440 *Mrs. Goodv.* Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:—
ha! ha! ha! into the Country? I'd as soon believe he would
turn Capuchin.

Tru. But Madam 'twas inhumanly done, to come your
self upon him: One would have thought that I had used
445 him bad enough, for the wise mistake he made of *Victoria*.

Mrs. Goodv. I would not have miss'd it for the World:
Now would he come on his Knees for Composition; and
if I do not bring him to it within these four hours——

Tru. Why Madam, what will you do?

450 *Mrs. Goodv.* Put on all the notorious Affectations and
ridiculous Impertinencies that ever the most eminent of our
Sex have studied, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admired;
then of a sudden seem to grow fond of both those Clinquant
Fools, which I am sure he of all things loaths; Yet do it
455 too so forc'dly, that he himself shall find it only intended
to give him vexation.

Tru. Have you then maliciously designed in spite of
Nature, to keep me constant?

Mrs. Goodv. Which you will be sure to be!——

460 *Tru.* A Dozen new fresh young unseen Beauties, and
the Devil himself in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me
otherwise: I never really Lov'd or Liv'd till now: There
is nothing I'de not wish to be, except the very Husband
himself, rather then lose you.

Enter Valentine and Camilla.

465 *Val. Jack Truman!*

Tru. Well, *Ned*, what's the matter?

Val. Treason *Truman*, your being here with *Mrs. Goodvil* I fear is discovered; I heard some such thing whisper'd among the Masqueraders, and *Goodvil* himself seems suddenly alter'd; I would advise you to come and shew your 470 self, and make the best on't.

Mrs. Goodv. Let me alone; I'll secure all I'll warrant you: I'm sure he can have no positive proofs: I'll instantly go and put all things in a confusion, contradict all the orders he has given for going into the Country; shut up 475 my self in my Chamber, and not hear a word of him till he comes upon submission:—*Lettice* follow me to my Chamber presently [Exit.

Tru. Right exquisite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee. [Exit. 480

Lettice. Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her business, and understands the managing of a Husband the best of any Woman in the World: I'll swear she is an ingenious person. Forty Ladies now at such an accident, would have been hurried and afraid, and the poor waiting 485 Woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire, but she shows all her changes in a motion.

Enter Goodvil.

Goodv. How now *Lettice*? where's your Lady?

Lettice. Within Sir, in her Chamber. 490

Goodv. Are you sure of it?

Lettice. Sir she commanded me to follow her thither but now.

Goodv. Is she alone there?

Lettice. Ay Sir, I'll assure you she seldome desires Company:—But I must hasten and follow her. 495

Goodv. Stay a little, are you sure she was in the House, before this disturbance hapned in the Garden?

Lettice. Sure Sir! why I myself was at the Chamber window with her when first she heard you exclaim against 500

Madam *Victoria*! Poor Creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, beg'd of her on my knees not to run out; but she would hear nothing, but spight of force broke from me, 505 and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage, the too sensible resentment of your unkindness had rais'd in her.

Goodv Get you in presently, do you hear? and take no notice of what I have said to you, as you tender your well- 510 being.

Lettice. Yes Sir:—*<Aside>* But if I conceal a word of it, may I never serve *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country-Chamber-Maid, and kill fleas as long as I live. *<Exit.>*

515 *Goodv*. If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own Dear Wife for *Victoria*!—Ah! Curse on this hot head of mine! Pox on't it is impossible! Yet that mischievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, 520 and may-be's with me:—By this Light I am a Cuckold, an Arrant Rank stinking Cuckold.

Enter Victoria.

Victo. What will become of me! whither shall I fly to hide my misfortune? Oh! that I might never see the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in these shades.

525 *Goodv*. Dear *Victoria* is it you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before, to night, or no?

Victo. I have not been out of the House since it was dark, till this minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am destitute where to conceal my self from the malicious Eyes 530 and Tongues of those, to whom your baseness has given an opportunity of Triumphant over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

Goodv. Be not so outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

Victo. Which way is it possible? By to Morrow morning 535 your very Footmen will have it in their mouths; and *Malagene* that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the

Scandal in Town, will be spreading it among his Coffee-House Companions, and 'at the Play whisper it to the Orange Women, who shall make a fulsome jest of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to Loll and Play, 540 and be nauseously lewd with 'em in publick.

Goodv. I tell thee it shall not be; *Malagene's* my Creature, or at least, henceforth I'll make him so; I have reasons for it, and to believe also that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the same I mistook for you in the 545 Garden to night.

Victo. 'Tis true, I was at the same time to see for her in her Chamber, and she was not there; but cannot believe her in the least guilty of what you seem to accuse her of.

Goodv. Confound her:—She's an exquisite Jilt, thorough 550 paced, and practised in all the cunning Arts and Sleights of Falshood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

Enter Malagene.

Well Sir what say you to this matter? 555

Mal. Faith Bully I think my dear Kinswoman has maul'd you to some purpose; I'll say this for her, she has the true blood of the *Malagene's* in her: To lol dara la!, &c.

Goodv. What is't you mean Fool? Be plain, and unfold your self. 560

Mal. Why you must know *Frank*, having a particular esteem for my Family, (the nearest Relation of which, I would go Fifty Miles to see hang'd) I do think her as very a—But no more,—Mum dear Heart, Mum, I say.

Goodv. What's that you say Sir? what do you think my 565 Wife?

Mal. Ay, what, *Frank*? what? now.

Goodv. Nay Sir, that you must resolve me.

Mal. Why then I'll tell thee *Frank*; dost thou really think I love thee? 570

Goodv. I know you'll say so Sir, because you fear me.

Mal. Then prithee do so much as lend me ten Guinies for a day or two.

Goodv. Oh Sir to the purpose, to the purpose; be brief.

575 *Mal.* Nay then, Mum I say again.

Goodv. Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence? Must I be always forc'd to use you ill, to bring you to good manners?

580 *Mal.* Faith Child, I am loth to make mischief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd Impudent Fellow, that's the truth on't: But I find I lose my self by it: The very Poets themselves that were wont to stand in awe of me, care not a louse for me now; and there's not a common Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Rascal to my
585 Face, as Impudently, as if I were her Pimp.

Goodv. Therefore Sir resolve to turn honest, and be just to your Friend.

Mal. The Devil take me *Frank*, if thou art not a very Impertinent Fellow:—Know! why who should know better
590 than your self? Hah!

Goodv. Here are Five Guinies for you, upon Condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have discover'd this night.

Mal. I'll do't; down with your dust.

595 *Goodv.* What will not this Rakehel do to borrow money? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrowed Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

Mal. Well *Frank Goodvil*, you may think as you please of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honest
600 Fellow in my heart:—You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this Business?

Goodv. I would so Sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

Mal. And you lent me these Five Guinies to that purpose?
605

Goodv. You are much in the right Sir.

Mal. Then to make short of the matter; thou art as

arrant a poor silly Cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and Confound me if I shall not be asham'd of thy Company. 610

Goodv. Confounded Whore!—Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

Mal. Nay nay Man, since 'tis so, never be angry for the matter: what a Pox, you thought to put the Mistress upon *Truman*! *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* 615 has been Pimp in the business; and the Devil take me if I don't think my self the honestest Fellow amongst you.

Victo. Now Sir consider what a wretched thing you have made me.

Goodv. No more; I'm thine, and here I seal my heart 620 to thee for ever

Mal. Well *Frank* can I serve thee any further in this Business?

Goodv. That Sir, is as time shall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my purpose, I know you are 625 a Rascal not to be trusted: Therefore observe it, if you offer to stir beyond the Limits I set you, at that very instant I'll Murder you.

Mal. Prithee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering, I hope you take me Sir (under the Rose) for no Fool: And 630 what a Pox do you think to make of me?

Goodv. A Spaniel to Hunt and Set the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be mischief *Malagene*, and new ripe fresh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lovest, and therefore do it to oblige thee. 635

Mal. I'Faith, and so I do with all my heart: But *Frank* I don't know how this Business will be brought about well: I have promised to meet Two or Three hearty old Souls to Morrow at Dinner, to Swear and Drink, and talk Baudy and Treason together for an hour or Two, they are all 640 Atheists, and very honest Fellows.

Goodv. Oh Sir you may be hang'd in good time: But for this present occasion I must use you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmost Art dissemble but the least know-

645 ledg of what has happen'd to night: And Sir do you keep
still that lying snearing ugly mefry Face which you always
wear when you design Mischief: I'll pretend this morning
to pursue my Design of going into the Country; then when
they are in the height of their pleasures and assurance of
650 their safety, return and surprize 'em.

Victo. But do you believe Sir that you can utterly
abandon all sense of your past Love and Tenderness for
a Woman, who has been so Dear to you? You will be apt
to relapse again.

655 *Goodv.* I will sooner return to my Vomit: I am rather
glad of the occasion to be rid of so troublesome uneasie a
burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been
worn too long, hangs loose and awkwardly on a Man, and
grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

660 *Victo.* But can you then resolve to quit and disown her
for ever?

Goodv. For ever my *Victoria!*—No more, but straight
go to thy Chamber and wait for the happy Issue:—You
Sir keep close to me:—Quit her! as chearfully, as I would
665 a Shooe that wrings me. Then how loosely shall I move,

*Free and unbounded, taste the sweets of Life!
Love where I please, and know no more the strife
That's bred by that Domestick Plague, call'd Wife.*

[Exeunt.]

THE FIFTH ACT.

SCENE *Victoria's Chamber.*

Enter Victoria.

Victo. **N**OW I am satisfi'd I must be wretched! Oh
Love! Unhappy Women's Curse, and Men's
slight Game to pass their idle time at: I find too in my self

the Common companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile's* Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then should I conspire 5 to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that false perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play false with him, make my self privy to his whole Design of surprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mrs. betray his Counsels to her, That she like 10 a true Wife may spight of his Teeth deceive him quite, And so I have the pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold: 'Twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equip't and prepar'd for the pretended Journey. 15

Enter Goodvil and Boy.

Goodv. Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all things ready: I am uneasie till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

*The Wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle Day
Before the Wheels of Phœbus all about 20
Dapples the Drousie East with Spots of Gray.*

Wife! Adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like Thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy shape. And with such softness smile and direct me. 25

*Victo. As those whom Will with the Wisp bewitches
Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.*

Goodv. No: Thou hast led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony, into the pleasant easie path of Love, where I can never leave my way, and must be always 30 happy: But where's *Malagene*?

Victo. Below with Sir *Noble*. Whilst the Butler was asleep they stole the Key from him: And there they are with the Fat-Red-Fac'd-Fidler that plays upon the Base, sitting Cross-leg'd upon the Floor, stript to their Shirts, 35 and drinking Bawdy-Healts.

Goodv. That fulsome Rogue will ruin all our Business.

See here what I have discovered just now in the private
Corner of a Window, (a place I suppose appointed for the
40 purpose!) I found this Billet to my sweet Wife.

Reads *If Goodvil goes out of Town this morning, let me
know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the
rest of my Heart, for you do not know how much
I love you yet, Truman.*

45 Now if I am not a Cuckold let any honest Wittall judg, ha,
ha, ha. How it pleases me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

Victo. But Sir! what do you resolve on?

Goodv. As I told Thee, instantly to pretend a Journey
out of Town, and return and surprize 'em; for I am sure
50 they'l not be long asunder when I am out of the way: Oh!
this Billet is a very honest Billet, and I know won't lie.
But why should I spend my Time in talking of what but
vexes me, when pleasures are so near me? Come my
Victoria take me to thy arms, a moments Joy with Thee
55 would sweeten Years of Cares. The Devil——

Enter Mrs. Goodvil, and Lettice.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Good morning to you Sir.

Goodv. Good night to you Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* How so Sir?

Goodv. Why good night or good morrow, 'tis all one;
60 Ceremony is the least thing I take care of: You see I am busie.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I must confess, considering the humble
Duty of a Wife, 'tis something rude in me, to interrupt
you, but I hope when you know my intentions, you'l
pardon me. They were only to take a civil leave of you:
65 I find you are preparing for the Country Sir.

Goodv. Ay! A little Air will be very seasonable at present
Madam, I shall grow rank else, and all the Company I keep
will smell me out.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh what joy will fill each neighbouring
70 Village! to hear our Landlords Honour's coming down.
The Bells shall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at night

the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the name of the whole Parish to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himself the next Lords Day to Dinner.

Goodv. I am glad to see you so pleasant Madam. 75

Mrs. Goodv. Then the next Morning our Tenants dainty Daughter is sent with a Present of Pippins of the largest Size, cull'd by the good old Drudg her Mother, which she delivers with a Curt'sie, and blushes in expectation of what his Worship will bestow upon her. 80

Goodv. Oh Madam, let not any thoughts of that Nature disturb you, I shall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only please my self when I am there sometimes to contemplate you Ladships Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. Goodv. Then come the Country Squires, and their 85 Dogs, the cleaner sort of Creatures of the Two: Straight w're invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Forest's safe.

Goodv. No Madam: No horned Beast shall suffer for my pleasure: I am lately grown a Philosopher, Madam; and 90 find, we ought not hurt our fellow Creatures.

Mrs. Goodv. What is the reason that you use me thus?

Goodv. What is't I would not do to purchase quietness? Your injurious suspicions of me were tolerable, but the wrongs your Jealousie has done *Victoria*—— 95

Mrs. Goodv. I jealous of *Victoria*! No. Tho' my passion last night made me extravagant, when I discover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamish* which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: For I am confident it was your first Transgression. 100

Goodv. Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. Goodv. Yet I am too well satisfi'd of *Victoria*'s Vertue, for she's my Friend, and though I should see her in your Arms I could not harbour such a thought. No, *Victoria*, you must love me, and I'll love you; you shall call me your 105 Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvil*'s out of Town, we'll lie together.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir the Coach is ready.^f

110 *Goodv.* You think Madam, you have a fine easie Fool to play withal, but the gayness of your Face is too thin to hide the rancour of your Heart; and so my Dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this minute to look on you.

115 *Mrs. Goodv.* Are you then inexorable? Relentless, cruel Man!

Goodv. Good easie melting kind-hearted Woman farewell. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Goodv. Ah wretched me.

120 *Lettice.* My Lady Swoons, Dear Madam *Victoria* hasten, and bring my Master back again, you can do any thing with him. *[Ex. Victo.]*

Mrs. Goodv. No no, *Lettice!* Let him alone, art thou sure he's gone?

125 *Lettice.* I hope so Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. Then so soon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be sure you go your self to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to Day.

Enter Victoria.

Victo. There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud
130 his House is infected, and that no man that values his Health will stay in it. My Lady *Squeamish* too is arriv'd just as he left the Door: I am sure she'l come in, will you see her Madam?

Mrs. Goodv. Oh I am sick at the very name of her: Let
135 all the Doors be barr'd against her, and Gunpowder under each Threshold-place, ready to blow her up, if she but offer an entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your hand a little: I'l to my Chamber instantly: Oh my Head! *[Ex. with Lettice.]*

Victo. This management of hers so charms me, that I
140 can almost forget all the mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproacht me, but 'twas done so handsomely that I had doubly deserv'd it to have taken notice of it.

Enter L. Squeamish.

L. *Squea* Oh Dear *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever: Oh I shall die, I shall die; the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is false to me. 145

Victo What ails your Ladship? Surely she's distracted?

L. *Squea* Oh *Goodvil*, *Goodvil*! the false, cruel, remorseless *Goodvil*! I came just as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mockt my sorrows. 150

Victo. Alas! Her Ladship is passionate, as I live very passionate

L. *Squea*. So *Theseus* left the Wretched *Ariadne* on the shoar, so fled the false *Eneas* from his *Dido*.

Victo. What could you expect less of him, Madam? 155
Falshood is his province: Your Ladship should have made choice of a civil sober discreet Person, but *Goodvil* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. *Squea* That, that has been my ruine, it was therefore I ador'd him, what Woman would doat on a dull melan- 160
choly Ass, because she might be sure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the joy of my Soul, Oh how I doat on a Spark! I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvil*: Come come, I know all. 165

Victo. Your Ladship knows more then all the World besides.

L. *Squea*. And as I was saying, A Spark is the Dearest thing to me in the World; I have had acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well; one of 'em that you know was 170
a sweet Person: Oh he danc'd and sung and drest to a Miracle, and then he spoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Besides he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talkt; and then never wanted discourse. 175
I'll swear he has entertain'd me two hours together with the description of an *Equipage*.

Victo. That must needs be very charming.

L. *Squea*. But Mr. *Goodvil* was a Wit too: Oh I never
180 had a Wit before, for to speak the Truth, now I think on't
better, all my Lovers have been a little Foolish I'll swear
ha, ha, ha. [*Sir Noble and Malagene at the Door drunk.*

Malag. Scour, scour, scour.

Sir Nob. Down goes the Main-Mast, down, down, down,

[*They enter.*

185 *Malagene* roar, roar, and ravish, here are punks in beaten
Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, first-rate Punks
you Rogue.

Victor. How came these Ruffians here?

Sir Nob. Ruffians! do you know who you talk to Madam?
190 I am a civill, sober, discreet person; and come particularly
to embrace thy lovely Body.

Malag. Look you Madam, make no noise about this
matter. This is a person of quality and a friend of mine,
therefore pray be civill.

195 L. *Squ.* Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to
cudgell such Fops? Fogh—how like drunken journey-men
Tailors they look?

Malag. Journey-men Madam! hold there! none of your
Ladyships Journey-men, that's one comfort! woe to the
200 poor Devil that is I say.

L. *Squ.* Were Mr. *Goodvile* at home you durst not talk
thus, you scandalous fellow.

Malag. *Goodvile* you say—hark you my Dear, were he
here in person, I would first of all decently kick him out
205 of doors, then turn up thy Keel and discover here to thy
Kinsman what a leaky Vessel thou art.

Sir Nob. Why, what is that *Goodvile*? will he Wrestle? or
will he box for 50*l.*? Look you, this fellow is my Pimp.
'Tis true his Countenance is none of the best: but he's a
210 neat Lad and keeps good Company.

Malag. Hark you *Knight*! you'll beare me out in this
Business *Knight*? For under the Rose I have apprehen-
sion, that this Carcase of mine may suffer else.

Sir *Nob.* No more of that, Rogue! no more. Take notice good people, this, Civil Person shall marry my ²¹⁵ Sister; she is a pretty hopefull Lady—Truly she is not full thirteen—but she has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

Vict. Ridiculous Oaff!

Sir *Nob.* Come, let us talk Baudy.

220

Vict. I'll call those shall talk with you presently.

[*Ex. Vict.*

Sir *Nob.* Wheugh—she's gone.

L. *Squ.* Beast! Bruit! Barbarian! Sot!

Sir *Nob.* Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now?
 Madam, as I hope to be— *{ Runs against her and almost beats her backward.* 225

L. Squ. O help! I am murdered! oh my Head!

Sir *Nob.* Nay Lady that was no fault of mine: you shall see I'll keep my distance, and (as I was saying) if I have offended—— *Reels against a Table and throws down a China Jarr, and severall little China Dishes.*

L. *Squ.* Oh insufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and 230
Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghill. *(Exit.)*

Sir *Nob.* Look you Madam, no harm! no harm! you shall see me behave my self notably yet—as for example—suppose now—suppose this the Door. [*Goes to the Door.*] Very well; thus then I move.—

*Steps forwards and leaves his Peruke on
one of the Hinges.*

Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Such as we are Sir, you shall find us at your service.

Sir *Nob.* Murder, murder, murder.—

Malag. Where there is such odds, a man may with ²⁴⁰
Honour retire and steal off. [Exit Malag.

[*Exit* Malag.]

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Cap. Where is this Rascal? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither Sir, to affront Ladies and Persons of Quality?

245 *Sir Nob.* Sir, your humble servant: did you see my Perriwig?

Cap. Sir, you are an Ass; and never wore Perriwig in your life: Jernie what a Bush of Bryars and Thorns is here? The Main of my Lady *Squeamish's* Shock is a Chedreux
250 to it.

Sir Nob. Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honest fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Musick and Poetry.

Saunt. How Sir!

255 *Cap.* But, Sir, come close to the business: how durst you treat Ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of Musick and Poetry.

Sir Nob. Why, he had all *Westminster* Drollery and *Oxford* Jests at his Fingers ends. And for the Cittern, if
260 ever *Troy* Town were a Tune, he master'd it upon that Instrument, when he was our Butler in the Country: an old Maid of my Grandmothers took great delight in him for it.

Saunt. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Business.

265 *Sir Nob.* Business! hang Business! I hate a Man of Business: If you'll drink or Whore, break Windows, or commit murther, I am for you.

Cap. Sir, will you fight?

Sir Nob. Fight! with whom? for what?

270 *Cap.* With me.

Saunt. With me.

Sir Nob. Ay Sir, with all my heart; I love fighting Sir.

Saunt. But will you Sir? dare you?

Cap. Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare
275 fight?

Sir *Nob.* Why, you sweet perfum'd Jessimine-Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your Artificiall Sweetness into your own naturall Rankness; you Stinkards! shall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off you Gaudy Popinjaies? 280

Cap. This Fellow's mad, *Saunter!* stark mad by *Jerico:* Dear *Knight*, how long hast thou been in this pickle? this Condition, *Knight?* hah?

Sir *Nob.* What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms?

Saunt. Ay, ay, 'tis so, the poor Devil must to *Bedlam:* 285
Bedlam, Knight, the Mad-mans Hospitall.

Sir *Nob.* What will become of you then you Vermin? There's never a Hospitall for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many handsome Fellows in this Town might be provided for? { *Fiddles play* 290
{ *within.*

Cap. Hey day! Fiddles!

Saunt. Madam *Goodvile* hearing we were here, hath sent for 'em on purpose to regale us.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Lady Squeamish with the Fiddles playing, Saunter falls to sing the Tune with 'em, and Caper Dances to it. Lettice.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Let my Servants take care that all the Doors stand open: I'll have entrance deny'd to no one 295 Fool in Town. Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revells of the day; I long to enjoy the Freedome I am Mistress of. *Lettice*, try your Voice.

L. *Squ.* Oh Madam! this gallant Spirit ravishes me. 300 Dear Mr. *Caper*, you and Mr. *Saunter* were born to be happy! Madam *Goodvile* has resolv'd to Sacrifice this Day to pleasure—what shall we do with our selves?

Cap. Do Madam! We'll dance for ever.

L. *Squ.* Oh ay Dance.

Saunt. And Sing.

305

299 your Vow.

L. *Squ.* And Sing.

Both. And Love.

L. *Squ.* Oh ay Love! but Madam *Goodvile*, have you
 310 resolved to wear the Willow, and be very Melancholy—
 ha, ha, ha—Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you
 out of my sight.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girles
 that sigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Disease for
 315 Bank-rupt Beauty: I have yet a stock of Youth and
 Charmes, unsully'd by the hands of Age or Care,

And whilst that lasts what Woman would despair?

Sir *Nob.* In the mean time I'll scout out for a Doxy of
 my acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let
 320 *Victoria* go hang and despair.

Sings.

To love is a pleasure Divine,

Yet I'll never sigh or be sad;

They are Coxcombs that languish and pine,

So long as Whores are to be had.—To daroll, darolda.

325 L. *Squ.* Oh secure that deform'd Monster, that Rebell
 of mine: fellowes take care of him and keep him up till I
 talk with him, and make him sensible of his Enormities.

Sir *Nob.* Slaves! Avaunt! if my Lady will have it so,
 I'll walk soberly into the Garden and consider of what is
 330 past.

[<Sings> *To love is a pleasure, &c.*

[*Ex. Sir Noble.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* *Lettice!*

Lett. Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Is Mr. *Truman* come?

Lett. He'll be here presently Madam.

Enter Page with a Letter.

335 *Page.* A Letter for your Ladiship.

Mrs. *Good.* Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the door Madam: but said,
 he had no orders to stay for an answer. [*Ex. Page.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* A Womans hand!

Reads. *Mr. Goodvil's Journey out of Town is but a pre-* 340
tence: He is jealous of you and Mr. Truman, you
will find him anon return'd in hopes to surprize
you together. Though he has trusted me with the
secret, and oblig'd me to assist him in it: yet I
would endeavour by this discovery to perswade you 345
that I am your reall Servant,

Victoria.

Postscript,

Beware of Malagene, for he's appointed the Spy to
betray you.

350

This is generously done, *Victoria*, and I'll study to deserve it
of Thee: Now if I plague not this wise jealous Husband of
mine, let all Wives curse me, and Cuckolds laugh at me!
Fiddles! lead in! *Mr. Caper* and *Mr. Saunter* pray wait on my
Lady, and entertain her a little: I'll follow you presently. 355

L. Squ. Come *Mr. Caper*, will you walk?

Cap. A Coranto Madam?

L. Squ. Ay ten thousand ten thousand, *Mr. Saunter*, I
would be always near you Two! Oh for a Grove now, and a
purling Brook with that delightful charming voice of yours: 360
Come! let us walk and study which way to divert our Selves.

Cap. Allons! for Love and Pleasure: By these Hands—

Saunt. By those Eyes—

L. Squ. Oh no more! no more, I shall be lost in happi-
ness!

[*Exeunt.* 365

Mrs. Goodv. So: this Consort of Fools shall be the Chorus
to my Farce: Now all the Malice, Ill-nature, Falshood and
Hypocrisie of my Sex inspire me. *Lettice!* see *Camilla* be
sent for instantly, she shall join with me in my Revenge,
she has Reason; *Mr. Valentine* I suppose will be here with 370
Mr. Truman.

Enter Mr. Truman.

Trum. And think you Madam, he durst not answer a
fair Ladies Challenge without a Second?

349-50 in rom with Malagene in ital.

Mrs. *Goodv.* You would pretend I'll warrant you to be
375 very stout. You Hectors in Love are as arrant Cheats as
Hectors in fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a noise
for the present; but when they come to the Bus'ness,
prove errant Dastards, and good for nothing.

Trum. But Madam you should find I dare do something,
380 would you but be civil and stand your ground.

Mrs. *Goodv.* What think you though of a Cut-throat
Husband now behind the hangings? what would become
of you then?

Trum. Whilst I have such Beauty on my side, nothing
385 can hurt me.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then Sir prepare your self, Mr. *Goodvil* is
really jealous and mistrusts all or more then has past be-
tween us. His Journey out of Town was but a pretence, but
we shall see him instantly in expectation to catch us together.

390 *Trum.* Fear him not Madam, these Moles that work
under ground are as blind as they are busie: Let him run
on in his dull Jealousie, whilst we still find new windings
out, and lose him in the Maze.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then if you wish to preserve me yours, join
395 with me to Day in my design, which is, if possible, to make
him Mad, work him up to the height of furious suspicion,
and at that moment when he thinks his jealousy most
just, baffle him out of it: And let the World know how
dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant
400 thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

Trum. But Mr. *Goodvil*, Madam, has Wit, and so good
an opinion of it too.

Mrs. *Goodv.* 'Tis that shall be his ruin: were he a Fool
he were not worth the trouble of deceiving.

405 *Trum.* Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and prosper.
But what must be my part?

Mrs. *Goodv.* To secure *Malagene*. That ill-natur'd Vil-
lain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvil* chief
Instrument in the Discovery: He has Cowardize enough
410 to sell his Soul to buy off a Beating: He never told truth

enough to be believ'd once so long as he lives. Get him but in your power, and he shall own more Villanies then ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the necessity of our affair can invent to put upon him.

Trum. And I'd be sure of him, or may I never taste 415 those lips again, but be condemn'd to cast Mistresses in the side-box at the Play-house, or what is worse, take up with a Sempstress, and drudge for Cuffs and Crevats.

Enter Malagene.

Mrs. Goodv. Here he comes!

Trum. Oh Monsieur *Malagene* welcome! 420

Mal. *Jack Truman* your humble Servant.

Trum. Whither so fast I beseech you Sir! a word with you, a word with you.

Mal. Why! can I do any thing for Thee? Hast thou any Business for me? Prithee what is it? 425

Trum. Sir! You must lie for me.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

Trum. Nay Sir you must!

Mal. Any thing in a civil way or so *Jack!* but nothing upon Compulsion Lad! Prithee, let me do nothing upon 430 Compulsion, prithee now!

Trum. Then Sir to be brief, this is the Business! *Goodvil* I hear has been informed by you of what past in the Garden last night. how durst you be so Impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd? 435

Mal. Why look you *Jack*, Curiosity you know! and a natural Inclination which I have——

Trum. To Pimping.

Mal. Confound me *Jack* thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well man—— 440

Trum. What did you know?

Mal. Why I knew thee to be an arch Wagg and an honest Fellow! Ah Rogue prithee kiss me! the Rogue's out of humour.

445 *Trum.* No Sir! I dare not use you so like a Friend, you must deserve it better first.

Mal. Look you *Jack*, the truth of the Business is, I am bespoke: But the Love I have to see the bus'ness go forward, may perswade me to much.

450 *Trum.* Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Goodvil* or promise to your self that where ever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat upon the spot.

Mal. But hark you *Jack* how shall I come off with the
455 business? I shall be kickt and us'd very scurvily: For the truth is, I did tell——

Trum. What did you tell?

Mal. Why I told him you Knave—I won't tell! you little cunning Curr, I told him all man!

460 *Trum.* All Sir!

Mal. Ay hang me like a Dogg, all. But Madam you must pardon me, there was not a word of it true.

Trum. And what do you think to do with your self?

Mal. Do? why I'll deny it all again man, every word of
465 it, as Impudently as ever I at first affirm'd it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a Dog man—That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this!

[Pulls out a Jews Trump and plays.

Trum. And this Sir, you'll stand to.

470 *Mal.* If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-house-door: in the mean time I'll retire and peruse a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

Trum. Nay Sir! you are not to stir from me!

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Oh Madam! shift for your self. Madam *Victoria*
475 sent me to tell you that my Master is return'd, and that he pretends to come as a Masquerader.

Mal. Well! since it must be so, I'll deny all indeed! what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some men

now with my stock of honesty, and a little more gravity, would have made a Fortune. Well: I have been a lazy 480 Rogue; and never knew till now that I was fit for Bus'ness.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Mr. *Goodvil* in Masquerade say you?

Lettice. Yes Madam, and two Women with him, Madam, they are just now alighted.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Women with him! nay then he comes trium- 485 phantly indeed. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Malagene*. I'll stay here and receive this *Machiavel* in disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Passions, pretended Love, pretended Jealousie, pretended Rage, and in sum the very 490 Genius of my Sex to my assistance.

Enter Goodvil and others Masqued.

So! here they come: Now this throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there? *[Enter Servants.*

Goodv. Madam! you'll excuse this freedom.

Mrs. *Goodv.* You oblige me by using it: Let all the Com- 495 pany know that these Noble Persons of Quality have honoured me with their Presence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and see the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. *Truman* come to me instantly, I cannot live a minute, a moment without him. 500

Goodv. Delicate Devil!

Mrs. *Goodv.* Sir! let me beg your patience for a moment, whilst I go and put things in Order fit for your reception.

[Ex. Mrs. Goodvile.

Goodv. Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have ordered be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman*, I see, 505 is a man of punctual assignation; and my Wife is a Person very adroit at these matters; some hot-brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am resolved to turn a Civil, Sober, discreet Person, and hate blood-shed: No: I'll manage the matter so temperately 510 that I'll catch her in his very Arms, then civilly Discard

her, Bagg and Baggage, whilst you my dainty Doxies take possession of her Priviledges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

515 1. *Wom.* And shall I keep my Coach, Mr. *Goodvile*?

Goodv. Ay and Six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou shalt every morning swoop the Exchange in Triumph to see what gawdy Bawble thou canst first grow fond of: And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give
520 Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twiring Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a noise, hear no Play, and show himself; thou shalt, my *Bona Roba*.

2. *Wom.* But Mr. *Goodvile*, what shall I do then?

Goodv. Oh! thou! Thou shalt be my more peculiar Punk,
525 my Housekeeper, my Necessary Sin; manage all th' affairs of my Estate and Family, Ride up and down in my own Coach attended by my own Footmen; Nose my Wife where ere you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh what a delicious Life will this be!

530 1. *Wom.* Hear you Sir; the Fiddles? [*Fiddles without.*

Goodv. Oh the Procession's coming, put on your Visors and observe the Ceremony.

*Enter Truman, Mrs. Goodvile, Caper, Saunter,
L. Squeamish, Camilla, with Fiddles, a Letter.*

Mrs. Goodv. Mr. *Caper*, Mr. *Saunter*, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company, command me any thing,
535 command my House, that, and all freedome are yours.

Cap. Masques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happiness! Sir your humble Servant, by your leave, Madam shall you and I toose and tumble together in the drawing room hard by for half an hour or so? Hah? [*Cuts.*

540 *Saunt.* Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah Madam what do you wear a Masque for? Have you never a Nose, or but one Eye? Let me see how you are furnished?

2. *Wom.* Sir, if I want any thing 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

545 *Goodv.* So! sure, this must come to something anon!

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ah were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! But he is Melancholy and Forlorn in the Country, summoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that shining Pelf that must support me in my pleasures.

550

Goodv. Is he then Madam so kind a Husband?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh the most indulgent Creature in the World! what Husband but He, Mr. *Truman*, would have so seasonably withdrawn and left me Mrs. of such Freedom? To spend my Days in Triumph as I do, to Sacrifice my Self, my Soul, and all my Sense to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

Cam. Heav'ns Madam you'l provoke him beyond all patience.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Who Mr. *Goodvil*! which way shall it reach his knowledge? no, we'l be as secret—

Trum. As we are happy. So subtly lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himself and *Malagene* to boot, well hired to the Business, shall ne'r discover us.

565

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh discover us! a Husband discover us! were he indeed as jealous as he has reason, I could no more apprehend discovery then a kindness from him.

Goodv. This impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so Madam?

[*He unmasks.* 570

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh a Ghost! a Ghost! save me, save me. Mr. *Truman*, see see Mr. *Goodvil*'s Spirit! sure some base Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghost is come to revenge it on me.

Goodv. No Madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmless Goblin, though you are a little shockt at the sight of me.

Cap. Ha, ha, ha, *Goodvile* return'd? Dear *Frank*!

Saunt. Honest *Goodvile*, thou seest dear Soul we are free here in thy absence.

Goodv. I see you are Gentlemen, and shall take an opportunity to return the Favour. *Footmen* be ready.

572 Spirit?

Mrs. *Goodv.* But is it really Mr. *Goodvile* then? let me receive him to my Armes ; welcome ten thousand, thousand thousand times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the
585 Gallery do?

Goodv. Oh Madam, it lookt so very charmingly, that I had no power to stay longer from the Dear Loving Originall.

Mrs. *Goodv.* So, now begins the Battle.

Goodv. Well Madam, and for your Sett of Fools here:
590 to what end and purpose have you decreed them in this new Modell of your Family? I hope you have not design'd 'em for your own Use?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Why Sir, methinks you should not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to pass away the time withall, since
595 you had taken your Dearer Conversation from me.

Goodv. No Madam, I understand your Diet better: a Fool is too squobb and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: you are for a Substantiall Dish, a man of Heat and Honour, such as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt
600 not will do me reason.

Trum. Ay Sir, when ever you'll demand it.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I beseech you, what would you be at Sir?

Goodv. At rest Madam, like an honest Snail shrink up
605 my horns into my Shell, and if possible hold a quiet possession of it.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your quiet Sir.

Goodv. Nothing Madam, nothing in the least; how is it
610 possible that any thing should disturbe me! a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a meer Utensil, a Block for you to fashion all your falsehood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my office and never be disturb'd, I.

Mrs. *Goodv.* So, now your Heart is opening; and for
615 your ease I'll give it a little vent my self: you are jealous, alas jealous of *Truman*, are you?

Goodv. And I have no reason Madam, though I come
583 thousand, thousand,

and catch you in his Arms, rowling and throwing your Wanton Eyes like Fire-balls at his Heart; oh what an Indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodvile*! so seasonably to with-⁶²⁰ draw and leave you Mistress of such Freedom: To spend your Days in Triumph as you do, to sacrifice your self, your Soul and Sense to him; the Lord of all your Joyes, your Conqueror and Protector.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I am glad to find my Plot so well succeed: ⁶²⁵ I knew of your Jealousy last night, knew too your journey out of Town was but a pretence in hope to return and surprize me with *Truman*. I was inform'd too of your return but now, and your disguise I knew you through it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that Fond-⁶³⁰ ness to *Truman* before your face. It was all the revenge I had within my power.

Goodv. Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden last night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might see? ⁶³⁵

Mrs. *Goodv.* What Fool? what Villain have you dares accuse me?

Goodv. One, who though he rarely told truth before, will be sure to do it now; *Malagene* your Kins-man, *Malagene*, a hopefull Branch of your own stock. ⁶⁴⁰

Trum. The Rascal dares not own it.

Goodv. But he shall Sir, though you protect him.

Trum. 'Twas basely done to set a Spy upon your Friend, after the trick you had plaid me with *Victoria*.

Goodv. Basely done! ⁶⁴⁵

Trum. Yes, basely Sir.

Goodv. Death, you lye Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?

Cap. Nay, look you *Frank*! you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up. ⁶⁵⁰

Enter Valentine.

Val. What again quarrelling? *Goodvile*, this must not be, *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage, shall make you satisfaction.

Saunt. Ay, ay, prithee man, take some other time and
655 don't quarrell now and spoil good Company.

Goodv. Death! you dancing, talking, metled, frisking
Rogues stand off! oh I had forgot—*Footmen*, where are ye?

Enter Footmen.

Here, take away these Butterflies, and do speedy execution upon 'em as I order'd, do it instantly.

[*They seize 'em.*]

660 *Cap.* Nay *Frank!* what's all this for?

Saunt. Nay *Goodvile*, prithee, now as I hope to live.

Enter Malagene.

Goodv. Away with 'em——

[*<Footmen> Ex. with Cap. and Saunter.*]

Now for *Malagene*—Oh, here he comes Madam, who will refresh your Memory! Speak Sir, as you tender Life and
665 Limb, whom did you see together in the Garden last night?

Malag. Ha!—no body!

Goodv. Were not *Truman* and my Wife there to your knowledge privately?

Malag. Ha, ha, ha—Child! no.

670 *Goodv.* Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whispering in the *Grotto* together?

Malag. No.

Goodv. Hell and Devils! this fellow has been tamper'd withall and instructed to abuse me. This is all Con-
675 trivance, a study'd Scene to fool me of my Reason.

Enter Foot-men.

Here, take him hence and harness him with the other two, till he confess the Truth.

Mrs. *Goodv.* He shall not go, touch him who dares: must People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuse me
680 falsely? Ah Mr. *Goodvile*, how have I deserv'd this at your hands? let not my good name be ravish'd from me, if you have resolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly and put me out of pain.— [Malag. runs away.]

Goodv. Nay Madam, here is that shall yet convince—
see here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private 685
Corner, hear me read it. And if you have modestly enough
left, blush.

Reads. *If Goodvile goes out of Town this morning, let me
know of it that I may wait on you and tell you
the rest of my Heart. For you do not know how 690
much I love you yet.*

Truman.

Mrs. Goodv. Death and destruction! it was all my own
Contrivance, madded with your jealousy, I sought all ways
to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and 695
left it in a place where you might be sure to find it. To
convince you farther, see here a Caution sent me just
before by one whom you have trusted and loved too much
for my quiet: peruse it, and when you have done, consider
how you have used me and how I have deserv'd it, Oh. 700

[*Gives Victoria's Letter.*

Goodvile Reads.

*Journey out of Town—is a pretence,—return and sur-
prize—believe by this discovery—Your Servant
Victoria.*

Victoria, has she betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce
there is no Trust nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n in 705
every condition they are all Jilts, all false from the Bawd
to the Babe.

Mrs. Goodv. Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this
minute never expect I'll see your Face again: no, I'll leave
you to be happy at your own choice. Love where you 710
please, and be as free as if I ne'r had had relation to you.
I shall take care to trouble you no more, but wish you
may be happier then ever yet I made you.

Goodv. Stay Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. No Sir, I'll be gone, I will not stay a moment 715
longer; Inhuman, Cruel, false Traitor! wer't thou now

languishing on thy Knees, prostrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own guilt, I would not stop nor turn my Face to save thee from Despair.

720 *Goodv.* You shall.

Mrs. Goodv. For what?

Goodv. To let the World see how much a Fool I can be: art thou Innocent?

Mrs. Goodv. By my Love I am, I never wrong'd you; 725 but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my dishonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me when they'd upbraid Mankind for baseness: oh that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment perswade you still all 730 your Jealousies were just, and I as Infamous as you are cruel.

[*Ex. in a rage.*]

Goodv. Get thee in then and talk to me no more, there's something in thy Face will make a Fool of me, and there's a Devil in this Business, which yet I cannot discover. 735 *Truman*, if thou hast enjoyed her, I beg thee keep it close, and if it be possible let us yet be friends.

Trum. 'Tis not my fault if we be Foes.

Goodv. But now to my Fools, bring 'em forth and let us see how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh Dear 740 *Valentine*! how does the fair *Camilla*?

Val. Faith Sir, she and I have been dispatching a trifling affair this morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

Goodv. Marry'd! nay, then there is some comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the snare—*Valentine*! look to 745 her, keep her as secret as thou wou'dst a Murder, had'st thou committed one: trust her not with thy dearest Friend, She has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter Caper and Saunter, their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools Caps on their Heads. Caper with one Leg ty'd up, and Saunter Gagg'd.

See here these Rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you paultry Vermin, you Rats that run squeaking

from House to House, up and down the Town; that no ⁷⁵⁰ man can eat his Bread in quiet for you. Take warning of what you feel, and come not near these Doors again on perill of hanging. Here, discharge them of their punishment, and see 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady Squeamish, Sir Noble, and Victoria.

L. *Squ.* Oh Gallants your humble Servant. Dear Mr. ⁷⁵⁵ *Goodvile* be pleas'd to give my Kinsman Sir *Noble*, Joy: He has done himself the Honour to marry your Cousin *Victoria*, whom now I must be proud to call my Relation, since she has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumsey*.

Sir *Nob.* Ay Sir, I am Marry'd, and will be drunk again ⁷⁶⁰ too before Night as simply as I stand here.

Goodv. Sir *Noble* marry'd? to *Victoria* too? nay then in spight of Misfortunes——

This Day shall be a Day of Jubilee.

But first

765

Good People all that my sad Fortune see,

I beg you to take warning here by me;

Marriage and hanging go by Destinie.

Especially you gay Young marry'd Blades,

Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Masquerades. ⁷⁷⁰

[Ex. omnes.]

FINIS.

THE
EPILOGUE,
Spoken by Mrs. Barrey.

WELL Sirs, if now my Spouse and I should part,
To which kind Critique shall I give my heart?
Stay, let me look, not one in all the place
But has a scurvey froward damming Face.
Have you resolv'd then on the Poets fall? 5
Go ye're ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The Marry'd Sparks I know this Play will curse
For the Wifes sake, but some of 'em have worse.
Poets themselves their own ill luck have wrought,
You ne're had learnt, had not their quarrels taught. 10
But as in the disturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets first had jarring fits,
You all set up for Critiques, and for Wits:
Then straight there came, which cost you Mothers pains, 15
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your brains:
Libels like spurious Brats run up and down,
Which their dull Parents were asham'd to own;
But vented 'em in others names, like Whores
Thay lay their Bastards down at honest Doors. 20
For shame leave off this higling way of Wit,
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit.
Let Poets live in peace, in quiet write,
Else may they all to punish you unite;
Join in one Force, to study to abuse ye, 25
And teach your Wives and Misses how to use you.

THE
HISTORY and FALL
OF
Caius Marius.
A
TRAGEDY.
As it is Acted at the
Duke's Theatre.

By *Thomas Otway.*

Qui color Albus erat nunc est contrarius Albo.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Tho. Fleisher*, at the *Angel and Crown*
in *S. Paul's Church-yard.* 1680.

TO THE
LORD VISCOUNT
FALKLAND

My LORD,

WHen first it entered into my thoughts to make this Present to Your Lordship, I received not onely Encouragement, but Pleasure, since upon due examination of my self, I found it was not a bare ⁵ Presumption, but my Duty to the remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your hands.

For heretofore having had the honour to be near You, and bred under the same Discipline with You, ¹⁰ I cannot but own, that in a great measure I owe the small share of Letters I have to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be ashamed of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learnt to value them, by the wonderfull ¹⁵ Progress which even in Your tender years You made in them; so that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You.

Your Lordship has an extraordinary Reason to ²⁰ be a Patron of Poetry, for Your great Father loved it. May Your Lordship's Fame and Employments grow as great, or greater then His were; and may Your Vertues find a Poet to record them, equall * Mr. Waller. (if possible) to that great *Genius ²⁵ which sung of him.

My slender humble Talent must not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I must always

submit to, a general Goodness which I never (to its
30 worth) can value: and who can praise that well
which he knows not how to comprehend?

Already the Eyes and Expectations of men of the
best Judgement are fixt upon You: for wheresoever
You come, You have their Attention when present,
35 and their Praise when You are gone: and I am sure
(if I obtain but Your Lordship's Pardon) I shall
have the Congratulation of all my friends, for
having taken this opportunity to express my self

Your Lordship's most humble Servant,

Thomas Otway.

PROLOGUE

Spoke by Mr. *Betterton*.

I*N* Ages past, (when will those Times renew?)
When Empires flourish'd, so did Poets too.
When Great Augustus the World's Empire held,
Horace and Ovid's happy Verse excell'd.
Ovid's soft Genius and his tender Arts 5
Of moving Nature melted hardest Hearts.
It did th' Imperial Beauty Julia move
To listen to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: and on her Breast,
With ravish'd sense in her Embraces prest, } 10
He lay transported, fancy-full and blest.
Horace's lofty Genius boldlier rear'd
His manly head, and through all Nature steer'd;
Her richest Pleasures in his Verse refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the relish of the Mind. 15
He lasht with a true Poet's fearless Rage
The Villanies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Mæcenâs that great Fav'rite rais'd
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as blest, 20
The happiest Poet of his time and best.
A gracious Prince's Favour chear'd his Muse,
A constant Favour he ne'r fear'd to lose.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind. 25
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E're since succeeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the most unworthy of the Throng,
Our this-day's Poet fears h' has done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away, 30
You'll find h' has rifled him of half a Play.
Amidst this baser Dross you'll see it shine
Most beautifull, amazing, and Divine.

To such low Shifts of late are Poets worn,
 Whilst we both Wit's and Cæsar's Absence mourn. } 35
 Oh! when will He and Poetry return?
 When shall we there again behold him sit }
 'Midst shining Boxes and a Courtly Pit,
 The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit? }
 When that blest Day (quick may it come) appears, } 40
 His Cares once banisht, and his Nation's Fears,
 The joyfull Muses on their Hills shall sing
 Triumphant Songs of Britain's happy King.
 Plenty and Peace shall flourish in our Isle,
 And all things like the English Beauty smile. } 45
 You Criticks shall forget your nat'ral Spite,
 And Poets with unbounded Fancy write.
 Ev'n This-day's Poet shall be alter'd quite:
 His thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
 And he himself, whilst you his Verse allow, } 50
 As much transported as he's humble now.

Persons represented.

Men	By
<i>Caius Marius</i>	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Sylla</i> .	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Marius junior</i>	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Granius</i> .	Mr. <i>Percivale</i> .
<i>Metellus</i> .	Mr. <i>Gillow</i> .
<i>Quintus Pompeius</i> .	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Cinna</i> .	Mr. <i>Jevon</i> .
<i>Sulpitius</i> .	Mr. <i>Underhill</i> .
<i>Ancharius</i> a Senatour.	
⟨ <i>Antonius</i> ⟩	
Priest.	
⟨ <i>Clodius</i> ⟩	
⟨ <i>Catulus</i> ⟩	
Apothecary.	
<i>Q. Pompeius's</i> Son.	
Guards, Lictors, ⟨Citizens, Herdsmen, Souldiers, Embassadors, Old men, Child, Messenger,⟩ Ruffians, &c.	

Women	By
<i>Lavinia</i> .	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
Nurse.	Mr. <i>Noakes</i> .
⟨ <i>Martha</i> ⟩	

THE
HISTORY and FALL
OF
Caius Marius
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Within. Liberty! Liberty! *Marius and Sulpitius!*
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, and Senatours.

Metell. **W**hen will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other; know
Th' extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues;
The Bounds of Rules and Magistracy; who 5
Ought first to govern, and who must obey?
It was not thus when God-like *Scipio* held
The Scale of Pow'r; he who with temp'rate poise
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong, 10
For he himself was one——

Cinna. He was indeed,
A Noble born: and still in *Rome* there are
Most worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour,
Such as are fit to fill the seat of Pow'r,
And awe this riotous unruly Rabble, 15
That bear down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not sold to Ruine.

Metrell. *Cinna,* there
Thou'st hit my Mark: We are to Ruine sold;

In all things sold; Voices are sold in *Rome*.
 And yet we boast of Liberty. Just Gods! 20
 That Guardians of an Empire should be chosen
 By the lewd noise of a Licentious Rout!
 The sturdiest Drinker makes the Ablest Statesman.

Anton. Would it not anger any true-born *Roman*,
 To see the giddy Multitude together, 25
 Never consulting who 'tis best deserves,
 But who Feasts highest to obtain their Suffrage?
 As 'tis not many years since two Great men
 In *Rome* stood equal Candidates together,
 For high Command: In every house was Riot. 30
 To day the Drunken Rabble reel'd to one;
 To morrow they were mad agen for t'other;
 Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:
 And none could guesse on whom the Choice would settle;
 Till at the last a Stratagem was thought of. 35
 A mighty Vessell of *Falernian* Wine
 Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
 Of Ivy sacred to the Jolly God.
 The Monster-people roar'd aloud for Joy:
 When straight the Candidate himself appears 40
 In pomp, to grace the Present he had made 'em.
 The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
 With a smooth Tale tickled their Asses Ears,
 H' at both ends tapt his Butt, and got the Consulship.

Cinna. This Curse we owe to *Marius* Pride, 45
 That made him first most basely bribe the People
 For Consul in the War against *Jugurtha*:
 Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant.
 And how the Kindness was return'd, all know.
 I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature, 50
 And wonder such a Weed got growth in *Rome*.

Metell. What says my *Cinna*?

Cinna. That I like not *Marius*,
 Nor love him——

Metell. There *Rome's* better Genius spoke.

Let us consult and weigh this subject well.
 O *Romans*, he's the Thorn that galls us all. 55
 Our harrass'd State is Crippled with the weight
 Of his Ambition: We're not safe in *Marius*.
 Do I not know his Rise, his low Beginning,
 From what a wretched despicable Root
 His Greatness grew? Gods! that a Peasant's Brat, 60
 Born in the outmost Cottages of *Arpos*,
 And foster'd in a Corner, should by Bribes,
 By Covetousness, and all the hatefull means
 Of working Pride, advance his little Fate
 So high, to vaunt it o're the Lords of *Rome*! 65

Anton. Ambition, raging like a Dæmon in him,
 Distorts him to all ugly forms, sh'as need to use.
 In his first start of Fortune, Oh how vile
 Were his Endeavours and Submissions then!
 When suing to be chosen first *Ædilis*, 70
 He was by general Vote repulst, yet bore it;
 And in the same day shamefully return'd,
 T'obtain the second Office of that name.
 Equal was his success, deny'd in both:
 Yet could he condescend at last to ask 75
 The Prætorship, and but with Bribes got that.
 Yet this is he that has disturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wishes.

Metell. I must confess it burthens much my Age,
 To see the Man I hate thus ride my Country. 80
 For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cause to hate him.
 I was the first (and I am well rewarded)
 That lent my hand to raise his feeble state.
 When first I made him Tribune by my Voice,
 I thought there might be something in his Nature 85
 That promis'd well. His Parents were most honest,
 And serv'd my Father justly in their Trust.
 Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Consul,
 And went against *Jugurtha* into *Africk*,
 I took him with me one of my Lieutenants. 90

'Twas there his Pride first shew'd it self in Actions,
Opprest my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

Cinn. The Story's famous. Base Ingratitude,
Dissimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills 95
Of one base born, in *Marius* are join'd.

Metell. Ev'n Age can't heal the rage of his Ambition.
Six times the Consul's Office has he born:
How well, our present Discords best declare.
Yet now agen, when time has worn him low, 100
Consum'd with Age, and by Diseases prest,
He courts the People to be once more chosen,
To lead the War against King *Mithridates*.

Anton. For this each day he rises with the Sun,
And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms, 105
Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exercise:
He rides and Tilts, and when the Prize h'has won,
He brings it back with triumph into *Rome*,
And there presents it to the sordid Rabble;
Who shout to Heav'n, and cry, Let *Marius* live. 110

Metell. He shall not have it, by the Gods he shall
not.

There is a *Roman* Noble just and valiant,
Sylla's his name, sprung from the ancient Stock
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from youth in War,
Flusht with Success, and of a spirit bold, 115
And, more then all, hates *Marius*, still has crost
His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brightest Triumphs:
He's Consul now. Then let us all resolve
And fix on him, to check this Havocker,
That with his Kennell of the Rabble hunts 120
Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

Cinna. Agreed for *Sylla*.

All.

All for Sylla.

Metell.

Nay,

This Monster *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,

And asks my Daughter for his hated Offspring. 125
 But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* shall be *Sylla's*,
 My eldest born, her and the best of all
 My Fortune I'll confirm on him, to crush the Pride
 Of this base-born hot-brain'd Plebeian Tyrant.

Anton. Now *Rome's* last Stake of Liberty is set, 130
 And must be pusht for to the Teeth of Fortune.

Cinn. Then *Caius Marius* shall not have the Consulship.

Metell. No, I would rather be *Sulpitius* Slave,
 That furious Headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,
 That mad wild Bull, whom *Marius* lets loose 135
 On each occasion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
 To toss our Laws and Liberties i'th' Air.

Anton. That lawless Tribune then must be reduc'd,
 Unhindg'd from off the pow'r that holds him up,
 His Band of full six hundred *Roman* Knights, 140
 All in their youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
 Which he his Guard against the Senate calls;
 Tall wild young men, and fit for glorious Mischiefs.

Metell. Fear nothing: let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r,
 And then see how like Day he'll break upon 'em, 145
 And scatter all those Goblins of the Night,
 Confusion's Night, where in the dark Disorders
 Of a Divided State, men know not where
 Or how to walk, for fear they lose their way,
 And stumble upon Ruine. Mark the race 150
 Of *Sylla's* Life; observe but what has past,
 How still h'has born a Face against this *Marius*,
 And kept an equal stretch with him for Glory.

Cinn. H' has in the Capitol an Image set
 Of Gold, in honour of his own Atchievement; 155
 Wherein's describ'd how the *Numidian* King
 Gave up *Jugurtha* Prisoner to *Sylla*,
 And all in spite of *Marius*. Oh now,
 If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,
 Resume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Consul. 160

Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour,
Justice unbyass'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,
Presence of Mind and resolute Performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.

Metell. Let's agree for *Sylla*.

All. All for *Sylla*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Marius senior, Marius junior, Granius.

Marius sen. There *Rome's* Dæmons go. 165
Like Witches in ill weather, in this Storm
And Tempest of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Destruction higher: for this end
Th' have rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
To cross my way, and stop my tide of Glory. 170
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in triumph hither;
If I am he that led *Rome's* Armies out,
Spent all my years in Toil and cruel War,
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and winter Camps, 175
Till I brought settled Peace and Plenty home,
Made her the Court and Envy of the world;
Why does she use me thus?

Mar. jun. Because she's rul'd
By lazy Droans that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the fruits they never toil'd for; 180
Old gouty Senatours of crude Minds and Brains,
That always are fermenting Mischief up,
And style their private Malice publick Safety. . . .

Gran. One discontented Villain leads a State
To Madness. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny 185
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a life
And manners sordid; one whose Gain's his God;
And to that cursed end he'd sacrifice
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace,
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods. 190

Mar. sen. H' has taken *Rome* even in the nicest Minute,
And easily debauched her to his ends,

When she was over-cloy'd with Happiness,
 Wantonly full, and longing after Change.
 For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing, 195
 She has relinquisht me, and flouts my Age.
 Constant ill Fortune wait upon her for't,
 And wreck her Fate as low as first I found it,
 When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
 And hungry Ruine had it in the wind; 200
 When Barb'rous Nations, of a race unknown,
 From undiscover'd Northern Regions came,
 To lay her waste, and sweep her from the Earth;
 Till I, I *Marius* rose, the Soul of all
 The Hope sh' had left, and with unwearied Toil, 205
 Dangers each hour, and never-sleeping Care,
 (A burthen for a God) oppos'd my self
 'Twixt her and Desolation, gorg'd the maw
 Of Death with slaughter'd numbers of her Foes,
 Restor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd. 210
Mar. jun. The Glory of that War must be remember'd,
 When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, shall lie
 In Ashes. . . . Full 300000 men,
 All sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
 Whose Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation, 215
 Hung like a Swarm of Mischiefs on the Hills
 Of *Italy*, and threatned Fate to *Europe*.
Gran. They came in Tribes, as if to take possession,
 And seem'd a People whom the hand of Fate
 Had scourg'd by Famine from a barren Land, 220
 Of Visage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapt
 By bitter Frosts and winter Winds; yet fierce
 As hungry Lions of the Desart.
 Their Wives with loads of Children at their backs,
 Bold manly Haggs, whom Shame had long forsook, 225
 And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
 Follow'd in Troups like Furies.
Mar. jun. And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*
 Shrank like a Worm, and *Sylla* scarce was heard of.

Mar. sen. That curst *Metellus* still has bin my Plague,
 And ever done me most deliberate Wrong; 231
 Because, like a tame Hawk, I scorn'd to fly
 Just at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.
 Because I grew too great for him in Wars,
 And serv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice 235
 Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
 And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed.
 Beggary catch me when agen I court him.
 Why sigh'st thou, Boy? still at th' unlucky name
 Of that *Lavinia*, I've observ'd thee thus 240
 With thy Looks fixt, as if thy Fate had seiz'd thee.

Mar. jun. Why did you name *Lavinia*? would sh' had
 ne'r
 Bin born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.

Mar. sen. Forget her, *Marius*: she's a dainty Bit,
 A Delicate for none but *Sylla*'s tast, 245
 The Fav'rite *Sylla*, th' Idol that's set up
 To blast thy Hopes, and cloud thy Father's Glories.
 Consider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.

Mar. jun. Forget her? oh! sh' has Beauty might ensnare
 A Conquerour's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns 250
 At random to be scuffled for by Slaves.
 Forget her? oh! teach me, (great Parent) teach me;
 Reade me each day a Lecture of the Wrongs
 Done you by that Inglorious Patrician;
 Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge, 255
 And quite forget *Lavinia* e're dwelt there.
 Methinks 'twould not be hard, ev'n midst the Senate,
 To strike this through him in his Consul's Chair,
 Tumble him thence, and mount it in his stead.

Mar. sen. Oh! name not him and Consulship together:
Sylla and Consul? set 'em far apart 261
 As East from West; for as they now are met,
 It bodes Confusion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.

Gran. I'd rather see *Rome* but one Funeral pile,
 And all her people quitting her like Bees, 265

Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather see her Senators in Chains
Dragg'd through the Streets to death, and Slaves made
Lords,

Then see that vain presumptuous Upstart's Pride
Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred. 270

Mar. sen. 'Tis such a Wrong as even Tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty years,
Fought all her Battels with renown'd Success,
And never lost her yet a man in vain,
Should, now her noblest Fortune is at stake, 275
And *Mithridates* Sword is drawn, be thrown
Aside, like some old broken batter'd Shield:
To see my Lawrels wither as I rust:

And all this manag'd by the cursed Craft,
Petulant Envy, and malignant Spight 280
Of that old barking Senate's-Dog *Metellus*.
Stake me, just Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather then live in mem'ry of such Shame.

Gran. Perish *Metellus* first, and all his Race. 285

Mar. sen. There spoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the head
Of *Jove*,

I hate him worse then Famine or Diseases.
Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houses from this moment; 290
And meeting never let 'em bloudless part.

Go, *Granius*, bid *Sulpitius* straight be ready
To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*. <*Ex. Gran.*>
By all the Gods, I'll chase this Dæmon out,
That rages thus in *Rome*; or let her bloud 295
To that degree, till she grow tame enough
To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge.

Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought,
Take m' in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?
'T had bin a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb? 300

Mar. jun. As dumb as solemn Sorrow ought to be.

Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no end.
 Must I resolve to hate *Metellus* Race,
 Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Musick in the Name, 305
 That softning me to Infant Tenderness,
 Makes my Heart spring like the first leaps of Life.

Mar. sen. Then thou art lost: if thou art Man and
Roman,
 If thou hast Vertue in thee, or canst prize
 Thy Father's Honour, scorn her like a Slave. 310
 Hell! love her? Dam her: there's *Metellus* in her.
 In every Line of her bewitching Face,
 There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of.
 I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trapt,
 And basely wedded to a Ruffian's Whore, 315
 Then thou shouldst think to taint my generous Bloud
 With the base Puddle of that o're-fed Gown-man.
Lavinia?——

Mar. jun. Yes, *Lavinia*: is she not
 As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods?
 Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields? 320
 As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,
 The pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?
 Why first did you bewitch me else to Weakness?
 When from the Sacrifice we came together,
 And as by her's our Chariot drove along, 325
 These were your words, That, *Marius*, that is She
 That must give Happiness to Thee and *Rome*,
 Confirming in thy Arms my wish'd-for Peace
 With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla's* heart.

Mar. sen. Then she was charming.
Mar. jun. Oh! I found her so.
 I lookt and gaz'd, and never miss'd my Heart, 331
 It fled so pleasingly away. But now
 My Soul is all *Lavinia's*, now she's fixt
 Firm in my Heart by secret Vows made there,
 Th' indeleble Records of faithfull Love, 335

You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
 Create me o're agen . . . and I may be
 That haughty Master of my self you'd have me:
 But as I am, the Slave of strong Desires,
 That keep me struggling under. Though I see 340
 The hopeless state of my unhappy Love;
 With Torment, like a stubborn Slave that lies
 Chain'd to the Floor, stretcht helpless on his back,
 I look to Liberty, and break my Heart. 344

Mar. sen. Has she yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

Mar. jun. If Eyes may speak the language of the Heart,
 If tend'rest Glances, Sighs, and sudden Blushes
 May be interpreted for Love in one
 So young, so fair, and innocent as she,
 Our Souls can ne'r be Strangers.— 350

Mar. sen. No more: I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
 When next thou nam'st her, let it be with infamy.
 Tell me, Sh' has whor'd, or fled her Father's house
 With some course Slave t' a secret Cell of Lust,
 And then I'll bless thee. 355

Mar. jun. I shall obey. Gods, from your Skies look
 down,
 And find like me one wretched if you can.
 No, Sir, I'll speak that hatefull Name no more,
 But be as Curst as you can wish your Son.

Enter Sulpitius.

Mar. sen. Oh *Sulpitius*! 360
 Thou darling of m' Ambition, art thou come?
 What news?

Sulpit. I've left a Present at your house,
 The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay tall
 Young thing, that was in time t' have bin a Lord,
 But he's but Worms-meat now.

Mar. sen. My best *Sulpitius*, 365
 Thou always comfort'st me. See here a man,
 A Stranger to my Bloud as well as Fortune,

But meerly of his choice my Honour's friend:
 What mighty things would he not doe for me?
 Could'st thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love? . . .

Sulpit. How? my young son of war in Love? with
 whom? 371

Mar. jun. A Woman, Sir. . . . I must not speak her Name.

Sulpit. If it be hopeless Love, use generous means,
 And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.
 Take in a new Infection to the heart, 375
 And the rank Poison of the old will dy.—

Mar. jun. A Plantane leaf is excellent for that.

Sulpit. For what?

Mar. jun. For broken Shins.

Sulpit. Why? art thou mad?

Mar. jun. Not mad, but bound more then a Mad-man is,
 Confin'd to limits, kept without my food, 380
 Whipt and tormented. . . . Prithee do not wake me;
 Let me dream on——

Sulpit. Oh! the small Queen of Fairies
 Is busy in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
 Drawn by a little Team of smallest Atoms
 Over mens Noses as they lie asleep, 385
 In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut
 Made by a Joiner-Squirrel: in which state
 She gallops night by night through Lovers brains.
 And then how wickedly they dream, all know.
 Sometimes she courses o're a Courtier's Nose, 390
 And then he dreams of begging an Estate.
 Sometimes she hurries o're a Souldier's Neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting forrein Throats,
 Of Breaches, Ambuscado's, temper'd Blades,
 Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters. 395
 Sometimes she tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
 And then dreams he
 Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications,
 And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who,
 But wakes as empty as he laid him down. 400

Sh' has bin with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
Of nothing but a Consulship.

Mar. sen. A Rattle!
Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle:
The puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing.
A Consulship?

Sulpit. By all the Gods, he'll shake it. 405
H' has drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,
As if he meant Destruction or Success:
The Rabble too are drunk with him already

Mar. sen. Alarum all our Citizens to Arms
That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take possession of the *Forum*. Thou, 411
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
Till thou'st done something worthy of my Name.

Mar. jun^r First perish *Rome*, and all I hold most dear,
Rather then let me feel my Father's Hate. . . 415

Mar. sen. Why, that's well said. . . .
Sulpit. My Troups are all together,
All ready on the *Forum*: but the Heav'ns
Play tricks with us. Our Ensigns, as they stood
Display'd before our Troups, took fire untouch'd,
And burnt to tinder. 420

Three Ravens brought their young ones in the streets,
Devouring 'em before the people's eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nests.
A noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadfull Cries of dying men. 425

Mar. sen. It was the *Roman* Genius that thus warns
Me, her old Friend, not to let slip my Fate.
Ambition! oh Ambition! if I've done
For thee things great and well . . . shall Fortune now
Forsake me? 430
Hark thee, *Sulpitius*, if it come to blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* scape thee,
Who'd strip my Age of its most dear bought Honours.

Else why have I thus bustled in the World,
 Through various and uncertain Fortunes hurl'd, 435
 But to be Great, unequal'd, and alone?
 Which onely he can be who still spurs on
 As swift at last as when he first begun. . . . [Exeunt.

The end of the First ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Metellus and Nurse.

Metell. I Cannot rest to night · Ill-boding Thoughts
 Have chas'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains.

This seems *Lavinia's* Chamber, and she up.

Rest too to night has bin a stranger here.

Lavinia! my Daughter, ho! where art thou? 5

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, (at twelve years old I
 had one)

Come: what, Lamb? what, Lady-bird? Gods forbid.

Where's this Girl *Lavinia*?

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. How now? who calls?

Nurse. Your Father, Child.

Lavin. I'm here. Your Lordship's pleasure?

Metell. Why up at this unlucky time of Night, 10

When nought but loathsome Vermin are abroad,

Or Witches gathering pois'nous Herbs for Spells

By the pale light of the cold waning Moon?

Lavin. Alas! I could not sleep: in a sad Dream,
 Methought I saw one standing by my Bed, 15

To warn me I should have a care of Sleep,

For 'twould be banefull——

Metell. Dreams give Children Fears.

Lavin. At which I rose from my uneasy Pillows,

11. 9 pleasure.

And to my Closet went, to pray the Gods
T' avert th' unlucky Omen.

Metell. 'I was well done.

20

Nurse, give us leave a while: I must impart
Something to my *Lavinia*. 'Yet stay,
And hear it too. Thou know'st *Lavinia's* Age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I know her Age to an hour.

Metell. She's bare Sixteen.

25

Nurse. I'll lay Sixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet no
Disparagement, I have but Six: she's not Sixteen. How
long is't now since *Marius* triumph'd last?

Metell. No matter, Woman, what is that to thee?

29

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, since *Marius*
enter'd Rome in Triumph, 'tis now even Thirteen years.
Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and she
were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happiness: she was
too good for me. But as I was saying, a month hence she'll
be Sixteen. 'Tis since *Marius* triumph'd now full Thirteen
years, and then she was weaned. Sure I shall never forget
it of all days. . . . Upon that day, (for I had then laid
Wormseed to my Breast, sitting in the Sun under the
Dove-house-Wall) my Lady and you were at the Show.
Nay, I do bear a Brain! but, as I said before, when it did
tast the Wormseed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty
Fool! to see it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout
quo' the people in the streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to
bid me trudge. And since that time it is Thirteen years;
and then she cou'd stand alone, nay, she cou'd run and
waddle all about: for just the day before, she broke her
Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he
was a merry man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quoth he,
dost thou fall upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward
when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not, *Vinny*? and by
my fackings, the pretty Chit left Crying, and said, Ay. . . .
I warrant and I should live a Thousand years, I never
should forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*? quoth he; and,
pretty Fool, it stopt, and said, Ay.

54

Metell. Enough of this; stop thy impertinent Chat.

Nurse. Yes, my Lord: yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave Crying, and say, Ay. . . . And yet in sadness it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockrill's stone, a parlous Knock, and it cry'd bitterly. Ay, quo' my Husband, fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to Age, wilt thou not, *Vinny*? Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay. . . . 62

Metell. Intolerable trifling Gossip, peace.

Nurse. Well; thou wast the pretty'st Babe that e're I nurst. Might I but live to see thee marry'd once, I should be happy. It stinted, and said, Ay. 66

Metell. What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia*? It was the subject that I came to treat of.

Lavin. It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

Nurse. Thing? the thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurse, I would swear thou hadst suckt thy Wisedome from thy Teat. The thing?

Metell. Think of it now then, for I come to make Proposals may be worthy of your Wishes. They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handsome, 75 Noble in Birth and Mind, the valiant *Sylla*.

Nurse. A man, young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world . . . why, he's a man of Wax.

Metell. Consider, Child, my Hopes are all in Thee. And now Old age gains ground so fast upon me, 80 'Mongst all its sad Infirmities, my Fears For Thee are not the smallest.

Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
A high-born Lord, and of the noblest Hopes
That *Rome* can boast, to give thee to his Arms; 85
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Rest from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoycing
In the warm Sun-shine of thy Happiness.

Lavin. If Happiness be seated in Content,
Or that my being blest can make you so, 90
Let me implore it on my Knees. I am

Your onely Child, and still, through all the Course
 Of my past Life, have bin obedient too:
 And as y' have ever birf a loving Parent,
 And bred me up with watchfull tender'st Care,
 Which never cost me hitherto a Tear;
 Name not that *Sylla* any more: indeed
 I cannot love him.

Metell. Why?

Lavin. In deed I cannot.

Metell. Oh early Disobedience! by the Gods,
 Debaucht already to her Sexe's Folly,
 Perverseness, and untoward headstrong Will!

Lavin. Think me not so; I gladly shall submit
 To any thing; nay, must submit to all:
 Yet think a little, or you sell my Peace.
 The Rites of Marriage are of mighty moment:
 And should you violate a thing so Sacred
 Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul
 With hatefull Bonds, which never can grow easy,
 How miserable am I like to be?

Metell. Has then some other taken up your Heart?
 And banisht Duty as an Exile thence?
 What sensual lewd Companion of the Night
 Have you bin holding Conversation with,
 From open Windows at a midnight-hour,
 When your loose Wishes would not let you sleep?

Lavin. If I should love, is that a fault in one
 So young as I? I cannot guess the Cause,
 But when you first nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
 My Heart shrunk back as if you'd done it wrong.
 If I did love, I'd tell you . . . if I durst.
 Oh *Marius*!

Metell. Hah!

Lavin. 'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd
 That Enemy to you and all your House.
 'Twas an unlucky Omen that he first
 Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.

Yet, Sir, believe me, I as soon cou'd wed 125
That *Marius*, whom I've cause to hate, as *Sylla*.

Metell No more: by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way
My care has bin to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord 130
Of noblest Parentage, of fair Demeans,
Early in Fame, Youthful, and well ally'd,
In every thing as thought cou'd wish a man,
To have at last a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good, 135
To answer, *I'll not wed, I cannot love*.
If thou art mine, resolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy Risk in Fortune's barren Field,
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of Me, 140
Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

Lavin. Will you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia*?
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
To wander up and down the streets of *Rome*,
And beg my bread with sorrow? Can I bear 145
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To seek a shelter under dropping Eves, 150
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of warmth and food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?
Must I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great men implore Relief in vain? 155
Must I, your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,
Because I am not Mistriss of my Heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?

Metell. Art thou not Mistriss of thy Heart then?

Lavin. No.
'Tis giv'n away.

Metell. To whom?

Lavin. I dare not tell. 160
But I'll endeavour strangely to forget him,
If you'll forget but *Sylla*.

Metell. Thou dost well.
Conceal his Name if thou'dst preserve his Life.
For if there be a Death in *Romé* that might
Be bought, it should not miss him. From this hour 165
Curst be thy Purposes, most curst thy Love.
And if thou marry'st, in thy Wedding-night
May all the Curses of an injur'd Parent
Fall thick, and blast the Blessings of thy Bed.

Lavin. What have you done? alas! Sir, as you spoke,
Methought the Fury of your words took place, 171
And struck my Heart, like Lightning, dead within me.
Gone too? [*Ex. Metell.*]

Is there no Pity sitting in the Clouds
That sees into the bottom of my Grief? 175
Alas! that ever Heav'n should practise Stratagems
Upon so soft a Subject as my self!
What say'st Thou? hast not thou a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurse, in this Extremity. 179

Nurse. Marry, and there's but need on't: 'ods my life,
this Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young days for
all this. Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and so's
Sylla. Oh! but *Marius*'s Lip! and then *Sylla*'s Nose and
Forehead! But then *Marius*'s Eye agen! how 'twill sparkle,
and twinkle, and rowl, and sleer? But to see *Sylla* a horse-
back! But to see *Marius* walk, or dance! such a Leg, such
a Foot, such a Shape, such a Motion. Ah h h . . . Well,
Marius is the man, must be the man, and shall be the man.

Lavin. He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
And knows not yet the follies of my Love: 190
And when he does, perhaps may scorn and hate me.

Nurse. Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fel-
low. He is not the Flow'r of Curtesy; but, I'll warrant him,

as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, serve God.
What? a Father's an Old man, and old man they say will
take care. But a Young man! Girl, ah! a Young man!
There's a great deal in a Young man, and thou shalt have
a Young man. What? I have bin thy Nurse these Sixteen
years, and I should know what's good for thee surely.
Oh! ay . . . a Young man! 200

Lavin. Now prithee leave me to my self a while.

[*Ex. Nurse.*]

'Tis hardly yet within two hours of Day.
Sad Nights seem long. . . I'll down into the Garden.
The Queen of Night
Shines fair with all her Virgin-stars about her. 205
Nor one amongst 'em all a Friend to me:
Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my steps,
And think what course my wretched state must take.
Oh *Marius*! [*Ex. Lavinia.*]

SCENE

A walled Garden belonging to Metellus house.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. **H**OW vainly have I spent this idle Night!
Ev'n Wine can't heal the ragings of my
Love.

This sure should be the Mansion of *Lavinia*;
For in such Groves the Deities first dwelt.
Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Center out. . . 215
[*Enters the Garden.*]

Enter Granius and Sulpitius.

Gran. This way . . . he went . . . Why, *Marius*! Brother
Marius!

Sulp. Perhaps he's wise, and gravely gone to bed.
There's not so weak a Drunkard as a Lover;
One Bottle to his Lady's health quite addles him.

Gran. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard-Wall.
Call, good *Sulpitius*.

Sulpit. Nay, I'll conjure too. 221
Why, *Marius*! Humours! Passion! mad-man Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh.
Speak but one word, and I am satisfy'd.
He hears not, neither stirs he yet. Nay then 225
I conjure thee by bright *Lavinia's* Eyes,
By her high Forehead, and her scarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, straight Leg, and quivering Thigh,
And the Demeans that there adjacent ly,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us. 230

Gran. Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him. . . .

Sulp. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raise a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,
Till she had-laid and charm'd it down agen. 234

Gran. Let's go: h' has hid himself among these Trees,
To dy his melancholick Mind in Night.
Blind is his Love, and best befits the Dark.

Sulpit. Pox o' this Love, this little Scarcrow Love,
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath
Out of their feeble sense. 240

Gran. Stop there . . . let's leave the Subject and its Slave;
Or burn *Metellus* House about his ears.

Sulpit. This morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome*:
Your Father too demands the Consulship.
Yet now when he shou'd think of cutting Throats, 245
Your Brother's lost; lost in a maze of Love,
The idle Truantry of Callow Boys.
I'd rather trust my Fortunes with a Daw,
That hops at every Butterfly he sees,
Then have to doe in honour with a man 250
That sells his Vertue for a Woman's Smiles. . . . [*Exeunt*.

Enter Marius junior in the Garden.

Mar. jun. He laughs at Wounds that never felt their
smart.

What Light is that which breaks through { Lavinia in
yonder Shade? { the Balcony.

Oh! 'tis my Love.

She seems to hang upon the cheek of Night, 255
Fairer then Snow upon the Raven's back,
Or a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear.

Were she in yonder Sphear, she'd shine so bright,
That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking.

Lavin. Ah me! 260

Mar. jun. She speaks.

Oh! speak agen, bright Angel: for thou art
As glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
To the admiring eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds, 265
And fails upon the bosom of the Air.

Lavin. O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius?*
Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,
And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent. 270

Mar. jun. Shall I hear this, and yet keep silence?
Lavin. No.

'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
Thou would'st be still thy self, though not a *Marius*,
Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose, 275
By any other name wou'd smell as sweet.

So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
Be still as dear to my desiring Eyes,
Without that Title. *Marius*, lose thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of Thee, 280
Take all *Lavinia*.

Mar. jun. At thy word I take thee.
Call me but Thine, and Joys will so transport me,
I shall forget my self, and quite be chang'd.

Lavin. Who art Thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night
Hast overheard my Follies?

Mar. jun. By a Name 285

I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My Name, dear Creature, 's hatefull to my self,
Because it is an Enemy to Thee.

Lavin. *Marius?* how cam'st thou hither? tell, and why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb, 290
And the place Death, consid'ring who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee.

By whose Directions didst thou find this place?

Mar. jun. By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me Counsell, and I lent him Eyes. 295
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vast Shoar washt by the farthest Sea,
I'd hazard Ruine for a Prize so dear.—

Lavin. Oh *Marius!* vain are all such Hopes and Wishes.
The hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us, 300
Our Houses. Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
Where none but *Sylla* must be happy now.
All bring him Sacrifices of some sort,
And I must be a Victim to his Bed.

To night my Father broke the dreadfull news; 305
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threaten'd me to banish me his House,
Naked and shiftless to the World. Wouldn't thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Bosom? 309

Mar. jun. Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that point,
I'd then shake hands with Fortune and be friends;
Thus grasp my Happiness, embrace it thus,
And bless th'ill turn that gave thee to my Arms.

Lavin. Thou know'st the mask of Night is on my Face,
Else should I blush for what th' hast heard me speak. 315
Fain would I dwell on Form; fain, fain deny
The things I've said: but farewell all such Follies.
Dost thou then love? I know thou'lt say thou dost;
And I must take thy word, though thou prove false.

Mar. jun. By yon bright *Cynthia's* beams that shines
above. 320

Lavin. Oh! swear not by the Moon, th' inconstant Moon,
That changes Monthly, and shines but by seasons,
Lest that thy Love prove variable too.

Mar. jun. What shall I swear by?

Lavin. Do not swear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious Self, 325
Who art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Mar. jun. Witness, all ye Powr's.

Lavin. Nay, do not swear: although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly satisfy'd with this night's Contract:
It seems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden, 330
Too like the Lightning, which does cease to be
E're one can say it is. Therefore this time
Good night, my *Marius*: may a happier hour
Bring us to crown our Wishes.

Mar. jun. Why wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd? 335

Lavin. What wouldst thou have?

Mar. jun. Th' Exchange of Love for mine.

Lavin. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I wish I could retrieve it back.

Mar. jun. Why?

Lavin. But to be frank, and give it thee agen.
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea, 340
My Love as deep: the more I give to Thee,
The more I have: for both are Infinite.
I hear a Noise within. Farewell, my *Marius*;
Or stay a little, and I'll come agen.

Mar. jun. Stay? sure for ever. 345

Lavin. Three words, and, *Marius*, then good night indeed.
If that thy Love be honourably meant,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy feet I'll lay.

Nurse within. Madam! 350

Lavin. I come anon. But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,

Nurse within. Madam! Madam!

Lavin. By and by, I come.
 To cease thy Suit, and leave me to my Griefs. 354
 To morrow I will send. . . . [Exit.

Mar. jun. So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
 Too lovely, sweet and flatt'ring, to be true?

Re-enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Hist, *Marius*, hist. Oh for a Falkner's voice,
 To Lure this Tassell-gentle back agen.
 Restraint has Fears, and may not speak aloud: 360
 Else would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
 With repetition of my *Marius*.—

Mar. jun. It is my Love that calls me back agen.
 How sweetly Lovers voices sound by night!
 Like softest Musick to attending ears. 365

Lavin. Marius.

Mar. jun. My dear.

Lavin. What a clock to morrow?

Mar. jun. At the hour of nine.

Lavin. I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years till then.
 Why did I call thee back? 369

Mar. jun. Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.

Lavin. The Morning's breaking, I wou'd have thee gone,
 And yet no farther then a Wanton's Bird,
 That lets it hop a little from his hand,
 To pull it by its Fetters back agen. 374

Mar. jun. Would I were thine.

Lavin. Indeed and so would I.
 Yet I should kill thee sure with too much cherishing.
 No more . . . Good night.

Mar. jun. There's such sweet Pain in parting,
 That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
 And look away my life into thy Eyes. 379

Lavin. To morrow will come.

Mar. jun. So it will. Good night.
 Heav'n be thy Guard; and all its Blessings wait thee. . .
 [Ex. Lavin.

To morrow! 'tis no longer: but Desires
 Are swift, and longing Love wou'd lavish time.
 To morrow! oh to morrow? till that come,
 The tedious Hours move heavily away, 385
 And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.
 Already Light is mounted in the Air,
 Striking it self through every Element.
 Our Party will by this time be abroad,
 To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*. 390
 Love and Renown sure court me thus together.
 Smile, smile, ye Gods, and give Success to both. [*Exit*.

SCENE the Forum.

Enter Four Citizens.

3. *Cit.* **W**ELL, Neighbours, now we are here, what must we doe? 394

1. *Cit.* Why you must give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Consul: and if any body speaks against you, knock 'em down.

2. *Cit.* The truth on't is, there's nothing like a Civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges. 400

3. *Cit.* Look you . . . but what's this *Sylla*? this *Sylla*? I've heard great talk of him. . . . He's a damnable fighting fellow they say; but hang him . . . he's a Lord.

1. *Cit.* Ay, so he is, Neighbours: and I know not why any one should be a Lord more then another. I care not for a Lord: what good do they doe? nothing but run in our debts, and ly with our Wives.— 407

4. *Cit.* Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at home, no more mine then *Rome*'s mine. They are all fair curl'd-hair *Cupids*; and I am an honest black tawny Kettle-fac'd Fellow. . . . I'll ha' no Lords. . . .

[*Drum and Trumpets.*

393 are hear,

h h

1. *Cit.* Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! They are coming. Be you sure you roar out for a *Marius*: and doe as much mischief as you can.—

Enter Marius senior, and his Sons, Marius born upon the Shoulders of two Roman Slaves; Sulpitius at the head of the Guards. Trumpets.

Sulpit. Harken, ye men of Rome. I, I *Sulpitius*,
Your Tribune, and Protectour of your Freedoms, 415
By virtue of that Office here have call'd you,
To chuse a Consul. *Mithridates* King
Of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,
Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated, 420
And threatens *Rome* it self. Whom will you chuse
To lead you forth in this most glorious War?
Marius, or *Sylla*?

All Cit. A *Marius*! a *Marius*! a *Marius*!

Mar. sen. Countrymen,
And Fellow-citizens, my Brethren all, 425
Or, if it may be thought a dearer name,
My Sons, my Children, glory of my Age;
I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage,
As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Pow'r, 430
As if he meant a Triumph o're his Country.
I have not made a Party in the Senate,
To bring you into Slavery, or load
Your Necks with the hard Yoak of Lordly pow'r.
I am no Noble, but a Free-born man, 435
A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are,
A Lover of your Liberties and Laws,
Your Rights and Privileges. Witness here
These Wounds, which in your Service I have got,
And best plead for me. . . . 440

All Cit. *Marius*! *Marius*! *Marius*! No *Sylla*! no *Sylla*!

Sulpit. No more remains,

Most honourable Consul, but that straight you mount
The Seat-Tribunall. . . . Lictors, bring your Rods, 445
Axes and Fasces, and present 'em here.
Hail, *Caius Marius*, Consul of the War.

Trumpets. Enter Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus Pompeius, his Son, &c. Guards.

Metell. See, *Romans*, there the Ruine of your Freedome,
The blazing Meteor that bodes ill to *Rome*.
Oppression, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride, 450
All center in that melancholick Brow.
If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
The weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him,
And shout so loud till *Mithridates* hear,
And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword. 455
Take Me, take all your Senatours, and drag
Us headlong to the *Tiber* . . . plunge us in,
And bid adieu to Liberty for ever——
Then turn and fall before your new-made God;
Bring your Estates, your Children and your Wives, 460
And lay 'em at the feet of his Ambition.
This you must doe, and well it will become
Such Slaves, who sell their Charters for a Holiday.

Cit. No *Marius*! no *Marius*!

Metell. *Quintus Pompeius*, in the Senate's name, 465
As Consul, we command thee to demand
Justice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitour.

Q. Pomp. Descend then, *Marius*, Traitour to the State
And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence. 469

Mar. sen. Now, by the Gods, this Cause is worthy of me,
Worthy my Fate.

Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,
To pull its lawfull Consul from his Seat,
Unjudg'd, and brand him with the mark of Traitour?
Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends. 475
Sulpitius, dam the Rabble, let 'em fall
Like common Dross with that well-spoken Fool,

That popular Clack: or let us sell our Fates
So dear, that *Rome* may sicken with our Fall.

479

All Cit. No *Marius*! no *Marius*! Down with him; down
with him. . .

Sulp. Ha! what art Thou?

Y. Pomp. The Consul's Son.

Sulp. A Worm;

A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee

483

Into thy mother Earth. . . . [*Kills him.*]

Mar. sen. Drag hence that Traitor,

And bring me straight his Head upon thy Dart.

The Fate of *Rome*'s begun.

Q. Pomp. Our Children murther'd,

Thus massacred before our eyes? Come all

That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his Loss.

Sulpit. Fall on.

489

All Cit. No *Marius*! no *Marius*! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

{ *They fight.* Ma-
rius conquers . . .

Mar. sen. Thanks for this good beginning, Gods. These
Slaves,

These wide-mouth'd Brutes that bellow thus for Free-
dome,

Oh! how they ran before the hand of Pow'r,

Flying for shelter into every Brake!

Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,

495

When the Wolf's out, and ranging for his Prey.

Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.

Sulpit. Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,

Fit for the work of Power: say the word,

Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,

500

Take an old grumbling Senatour by th' Beard,

And shake his Head off from his shrinking Shoulders.

Mar. sen. *Sylla*, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*.

Proclaim straight Liberty to every Slave

That will but own the Cause of *Caius Marius*.

505

Horror, Confusion, and inverted Order,

Vast Desolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruine
Must have their Courses e're this Ferment settle.

"Thus the Great *Jove* above, who rules alone,
"When men forget his Godlike Pow'r to own, 510
"Uses no common means, no common ways,
"But sends forth Thunder, and the World obeys.

[*Ex. omnes.*

The end of the Second ACT

ACT III.

Enter Sulpitius, Granius, and all the Guards.

Sulpit. **R**ome never saw a Morning sure like this:
Now she begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;
Her wanton Bloud can smart.

Were I the Consul, not a Head in *Rome*
That had but Thoughts of *Sylla* should stand safe. 5

Gran. Slaughter shou'd have continu'd with the Day.
Mercy but gives Sedition time to rally.
Ev'ry soft, phiant, talking, busy Rogue,
Gathering a Flock of hot-brain'd Fools together,
Can preach up new Rebellion. Till the Heads 10
Of all those heav'nly-inspired Knaves be crush'd,
No Power can be safe. . . .

Sulp. Much will this day
Determine; *Sylla's* now before the Walls,
And all his Forces ready for command.
Four thousand Slaves have taken hold on Freedome, 15
And come on Proclamation to our side.

Gran. Where should my Brother be? he came not home
to night.

Sulpit. Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
Stabb'd with an Eye, run through the Brains with Love.

Gran. He talkt of sending *Sylla* a Defiance. 20

Sulpit. Writ with a Pen made of a *Cupid's* Quill.

Gran. Why, what is *Sylla*?

Sulpit. A most courageous Captain at a Congee:

He fights by measure, as your Artists sing,
 Keeps Distance, Time, Proportion, rests his Rests, 25
 One, two, and the third in your Guts.
 Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.

Gran. Would I could see my Brother. That damn'd love
 Of Women ruins noblest purposes.

Sulpit. That Sex was first in mockery of us made. 30
 They are the false deceitfull Glasses where
 We gaze, and dress our selves to all the shapes
 Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot doe?
 She'll make a States-man quite forget his Cunning,
 And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast, 35
 Where Fops have daily entrance: make a Priest,
 Forgetting the hypocrisy of's Office,
 Dance and show tricks, to prove his strength and brawn:
 Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
 Put on False hair, and paint: and after all, 40
 Though she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
 She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.
 Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
 I wonder he delays so long.

Gran. He comes.
 And with him too my Brother.

Sulpit. See your General, 45
 Salute him all my Fellow-souldiers. [Shout.

⟨Enter Marius senior and Marius junior.⟩

Mar. sen. This,
Sulpitius, looks like Power. *Granius*, here
 Receive thy Brother to thy Arms and bless him:
 H' has done a thing most worthy of our Name,
 Sent a Defiance into *Sylla's* Camp, 50
 Challenging forth the stoutest Champion there,
 In vindication of his Father's Cause.
 And not an Out-law there dare send his answer.
 Once more, *Sulpitius*, are the People ours,
 Enrag'd with *Sylla's* coming arm'd, to force 55

The City. At the *Celimontane* Gate
 He's posted now: let's send him straight Commands
 I' th' name o' th' Senate and the *Roman* People,
 T' advance no farther, till the state of *Rome*
 Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd, 60
 Or he continu'd Consul. . . .

Sulpit. That would be
 But to prolong Necessity; for *Rome*
 Must bleed: and since the Rabble now is ours,
 Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears,
 Spread false Reports o' th' Senate, working up 65
 Their Madness to a Fury quick and desp'rate,
 Till they run headlong into civil Discords,
 And doe our business with their own Destruction.
Granius, go thou,
 Send word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms, 70
 And render up himself to *Rome*.

Mar. jun. There's still
 A dangerous Wheel at work, a Thoughtfull Villain,
Cinna, wh' has rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
 And Discords of his Country: like a Fly
 O're Flesh, he buzzes about itching Ears, 75
 Till he has vented his Infection there,
 To fester into Rancour and Sedition.
 Would he were safe.

Mar. sen. And safe he shall be: let him be proscrib'd,
 The Fine upon his head its weight in Gold. 80
 Wou'd I cou'd buy *Metellus's* as cheap.
 I have a tender Foolishness within me
 May sometimes get the better of my Rage:
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; still ply
 My ebbing Fury with the Thoughts of *Sylla*, 85
 Th' ingratfull Senate, and *Metellus* Pride;
 And let not any thing may make me dreadfull
 Be left undone. Now to our Troups let's hasten,
 And wait for *Sylla's* Answer at our Arms. { *Ex. Mar. sen*
 { & *Granius*.

Sulpit. Is not this better now then whining Love? 90
 Now thou again art *Marius*, son of Arms,
 Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

Mar. jun. Sulpitius, what comes here? a Sail, *Sulpitius*.
Sulpit. A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.
 Many a boistrous Storm has she bin toss'd in, 95
 And many a Pilot kept her to the wind.

Nurse. Clodius.

Clod. Madam.

Sulpit. Madam.

Nurse. My Fan, *Clodius*.

Sulpit. Ay, good *Clodius*, to hide her Face.

Nurse. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Sulpit. Good even, fair Gentlewoman. 100

Nurse. Fair Gentlewoman? really 'tis very hot.

Sulpit. It should be so by your Ladyship's parcht Face.

Nurse. Marry come up, my Gossip: whose man are you?

Sulpit. A Woman's man, my Sibyll, wouldst thou try
 My strength in Feats of amorous engagement. 105

Lead me amongst the Beauteous, where they run
 Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildness,
 Where I may chuse the foremost of the Herd,
 And bear her trembling to some Bank, bedeckt
 With sweetest Flowers, such as Joy would chuse 110
 To dwell in; throw my inspir'd Arms about her,
 And press her till she thought her self more blest
 Then *Io* panting with the Joys of *Jove*.

Nurse. Panting? Joys? and *Jove*? now by my troth,
 'tis very pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any of you tell
 where I may find young *Marius*? 116

Mar. jun. Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.

Sulpit. Hah! by this light, a Baud. So ho!
 Come let's away. I hate a morning-Bawd,
 That stinks of last-night's office. . . . [Ex. *Sulpit.*

Nurse. Pray, Sir, what sawcy Fellow's he that's gone?

Mar. jun. A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in minute than he'll stand to in a month. 124

Nurse. And he speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, and he were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; or I'll find those that shall. But now, Sir, I wish you much Joy. . . . I hear you are——

Mar. jun. Marry'd, this day the blessed deed was done.
When the unhappy Discords first took flame 130
Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then
A holy Priest of *Hymen*, whom with Gold
I brib'd to yield us privately his Office,
Joyn'd our kind Hands, and now She's ever mine. 134

Nurse. Well: 'fore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. But pray, Sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young Lady bade me find you out. What she bade me say, I'll keep to my self. But first let me tell you; if you have led her into a Fool's Paradise, as they say; for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you should deal doubly with her, though you don't look like a Gentleman that wou'd use double-dealing with a Lady——

Mar. jun. Commend me to thy Lady. I protest—— •

Nurse. Good heart, and i' faith I will tell as much.
Lord! Lord! she will be a joyfull Woman. 146

Mar. jun. Bid her devise this Evening to receive
Me at her Window: here is for thy pains. . . . [*Gives money.*

Nurse. No truly, Sir; not a *Drachma*.

Mar. jun. Away; I say you shall. 150

Nurse. This Evening, say you? well, she shall be there.

Mar. jun. And stay, kind Nurse, behind the Garden-wall.

Within this hour my man shall meet thee there,
And bring thee Cords made like a Tackling-Ladder,
Which to the blessed Mansion of my Joy 155
Must be my Conduct in the secret Night.

Farewell . . . be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

Nurse. Now Heav'ns bless thee. . . Hark you, Sir.

Mar. jun. What say'st thou, Nurse? 159

Nurse. Nothing, but' that my Mistriss is the sweetest Lady. Lord! Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing . . . Oh! . . . there's a Spark, one *Sylla*, that wou'd fain have a finger in the py . . . but she, good soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the properer man. . . But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any Clout in the versall world. Well, you'll be sure to come. . .

Mar. jun. As sure as truth. 168

Nurse. Well, when it was a Little thing, and us'd to ly with me, it wou'd so kick, so sprawl, and so play . . . and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play agen. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to sleep as gently as a Lamb. I shall never forget it. . . Then you'll be sure to come. . .

Mar. jun. Can I forget to live? 175

Nurse. Nay, but swear though.

Mar. jun. By this Kiss, which thou shalt carry to *Lavinia*.—

Nurse. Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you shall not. I have bin drinking *Aqua vitæ*. Oh! those Eyes of yours!

Mar. jun. Till night farewell. . . 180

Nurse. Till night; I'll say no more, but da da. Come, *Clodius*. Ah! those Eyes! [Ex. Nurse & Clodius.]

Mar. jun. What pains she takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quencht our Passions, trifling out 185
The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toss the thoughtfull, active, busy Mind?
Though this Day be the dearest of my Life, 190
There's something hangs most heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's sick with Dulness.

Enter Marius senior.

Mar. sen. Where's this Loyterer,
This most inglorious Son of *'Caius Marius'*?
With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes he stands, 195
The Marks and Embleme of a Woman's Fool.

Mar. jun. My Father?

Mar. sen. Call me by some other Name;
Disgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;
And surely *Marius* has small right in Thee.
Would *Sylla's* Soul were thine, and thine were his, 200
That he, as Thou hast done, now Glory calls,
Might run for shelter to a Woman's Arms,
And hide him in her Bosome like a Babe.

Mar. jun. Then I'm a Coward.

Mar. sen. Art thou not?

Mar. jun.

I am,

That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live. 205
Durst any man but you have call'd me so?
Oh! let me fall, embrace and kiss your Feet.
Y' have rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart
To such a Work as Fame ne'r talkt of yet.
How 'll you dispose *Lavinia*?

Mar. sen. Let her fall, 210
As I would all her Family and Name,
Forgotten that they either ever gave
Thy Father's Head Dishonour, or thee Pain.

Mar. jun. 'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's scarce
more

Metellus Daughter now then Your's: our Hands 215
Were by a Priest this morning joyn'd. May Heav'n
Avert th' ill Omen, and preserve my Father.

Mar. sen. Marry'd? say ruin'd, lost, and curst.

Mar. jun.

Y' have torn

The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom. . . .

Mar. sen. Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd;
Go farthest from me, get thee to *Metellus*, 221
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.

I've yet one Son, that surely wo'n't forsake me:
 Else in this Breast I still have glorious Thoughts,
 That will at least give Lustre to my Ruine. 225
 Farewell . . . my once best Hopes, now greatest Shame.

Mar. jun. Condemn me rather to the worst of Deaths,
 Or send me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
 Then banish me the blessing of your Presence.
 I've thought and bounded all my Wishes so, 230
 To dy for You is Happiness enough;
 'Twould be too much t' enjoy *Lavinia* too.

Mar. sen. Again *Lavinia*?

Mar. jun. Yes, this Coward Slave,
 This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
 Though wedded to the brightest Beauty, rais'd 235
 To th' highest expectation of Delight,
 Ev'n in this Minute when Love prompts his Heart,
 And tells what mighty Pleasures are preparing,
 Is Master of a Mind unfetter'd yet.

Mar. sen. What canst thou doe?

Mar. jun. This Night I should have gone,
 And ta'ne possession of *Lavinia's* Bed. 241
 But by the Gods, these Eyes no more shall see her,
 Till I've done something that's above Reward,
 And you your self present her to my Arms.

Mar. sen. Why dost thou talk thus to me? [*Trumpets.*

Mar. jun. Hark, 246
 The Trumpets sound, and Business is at hand.
 It seems as if our Guards upon the Walls
 Were just engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.
 The Gods have done me Justice.

Mar. sen. Get thee gone, 250
 And leave me to my Fate,
 Tho' maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.

Mar. jun. I'll follow you. . . .

Mar. sen. Thou shalt not.

Mar. jun. By the Gods, I will.

Mar. sen. How? disobey'd then?

Mar. jun. Bid a Courser spurr'd
Stop in his full Career; bid *Tides* run back, 255
Or falling Ships stand still before the wind,
Or Winds themselves not blow when *Jove* provokes 'em.

Mar. sen. Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.

Mar. jun. Why? would you kill me?

Mar. sen. No, no: I hope thou art reserv'd yet for
A better Fate. 261

Mar. jun. Thanks, Heav'n.
These few kind words shew I'm not quite unhappy.

Mar. sen. Then do not contradict my will in this;
But part, and when our hands next meet agen, 265
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus* . . . [Exit.
[Trumpets agen.

Mar. jun. Sound higher, ye shrill Instruments of War,
And urge its Horrors up, till they become,
If possible, as terrible as mine.
Oh my *Lavinia*! though this Night I fail, 270
At my return I shall be doubly happy.
Such Trials the great ancient Hero's past,
Who little present Happiness could tast,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at last. [Exit.

SCENE *Metellus house.*

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. GAllop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds, 275
Tow'rds *Phœbus* Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would lash you to the West,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtains Love-performing Night
To sober-suited Matron all in black; 280
That jealous eyes may wink, and *Marius*
Leap to these Arms untalkt-of and unseen.
Oh! give me *Marius*; and when he shall dy,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;

277 *Phaeton*

And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine, 285
 That all the world shall grow in love with Night,
 And pay no worship to the greedy Sun.
 Oh! I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
 But not possess it. . . . Tedious is this Day,
 As is the Night before some Festiual 290
 To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurse: what news?
 How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius*?

Nurse. Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Questions, but a Chair!
 So. 295

Lavin. Nay, prithee Nurse, why dost thou look so sad?
 Oh! do not spoil the Musick of good Tidings
 With such a melancholick wretched Face.

Nurse. Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my
 Cordial-bottle. Fy! how my bones ake! what a Jaunt
 have I had! 301

Lavin. Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
 Will *Marius* come to night? speak, will he come?

Nurse. Alas! alas! what haste? oh! cannot you stay a
 little? oh! do not you see that I'm out of breath? oh this
 Ptisick! *Clodius*, the Cordial. 306

Lavin. Th' Excuse thou mak'st for this unkind Delay
 Is longer then the Tale thou hast to tell.
 Is thy News good or bad? answer to that.
 Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance. 310

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple Choice: you know
 not how to chuse a man. Yet his Leg excells all mens.
 And for a Hand and a Foot and a Shape, though they are
 not to be talkt of. . . . yet they are past compare. What,
 have you Din'd within? 315

Lavin. No, no: what foolish Questions dost thou ask?
 What says he of his Coming? what of that?

Nurse. Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I!
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My Back o' tother side! ah! my Back! my Back! 320
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my Death. . . This Back of mine will break.

[*Drinks.*

Lavin. Indeed I'm sorry if thou art not well.
But prithee tell me, Nurse, what says my Love? 324

Nurse. Why, your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
and a kind Gentleman, and a handsome . . . and I'll
warrant a vertuous Gentleman. [*Drinks.*] Well . . . what?
where's your Father?

Lavin. Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
How odly thou reply'st? 330

Your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
Where's your Father?

Nurse. Oh good Lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow.
Is this a Poultice for my aking Bones?
Henceforward do your Messages your self. 335

Lavin. Nay, prithee be not angry, Nurse; I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?

Nurse. Will he? will a Duck swim?

Lavin. Then he will come.

Nurse. Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll
come. Go, get you in, and say your Prayers: go.

Lavin. For Blessings on my *Marius* and Thee.

Nurse. Well, it would be a sad thing though. . . .

Lavin. What? 344

Nurse. If *Marius* should not come now . . . for there's
old doings at the Gates, they are at it ding-dong. Tantarara
go the Trumpets; Shout, cry the Souldiers; Clatter go
the Swords. I'll warrant . . . I made no small haste . . .

Lavin. And is my *Marius* there? alas my Fears! 349

[*Trumpets.*

The Noise comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods,
Or strike me with your Thunder when he falls.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Forum.

Enter Marius senior, Marius' junior, Granius, Sulpitius, Catulus, &c., Guards, Lictors, on one side:

Metellus, Sylla, Quintus Pompeius, Guards, on the other.

[Trumpets sound a March.]

Metell. O H thou God,
 Deliverer of Rome, most blest of men!
 See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
 Prostrate for Refuge at thy feet: see there 355
 The Terrour of our Freedome, and thy Foe,
 The Persecuter of thy Friends, the Scourge
 Of Truth and Justice, and the Plague of Rome.

Mar. sen. What art Thou, that canst lend thy slavish
 ears

To flattering Hypocrisy? 360

Sylla. My Name thou hast heard,
 And fled from. I am the Friend of Rome,
 The Terrour and the Bane of thee her Foe.

Mar. sen. If th' art her Friend, why com'st thou here
 thus arm'd,

Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waste her Walls?

Sylla. To free her from a Tyrant's Power. 366

Mar. sen. Who is that Tyrant?

Sylla. Thou, who hast oppress
 Her Senate, made thy self by force a Consul,
 Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainst her Laws.

Mar. sen. Hear this, ye Romans, and then judge my
 Wrongs. 370

Have I oppress you? have I forc'd your Laws?
 Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd,
 For my true Services, to what I am?
 Remember th' *Ambrons, Cimbri*, and the *Teutons*;
 Remember the Confederate War.

Sylla. Where Thou, 375
 Cold and delaying, wert by *Silo* brav'd,

Scorn'd by thy Souldiers, and at last compell'd
 Ingloriously to quit th' unwieldy Charge.
 Remember too who banish't good *Metellus*,
 The Friend and Parent of thy obscure Family, 380
 That rais'd thee from a Peasant to a Lord.

Mar. sen. Basely thou wrongst the Truth. My Actions
 rais'd me.

Hadst thou bin born a Peasant, still thou'dst bin so:
 But I by Service to thy Country 'ave made
 My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War. 385

Sylla. In the *Jugurthine* War, whose King was taken
 Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumpht for't.

Mar. sen. Thou stol'st him basely, stol'st him at the
 price

Of his Wife's Lust: thou barterd'st his Betraying,
 And in the Capitol hast Pageants set 390
 In memory of thy Vanity and Shame.

Syll. Thy Shame.

Mar. sen. My Honour, proud presumptuous Boy,
 Who wouldst be gaudy in an unfit Dress,
 And wear my cast-off Glories after me.

Syll. I'd rather wear some Beggar's rotten Rags, 395
 By him left dangling on a high-way Hedge,
 Then soil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,
 Thou scorn'd Plebeian.

Mar. sen. Worst Perdition catch thee.

Syll. Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy heels,
 And yield thy self to Justice and the Senate. 400

Mar. sen. Justice from Thee demanded on my Head?
 First clear thy self, quit thy usurpt Command;
 Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd.

Syll. Upon thy Neck I would.

Mar. sen. As soon thou'dst take
 A Lion by the beard: thou dar'st not think on't. 405

Syll. I dare, and more.

Mar. sen. Then, Gods, I take your word;
 If there be truth in you, I shall not fall

This day. My Friends and Fellow-souldiers, now
 Fight as I've seen you: for the Life of *Sylla*,
 Leave it to me; for much Revenge must go
 Along with Death where such a Victim bleeds.

410

Syll. My Lords, withdraw.

Metell. No, trust the Gods, I'll see
 My Country's Fate, and with her live or dy.

Mar. sen. Now, *Sylla*.

Syll. Now, my Veterans, consider
 You fight for Laws, for Liberty, and Life.

415

Mar. sen. Rebellion never wanted that Pretence.
 Thou Shadow of what I have bin, thou Puppet
 Of that great State and Honours I have born,
 If thou'lt doe something worthy of thy place,
 Let's join our Battel with a Force may glut
 The Throat of Death, and choak him with himself;
 As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,
 Or as Clouds dash when Thunder shakes the Skies.

420

[*Trumpets sound a Charge: They fight.*]

Re-enter Marius senior taken by Sylla's party.

Mar. sen. Forsaken, and a Pris'ner? Is this all
 That's left of *Marius*? the old naked Trunk
 Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
 Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
 But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
 And finish my ill Fate. Or must I be
 Preserv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd
 To Scorn, and make a Holyday for Slaves?
 Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I should know thy Face.
 Thou hast born Office under me. If e're
 In my best Fortune I deserv'd thy Friendship,
 Give me a *Roman's* Death, and set me free,
 That no Dishonour in my Age o'retake me.

425

430

435

Officer. I've serv'd and lov'd you well: nor would I see
 Your Fall. . . . My Orders were, to save your Life.

Mar. sen. Thou'rt a Time-server, that canst flatter Misery.

Enter Marius junior, Granius and Sulpitius, Prisoners.

My Sons in Bonds too and *Sulpitius?*

440

Sulpit. Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapt me. Now must I

Be food for Crows, and stink upon a Tree,

Whilst Coxcombs strowl abroad on Holydays,

To take the Air, and see me rot. A pox

On Fortune, and a pox on that first Fool

445

That taught the world Ambition.

Enter Quint. Pompeius, four Lictors before him.

Q. Pomp.

Draw near,

Ye men of Rome, and hear the Law pronounc'd.

Thou *Marius*, whose Ambition and whose Pride

Have cost so many Lives, the first that e're

Wag'd Civil Wars in Rome, Thee and thy Sore,

450

Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave

And Minister of all thy Outrages,

The curst *Sulpitius*, Banishment's thy lot;

After to morrow's Dawn if found i'th' City,

Death be thy Doom: so hath the Senate said.

455

So flourish Peace and Liberty in *Rome.*

{ *Ex. Quint. Pompeius,*
Lictors crying Liberty.

Mar. sen. I thank ye, Gods, upon my knees I thank ye,
For plaguing me above all other men.

Come, ye young Hero's, kneel and praise the Heav'ns,

For crowning thus your youthfull Hopes. Ha, ha, ha!

What pleasant Game hath Fortune play'd to day?

461

Oh! I could burst with Laughter. Why, now *Rome's*

At Peace. But may it be as short and vain,

As Joys but dreamt of, or as Sick mens Slumbers.

Now let's take hands, and bending to the Earth,

465

To all th' Infernall Powers let us swear.

All.

We swear.

Mar. sen. That's well: By all the Destinies,
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait

449 has cost

i i 2

About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,
We'll bring Destruction to this cursed City; 470
Let not one Stone of all her Tow'rs stand safe.

Mar. jun. Let not her Temples nor her Gods escape.

Gran. Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces perish.

Mar. sen. Her Young men massacred,

Sulpit.

Her Virgins ravisht.

Mar. jun. And let her Lovers all my Torments feel, 475
Doating like me, and like me banished.

Thus let 'em Curse, thus raving tear their Hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now.

Mar. sen. Rise then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's
Thy own.

Mar. jun. And ever after Pain and Sorrow.

But go thou, find *Lavinia's* Woman out. . . . 481
[To his servant.

Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

Mar. sen. Thus then let's part; each take his several way,
As to a Task of Darkness: when we meet 486

In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And see what Mischief each has gather'd then.

For, *Rome*, I shall be yet once more thy Lord,

If Oracles have truth, and Augurs ly not. 490

For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I seven young Eagles chanc'd to find;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.

The Gods were sought: who promis'd me from thence
As many times the Consulate in *Rome*. 495

Six times already I've that Office bore,

And so far has the Prophecy prov'd true.

But if I've manag'd ill the time that's past,

And too remiss six elder Fortunes lost,

The youngest Darling Fate is yet to come, 500

And Thou shalt feel me then, Ungratefull *Rome*. [Exeunt.

The end of the Third ACT.

ACT IV

SCENE ³*the Garden.**Enter Lavinia and Marius junior.*

Lavin. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near Day.
 It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
 That pierc'd the fearfull hollow of thy Ear.
 Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree she sings.
 Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale. 5

Mar. jun. Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
 No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
 Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
 Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
 Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily drest, 10
 Whilst all the Birds bring Musick to his Levy.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and dy. . . .

Lavin. Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my lot!
 Sure, giving Thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt
 To pay, till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilst I, 15
 A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
 To take a Mite for endless Summs of Joy.

Mar. jun. Let me be taken, let me suffer Death,
 I am content, so Thou wilt have it so. . . .
 By Heav'n, yon gray is not the Morning's Eye, 20
 But the Reflexion of pale *Cynthia's* Brightness.
 Nor is't the Lark we hear, whose Notes do beat
 So high, and Echo in the Vault of Heav'n.
 I'm all desire to stay, no will to go.
 How is't, my Soul? let's talk: it is not Day. 25

Lavin. Oh! it is, it is. . . Fly hence away, my *Marius*.
 It is the Lark, and out of tune she sings,
 With grating Discords and unpleasing Strainings.
 Some say the Lark and loathsome Toad change Eyes:
 Now I could wish they had chang'd Voices too; 30
 Or that a Lethargy had seiz'd the Morning,
 And she had slept, and never wak'd agen,

To part me from th' Embraces of my Love.
What shall become of Me, when Thou art gone?

Mar. jun. The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our
Loves, 35

Seing my Faith, and thy unspotted Truth,
Will sure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every day,
How my *Lavinia* does: and every night,
In the severe Distresses of my Fate, 40
As I perhaps shall wander through the Desart,
And want a place to rest my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bless 'em as they shine,
And court 'em all for my *Lavinia's* Safety.

Lavin. Oh Banishment! eternal Banishment! 45
Ne'r to return! must we ne'r meet agen?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
And live. Cou'd I but see to th' end of Woe,
There were some Comfort . . . but eternall Torment
Is even insupportable to Thought. 50
It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

Mar. jun. No, for my Banishment may be recall'd;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome*:
Then shall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,
Whilst happiest men shall envy at the Blessing, 55
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

Lavin. If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone, to yield to *Sylla's* Claim,
Defenseless as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I must, I rather dy then suffer't, 60
What a sad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or say, or doe. I cannot let thee go.

Mar. jun. A Thousand things would, to this purpose
said,
But sharpen and add weight to parting Sorrow. 65
Oh my *Lavinia*! if my Heart e're stray, . . . [Kneels.
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,

If I live not entirely onely thine,
 In that curst moment when my Soul forsakes thee,
 May I be hither brought a Captive bound, 70
 T' adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

Lavin. And if I live not faithfull to the Lord
 Of my first Vows, my dearest onely *Marius*,
 May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
 Hooted by Slaves forth from thy gates, O *Rome*, 75
 Till flying to the Woods t' avoid my Shame,
 Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate destroy me;
 And not one Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me.

Mar. jun. What needs all this?—

Lavin. Oh! I could find out things
 To talk to thee for ever.

Mar. jun. Weep not; the time 80
 We had to stay together has bin employ'd
 In richest Love. . . .

Lavin. We ought to summon all
 The spirit of soft Passion up, to chear
 Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the pangs of Parting.
 Oh my poor *Marius*!

Mar. jun. Ah my kind *Lavinia*! 85

Lavin. But dost thou think we e're shall meet agen

Mar. jun. I doubt it not, and all these Woes shall serve
 For sweet Discourses in our time to come.

Lavin. Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
 Methinks I see thee, now thou 'rt from my Arms, 90
 Like a stark Ghost with Horrour in thy Visage.
 Either my Eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Mar. jun. And trust me, Love, in my Eye so dost Thou.
 Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood. . . . Farewell.

Lavin. Farewell then. [*Ex. Mar. jun.*]

Nurse within. Madam. 96

Lavin. My Nurse.

Nurse within. Your Father's up, and Day-light broke
 abroad.

Be wary, look about you. . . .

Lavin. Hah! is he gone? My Lord, my Husband, Friend,
 I must hear from thee every day i'th' hour: 101
 For absent Minutes seem as many Days.
 Oh! by this reckning I shall be most old,
 E're I agen behold my *Marius*. Nay,
 Gone too already? 'twas unkindly done, 105
 I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
 Not a third part of its fond jealous Fears.
 But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd;
 Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart,
 Shall make it tingle as his Life were stung. 110
 Nay too . . . I'll love him; never, never leave him;
 Fond as a Child, and resolute as Man. [*Ex. Lavin.*]

Enter Metellus musing.

Metell. *Sylla* this morning parts from hence to *Capua*,
 To head that Army. *Cinna* must be Consul: . . .
 Ay, *Cinna* must be. He's a busy fellow, 115
 Knows how to tell a story to the Rabble,
 Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the dearest point.
 I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
 A hundred horse are in pursuit to find him:
 And if they catch him, his Head's safe, that's certain. 120
Octavius will be the other . . . be it so,
 An honest, simple, downright-dealing Lord:
 A little too Religious, that's his fault.

Enter a Servant.

What now?

Servant. A Letter left you by a Lictor,
 Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*. 125

Metellus reads the Letter.

B *Lame not, Sir, my parting*
So suddenly: just now I've had advice
Of some Disturbance in the Camp at Capua.
Commend my tender'st Faith to fair Lavinia.
You're Sylla's Advocate with her and Rome. 130

Enter Nurse.

Well, Nurse.

Nurse. My Lord.*Metell.* How does my Daughter?

Nurse. Truly very ill: She has not slept a wink:
 Nothing but toss'd and tumbled all this night;
 I left her just now slumbering.

This Lord *Sylla* does so run in her Head. 135

Metell. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurse!*Nurse.* Were he?

Why, she thinks of nothing else, talks of nothing else,
 dreams of nothing else. She would needs have me ly with
 her th' other night. But about midnight (I'll swear it wak'd
 me out of a sweet Nap) she takes me fast in her Arms, and
 cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla*! but are you, will you be true?
 then sigh'd, and so stretcht. . . . I swear I was half afraid.

Metell. She's strangely alter'd then.

This Morning two new Consuls must be chosen.

If they are true, those tidings thou hast brought me, 145

Wait while she wakes, and tell her 'tis my pleasure,

At my return from th' *Forum* that I see her. . . .[*Ex. Metell.*]

Nurse. So, so;—here will be sweet doings in time.
 How many hundred lies a day must I tell, to keep this
 Family at peace? 150

*Enter Lavinia.**Lavin.* Oh Nurse! where art thou? is my Father gone?*Nurse.* Gone? yes; and would I were gone too.

Lavin. Why dost thou sigh? what cause has thou to
 wish so?

Wert thou distrest, unfortunate, as I am,

Thou hadst then cause. 155

What shall I doe? Oh, how alone am I!

I walk methinks as half of me were lost;

Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,

And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my head in.

Nurse. 'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus drest, Madam? why in this pickle, say you now? 161

Lavin. Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppose me, For I am desperate, and resolv'd to Death. In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dress, After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take, 165 Forsake deserted *Rome*, and find my *Marius*.

Nurse. And I must stay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Polecat in a Warren, for a warning to all Vermine that shall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a week, till this were over. 170

Lavin. This Morning's opportunity is fair, When all are busy in electing Consuls; I shall escape unseen without the Gates, And this night in a Litter reach *Salonium*.

Nurse. I care not; I'll have nothing to doe in't: you sha'nt stir. Nay, I'll raise the House first. Why *Clodius!* *Catulus!* *Sempronia!* *Thesbia!* Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! oh! oh! . . . { *Lav. gets from her. Nurse falls down. [Ex. Lavin.*

Enter Clodius.

Clod. What's the matter, Mistriss? 179

Nurse. Oh *Clody*, *Clody*, dear *Clody!* is't thee, my dear *Clody?* help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the *Forum* presently: tell him his Treasury is robb'd, his House a-fire, his Daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh! [Exeunt. 186

SCENE changes to the Country.

Enter severall Herdsmen belonging to Marius.

1. *Herds.* **G**ood morrow, Brother, you have heard the News. 186

2. *Herds.* News, quoth a? trim News truly.

1. *Herds.* Why, they say our Lord and Master's stept a one side. Is there any thing in't trow?

189 side. (*d.l.*)s

2. *Herds.* Any thing in't? alas aday! alas aday! sad times! sad times, Brother! not a penny of money stirring.

1. *Herds.* Nay, I thought there was no good Weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer stuck up her Tail Eastward, and ran back into a new Quick-set, which I had just made to keep the Swine from the Beans. 195

2. *Herds.* And t'other night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimny-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd the Tenement these seven years, fell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge-pot, and spoil'd the Broath. Sad times! sad times, Brother! 200

3. *Herds.* Did you meet no Troupers this way?

2. *Herds.* Troupers? I saw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood-side upon ragged Hide-bound Jades. I warrant they came for no goodness. . . . 205

1. *Herds.* 'Twas to seek for Lord *Marius*, as sure as Eggs be Eggs. These 'Bitious folk make more stir in the world then a thousand men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter severall Souldiers in quest of Marius.

1. *Sould.* This is the way. How now, you pack of Boobies? whose Fools are you? 210

2. *Herds.* Why, we are such Fools as you are; any bodie's Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2. *Sould.* Do you belong to the Traitour *Marius*?

1. *Herds.* We belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worship. 215

1. *Sould.* Why, this is a civil Fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and be hang'd, are you?

2. *Herds.* I's poor enough to be witty, as you'r poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit then you'd be a Souldier. 220

2. *Sould.* Let the hungry Churl alone.

1. *Sould.* Hark you, you Dog; where's your Lord, the Traitour *Marius*?

2. *Herds.* In a whole Skin, if he be wise. . . .

2. *Sould.* Where is he, you Pultroon? 225

2. *Herds.* Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you must needs know where he is, then I must needs tell you I don't know.

1. *Sould.* Let's to his house hard by, and ransack that. Sirrah, If we miss of him, you may repent this. 230

[*Ex. Souldiers.*]

1. *Herds.* 'Tis all one to me, I must pay my Rent to some body.

2. *Herds.* Why, this 'tis now to be a Great man. Heav'n keep me a Cow-keeper still. . . . I say . . . 234

Enter Marius senior and Granius.

Mar. sen. Where are we? are we yet not near *Salonium*?

Lead me to yonder shady Poplar, where
The poor old *Marius* a while may sit,
And joy in Rest. Oh my distemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams so hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull! 240
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome! Rome! Rome!*
Hah! what are those?

Gran. They seem, Sir, Rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath these Woods.

Mar. sen. Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2. *Herds.* We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they say he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

Mar. sen. Have ye forgot me then? ungratefull Slaves!
Are you so willing to disown your Master? 248

Who would have thought t' have found such Baseness here,
Where Innocence seems seated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin-nakedness untainted?

Confusion on ye, ye sordid Earthlings. [*Ex. all but one.*]

1. *Herds.* Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad:
Just now a Troup of Murderers past this way,
And ask'd with horror for the Traitour *Marius*. 255
By this time at *Salonium*, at your House,

They are in search of you. Fly, fly, my Lord. . . [Exit.

Mar. sen. I shall be hounded up and down the World,
Now every Villain, that is Wretch enough
To take the price of Bloud, dreams of my Throat. 260
Help and support me till I reach the Wood,
Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.
Asunder we may dodge our Fate, and lose her.
In some old hollow Tree or o'regrown Brake
I'd rest my weary Lims, till Danger pass me. 265
[Goes into the Wood.

Enter Souldiers again.

1. *Sould.* A thousand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
As many Lives, for they are cheap in Rome;
And 'tis too much for one.

2. *Sould.* Let's set this Wood
A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
Quickly you'll see th' old Droan crawl humming out. 270

1. *Sould.* Thou always lov'st to ride full speed to Mis-
chief. There's no consideration in thee. Look you, when
I cut a Throat, I love to doe it with as much Deliberation
and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a slovenly
Murther done hand over head: a man gets no credit by it.

3. *Sould.* The man that spoke last spoke well. Therefore
let us to yon adjacent Village, and sowce our selves in good
Falernum. . . . [Ex. Souldiers.

Mar. sen. O Villains! not a Slave of those
But has serv'd under me, has eat my Bread, 280
And felt my Bounty. . . Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboss'd?
Oh! I could swallow Rivers: Earth yield me Water;
Or swallow *Marius* down where Springs first flow.

Enter Marius junior and Granius.

Mar. jun. My Father! 285

Mar. sen. Oh my Sons!

Mar. jun. Why thus forlorn? stretcht on the Earth?

Mar. sen. Oh! get me some Refreshment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirst.
I would not trouble you if I had Strength: 290
But I'm so faint that all my Lims are useless.
Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food,
Must we then starve? no, sure the Birds will feed us.

Mar. jun. There stands a House on yonder side o' th'
Wood,
It seems the Mansion of some Man of note: 295
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

Mar. sen. Oh my Soul's comfort! do. Indeed I want it.
I, who had once the plenty of the Earth,
Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,
And see who'll give a Morsell to poor *Marius*. 300
Nay, I'll not starve: no, I will plunge in Riot,
Wallow in Plenty. Drink? I'll drink, I'll drink.
Give me that Goblet hither. . . . Here's a Health
To all the Knaves and Senators in *Rome*.

Mar. jun. Repose your self a while, till we return. 305

Mar. sen. I will; but prithee let me rave a little.
Go, prithee go, and don't delay. I'll rest; [*Ex. Mar. jun.*]
As thou shalt, *Rome*, if e're my Fortune raise me. . . .

Enter Lavinia.

Another Murth'rer? this brings smiling Fate:
A deadly Snake cloath'd in a dainty Skin. 310

Lavin. I've wander'd up and down these Woods and
Meadows,
Till I have lost my way. . . .
Against a tall, young, slender, well-grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* should not be far hence.

Mar. sen. What art Thou, 315
That dar'st to name that wretched Creature *Marius*?

Lavin. Do not be angry, Sir, what e're thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to pursue my banish'd Lord.

Mar. sen. By thy dissembling Tone thou shouldst be
Woman, 320
And *Roman* too.

Lavin. Indeed I am.

Mar. sen. A *Roman*?
If thou art so, be gone, lest Rage with strength
Assist my Vengeance, and I rise and kill thee.

Lavin. My Father, is it you?

Mar. sen. Now thou art Woman;
For Lies are in thee. I? am I thy Father? 325
I ne'r was yet so curst; none of thy Sex
E're sprung from me. My Offspring all are Males,
The Nobler sort of Beasts, entitl'd Men.

Lavin. I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'r heard *Lavinia's* name in *Rome*, 330
That wedded with the Son of *Marius*?

Mar. sen. Hah!
Art thou that fond, that kind and doting thing,
That left her Father for a banisht Husband?
Come near——

And let me bless thee, though thy Name's my Foe. 335

Lavin. Alas! my Father, you seem much opprest:
Your Lips are parcht, bloud-shot your Eyes and sunk.
Will you partake such Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taste, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both are
Ripe and refreshing.

Mar. sen. What? all this from Thee, 340
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have sent to aid me?
I don't deserve thy Bounty.

Lavin. Here, Sir, 's more.
I found a Crystall Spring too in the Wood,
And took some Water; 'tis most soft and cool.

Mar. sen. An Emperour's Feast! but I shall rob thee.

Lavin. No, I've eat, and slak'd my Thirst. But where's
my Lord, 346
My dearest *Marius*?

Mar. sen. To th' neighbouring Village

He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.

Lavin. Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'repaid for all the Wrongs of Fortune. 350
But surely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'l buy Food.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. sen. See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have sent us.

See thy *Lavinia*.

Mar. jun. Hah! [They run and embrace.

Mar. sen. What? dumb at meeting?

Mar. jun. Why weeps my Love? 355

Lavin. I cannot speak, Tears so obstruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.

Mar. jun. Oh my Heart's Joy!

Lavin My Soul!

Mar. jun. But hast thou left
Thy Father's House, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow desert Misery?

Lavin. I come 360

To bear a part in every thing that's thine,
Be't Happiness or Sorrow. In these Woods,
Whilst from pursuing Enemies you're safe,
I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Sedges, Daffadills and Lillies, 365
And softest Camomill to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I at night will sleep,
And dream of better Fortune.

Enter Granius and Servant with Wine and Meat.

Mar. sen. Yet more Plenty?
Sure *Comus*, the God of Feasting, haunts these Woods,
And means to entertain us as his Guests. 370

Servant. I am sent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee,
And warn thee that thou straight depart this place,
Else he the Senate's Edict must obey,

And treat thee as the Foe of *Rome*.

Mar. sen. But did he, 375
Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee say all this?
Was he too proud to come and see his Master,
That rais'd him out of nothing? Was he not
My menial Servant once, and wip'd these Shoes,
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my Pleasures watcht, 380
And fed upon the Voidings of my Table?
Durst he affront me with a sordid Alms?
And send a saucy Message by a Slave?
Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I dash 'em.
Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little. 385

Serv. What Answer would you have me carry back?

Mar. sen. Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou hast seen
Poor *Caius Marius* banish'd from his Country,
Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,
Amidst an ample Fortune once his own, 390
Where now he cannot claim a Turf to sleep on. [*Ex. Servant.*
How am I fallen! Musick? sure, the Gods [*Soft Musick.*
Are mad, or have design'd to make me so.

Enter Martha.

Well, what art Thou?

Marth. Am I a Stranger to thee?
Martha's my name, the *Syrian* Prophetess, 395
That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune;
Till banish'd out of *Rome* for serving Thee.
I've ever since inhabited these Woods,
And search'd the deepest Arts of wise Foreknowledge.

Mar. sen. I know thee now most well. When thou wert
gone, 400
All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vulturs,
That us'd to hover o're my happy Head,
And promise Honour in the day of Battel,
Have since bin seen no more. Ev'n Birds of prey
Forsake unhappy *Marius*: Men of prey 405
Pursue him still. Hast thou no Hopes in store?

Marth. A hundred Spirits wait upon my will,
 To bring me Tidings, from th' Earth's farthest Corners,
 Of all that happens out in States and Councils.
 I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine. 410
 The Consuls have had Blows, and *Cinna's* beaten,
 Who with his Army comes to find thee out,
 To lead him back with Terrour, to that City.

Mar. sen. Speak on.

Marth. Nay, e're thou think'st it he will be with thee.
 But let thy Sons and this fair Nymph retire, 416
 Whilst I relieve thy wearied Eyes with Sleep,
 And chear thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

Mar. jun. Come, my *Lavinia*, *Granius*, wee'll withdraw
 To some cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [Ex.

Martha waves her Wand. . . . [A Dance.

Mar. sen. O Rest, thou Stranger to my Senses, welcome.

Enter Servant and a Ruffian.

Serv. Ten Attick Talents shall be thy Reward, 422
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Dispatch him safely.

Ruff. Fear not, he never wakes agen.

Mar. sen. No more,
 I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? no, no;
 He dies, he dies. So bear him to the *Tiber*,
 And plunge him to the bottom. Hah *Antonius*!
 Where are my Guards? dispatch that talking Knave,
 That when he should be doing publick Service,
 Consumes his time in Speeches to the Rabble, 430
 And sows Sedition in a City. Down,
 Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitour.
 Hah! art thou there? welcome once more, old *Marius*,
 To *Rome's* Tribunall.

Ruff. Now's the time.

Mar. sen. Stand off.
 Secure that *Gaul.* . . . Dar'st thou kill *Caius Marius*? 435
 [Wakes.

Hah! speak? what art thou?

Ruff. By *Sextilius* hired
I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,
And I'll for ever serve you at your feet.

Mar. sen. What barb'rous Slaves are these, that envy
me

The open Air; set Prices on my Head, 440
As they would doe on Wolves that slay their Flock!

Enter Sulpitius. [*Trumpets.*

Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where hast thou bin wand'ring
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?

Sulpit. Why, doing Mischief up and down the City,
Picking up discontented Fools, belying 445
The Senatours and Government, destroying
Faith among honest men, and praising Knaves.

Mar. sen. Oh, but where's *Cinna*?

Sulpit. Ready to salute you. . . .

Enter Cinna attended with Lictors and Guards.

Cinn. Romans, once more behold your Consul; see,
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius*? 450
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him,
And give him all the Customs of his Honour.

Mar. sen. Away: such Pomp becomes not wretched
Marius.

Here let me pay Obedience to my Consul.
Lead me, great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And see how thy old Souldier will obey. 456

Cinn. O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Desolation into *Rome*,
And waste that Den of Monsters to the Earth.

Mar. sen. Shall we?

Cinn. We'll do't. That godly Soothsaying Fool,
That sacrificing Dolt, that Sot *Octavius*, 461
When we were chosen Consuls in the *Forum*,
Disown'd me for his Colleague; said, the Gods
Had told him I design'd Tyrannick pow'r;

500 *History and Fall of Caius Marius* [Act IV]

Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms, 465
And drove me forth the Gates.

Mar. sen. Excellent Mischief!
What's to be done?

Cinn. No sooner was I gone,
But a large part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honest Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Cause, and wish for *Marius*. 470

Mar. sen. Bring me my Horse, my Armour, and the
Laurel

With which, when I'd o'recome three barb'rous Nations,
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.
I go to free her now from greater Mischiefs.

Enter Marius junior and Granius.

O my young Warriour!

Mar. jun. Curst be the Light, 475
And ever curst be all these Regions round us.
Lavinia's lost, born back with force to *Rome*,
By Ruffians headed by her Father's Kinsmen;
And like a Coward too I live, yet saw it. [Exit.

Mar. sen. Oh *Marius*! *Marius*! let not 'Plaints come
from thee, 480

Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
If she be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia's* thine.

To morrow's Dawn restores her to thy Arms.
For that fair Mistriss Fortune, which has cost
So dear, for which such Hardships I have past, 485
Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at last.
I long t' embrace her, nay, 'tis Death to stay.
I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, born away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyfull day. [Exeunt.

SCENE Metellus House,

Enter Metellus, Lavinia, Priest of Hymen.

Lavin. Nay, you have catcht me; you may kill me too:
 But with my Cries I'll rend the Echoing
 Heav'ns,

Till all the Gods are Witness how you use me.

Metell. What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's House?
 And follow fulsomely an exil'd Slave,
 Disdain'd by all the World? But abject Thou, 495
 Resolve to go, or bound be sent to *Sylla*,
 With as much Scorn as thou hast done me Shame.

Lavin. Do, bind me, kill me, rack these Lims: I'll bear it.
 But, Sir, consider still, I am your Daughter;
 And one hour's Converse with this Holy man 500
 May teach me to repent, and shew Obedience.

Metell. Think not t' evade me by protracting time:
 For if thou dost not, may the Gods forsake me,
 As I will Thee, if thou escape my Fury. . . . [*Ex. Metell.*]

Lavin. Oh! bid me leap (rather then go to *Sylla*) 505
 From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,
 Or walk in Thievish ways, or bid me lurk
 Where Serpents are: chain me with roaring Bears;
 Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-house
 O're-cover'd quite with Dead mens rattling Bones, 510
 With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Sculls:
 Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
 And hide me with a Dead man in his Shroud:
 Things that to hear but told have made me tremble:
 And I'll go through it without fear or doubting, 515
 To keep my Vows unspotted to my Love.—

Priest. Take here this Vial then, and in this moment
 Drink it, when straight through all thy Veins shall run
 A cold and drowzy Humour more then Sleep:
 And in Death's borrow'd likeness shalt thou lie 520
 Two Summer-days, then wake as from a Slumber.
 Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's past,

And come by stealth to *Rome*.—

Lavin. Give me; Oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.

Priest. Farewell: be bold and prosp'rous. [Exit.

Lavin. Oh! farewell. . . .

Heav'n knows if ever we shall meet agen. 526

I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of Life.

I'll call him back agen to comfort me.

Stay, Holy man. But what should he doe here? 530

My dismall Scene 'tis fit I act alone.

What if this Mixture do not work at all?

Shall I to morrow then be sent to *Sylla*?

No, no . . . this shall forbid it; ly thou
there. . . . { Lays down
the Dagger.

Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb, 535

I wake before the time that *Marius* come

To my Relief? There, there's a fearfull Point.

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,

Where for these many hundred years the Bones

Of all my bury'd Ancestours are packt? 540

Where, as they say, Ghosts at some hours resort,

With Mandrakes shrieks torn from the Earth's dark Womb,

That living Mortals hearing them run mad?

Or if I wake, shall I not be distracted,

Inviron'd round with all these hideous Fears, 545

And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints;

Then in this Rage with some great Kinsman's Bones,

As with a Club, dash out my desp'rate Brains?

What? *Sylla*? get thee gone, thou meager Lover:

My Sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my Draught; 550

'Tis to my Lord. [*Drinks.*] Oh *Marius*! *Marius*! *Marius*!

[Exit.

The end of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V

SCÈNE

Cinna's Camp before the Walls of Rome.

[Trumpets sound a Général.

*Enter Cinna, Marius senior, and Sulpitius, Granius,
two Embassadors, Guards.*

Cinn. **E**Mbassadours from Rome? How many Slaves,
Traiteurs, and Tyrants, Villains was I call'd
But yesterday? yet now their Consul *Cinna*.
Oh! what an excellent Master is an Army,
To teach Rebellious Cities Manners! Say, 5
My Friend and Colleague *Marius*, shall we hear 'em?

Mar. sen. Whom?

Cinn. The Embassadors.

Mar. sen. From whence?

Cinn. From *Rome*.

Mar. sen. My loving Countrymen? they must be heard,
Or *Sylla* will be angry. . . .

Cinn. In what state
And Pageantry the solid Lumps move on? 10
And though they come to beg, will be attended
With their ill-order'd Pomp and awkward Pride.
Who are ye? and from whence?

I. Emb. From wretched *Rome*.
To thee, most mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,
Most dread Lord *Marius*, in her name we bow. 15

Cinn. What's your Demand?
I. Emb. Hear but our humble Prayers,
And all Demands be made by God-like *Cinna*.
Whither, oh! whither will your Rage pursue us?
Must all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*
Suffer for one Miscarriage of her Masters? 20
Your sorrowfull afflicted Mother *Rome*,
In whose kind Bosome you were nurst and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms t' implore your Pity.

Fold up your dreadfull Ensigns, and lay by
 Your warlike Terrours, that affright her Matrons, 25
 And come to her e're Sorrows, quite o'whelm her.
 But come like Spsns that bring their Parents Joy:
 Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,
 And let no bloudy Slaughter stain her Streets.

Cinn. Thus 'tis you think to heal up smarting Honour,
 By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound, 31
 Which for a time may make it whole and fair,
 Till the false Medicine be at last discover'd,
 And then it ranckles to a Sore again.
 Take this my Answer: I will enter *Rome*; 35
 But for my Force, I'll keep it still my own,
 Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

Mar. sen. Sulpitius, see, what abject Slaves are these?
 Such base Deformities a long Robe hides.

Sulpit. I cannot but laugh to think on't. 40

Mar. sen. What?

Sulpit. How these politick Noddles, that look so grave
 upon the matter in the Senate-house, will laugh and grin at
 one another when they are set a sunning upon the Capitol.

2. *Emb.* May we return with joy into our City, 45
 Proclaiming Peace agreed with Heav'n and You?

Cinn. Go, tell 'em we expect due Homage paid,
 Of every Senatour expect Acknowledgment,
 Mighty Rewards, and Offices of Honour.

1. *Emb.* But on that Brow there still appears a Cloud,
 That never rose without a following Storm. 51

Mar. sen. Alas! for me, a simple Banisht man,
 Driv'n from my Country by the right of Law,
 And justly punisht as my Ills deserv'd,
 Think not of me: whate're are his Resolves, 55
 I shall obey.

Both Emb. May all the Gods reward you. . . .

[*Ex. Embass. and Attendants.*]

Cinn. Now, *Marius*.

Mar. sen. Now, my *Cinna*.

Cinn. Are not we
True born of *Rome*, true Sons of such a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper?

Mar. sen. Those two Knaves,
Those whining, fawning, humble, pliant Villains, 60
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma*.

Cinn. Let's not delay a moment.

Mar. sen. Oh! let's fly,
Enter this cursed City; nay, with Smiles too,
But false as the adulterate Promises
Of Favourites in pow'r, when poor men court 'em. 65

Cinn. They always hated me, because a Souldier.

Mar. sen. Base Natures ever grudge at things above 'em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.
When Fears are on them, then their kindest Wishes
And best Rewards attend the gallant Warriour: 70
But Dangers vanisht, infamous Neglect,
Ill Usage and Reproach are all his portion;
Or at the best he's wedded to hard Wants,
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

Sulpit. I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue, 75
Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows,
Then, when my Honour and my Country's Cause
Call'd me to Dangers, be so basely branded.

Mar. sen. E're we this City enter then, let's swear
Not to destroy one honest *Roman* living. 80

Sulpit. Nor one chast Matron.

Cinn. Nor a faithfull Friend,
Nor true-born Heir, nor Senatour that's wise.

Mar. sen. But Knaves and Villains, Whores and base-
born Brats,
And th' endless swarms of Fools grown up in years,
Be Slaughter's Game, till we dispeople *Rome*. 85

Cinn. Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets
sound——

Mar. sen. Till all things tell 'em *Marius* is at hand.

O *Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou shalt hear
 How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
 And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me. 90
Sulpitius, as along the Streets we move
 With solemn pace and meditating Mischiefs,
 Whom-e're I smile on let thy Sword go through.
 Oh! can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,
 The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans 95
 Of murder'd men be Musick to appease me?
 Sure Death's not far from such a desp'rate Cure.
 Be't with me rather (Gods,) as Storms let loose,
 That rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
 And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine, 100
 And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown.
 For having no more Fury left in store,
 Heav'ns face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
 And Nature smiles as gaily as before. . . . [Exeunt.]

SCENE *Metellus House.**Enter Metellus.*

Metell. A Peace with *Marius*? O most base Submission!
 That over-ruling Fears should weigh up
 Reason!
 Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too
 At *Capua*, almost in a Trumpet's call?
 And to submit! Could I but once have fought for't,
 I might have met this *Marius* in Arms, 110
 And bin reveng'd for all the Mischiefs done me.
 Nurse.

*Enter Nurse.**Nurse.* Here, an't shall please you.

Metell. Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her, she must hence
 For *Capua* this Morning: for the Truce 115
 Favours her Journey, and secures her Passage. [Exit.]

{ *Scene draws, and dis-*
covers Lavinia on a Couch.

Nurse. Wake her? Poor Titmouse! it will be as peevish,
 I'll warrant you, and rub its nye's, and so frown now.
 Well: Mistriss! why, *Lavinia*! fast, I warrant her.
 Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fy, you Slugg-a-bed. 120
 What, not a word? You take your pennyworth now,
 Sleep for a week: for the next Night (my word for't)
Sylla takes care that you shall rest but little.
 God forgive me.
 Marry and Amen. How sound is she asleep? 125
 I must needs wake her. Madam! Madam! Madam!
 Now should your Lover find you in this posture,
 He'd fright you up i'faith. What? won't it doe?
 Drest too? and in your Cloaths? and down agen?
 Nay, I must wake you. . . . Lady! Lady! Lady! 130
 Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.
 Ah! welladay that ever I was born!
 Some *Aqua vitæ*. Hoa! my Lord my Lady. . . .

Enter Metellus.

Metell. *Lavinia* dead?

Nurse. Your onely Daughter's dead:
 As dead as a Herring, Stock-fish, or Door-nail. 135
Metell. Stiffe, cold, and pale. Where are thy Beauties
 now?

Thy Blushes that have warm'd so many Hearts?
 All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
 Sigh till ye break: and all ye Eyes that languisht
 In my *Lavinia*'s Brightness, weep with me, 140
 Till Grief grow generall, and the World's in Tears.

Nurse. Oh Day! oh Day! oh Day! oh hatefull Day!
 Never was seen so black a day as this.
 Oh Day! oh wofull Day! oh Day like Night!

Metell. No more: Thus in her Bridall Ornaments 145
 Drest as she is she shall be born to Buriall,
 I' th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers rest.
 Be't done, whilst all things we ordain'd for Joy

128 i'faith, What?

Turn from their Office, and assist in Sadness. [Exit.

Nurse. It shall be done and done and overdone, as we are undone. And I will sigh, and cry till I am swell'd as big as a Pumpkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou shalt not dy for nothing: for I will wash thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and stick a Flower in every part about thee. . . . [Ex. Nurse.

SCENE changes to the Forum, where is
placed the Consul's Tribunall.

Enter two Citizens.

1. *Cit.* **W**Hither, oh! whither shall we fly for Safety?
Already reeking Murther's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And Rome appears one noisome House of slaughter.

2. *Cit.* Hear us, ye Gods, and pity our Calamities. 160
Stop, stop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
Or send your Thunder forth to strike us dead,
E're our own Slaves are Masters of our Throats.

1. *Cit.* Ruine draws near us: Oh my Friend! let's fly
To th' Altars of our Gods, and by the hands 165
Of one another dy as Romans ought. [Exeunt.

Enter Ancharius the Senatour and his Grandson.

Child. Hide me, my Grandsire: the ugly men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Sister *Thesbie*.
Will they kill you and me too?

Anch. Oh my Child!
I cannot hide thee, nor know what to doe. 170
Decrepit Age benums my weary Lims:
I can't resist, nor fly. . . .

Child. Then here we'll sit;
Perhaps they'll not come yet: or if they do,
I'll fall upon my Knees and beg your Life.
I am a very little harmless Boy; 175
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,
They'll pity sure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter several Old men in black with Cypress Wreaths, leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.

Then enters Marius senior as Consul. Lictors, Sulpitius, and Guards.

Mar. sen. I thank ye, Gods, ye have restor'd me now.

[Mounts the Tribunal.

What Pageantry is this, *Sulpitius*, here?

Remove these Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates. 180

i. Old man. We come not for our selves, but in the name Of *Rome*, to offer up our Lives for all.

Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let loose all thy dreadful Fury here.

Mar. sen. I know ye all, great Senatours; ye are 185
The Heads and Patrons of Rebellious *Rome*.

Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:
And with that Cheat at any time ye think
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
False are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r: 190

For soon ye fatten and grow able Traitours.
False are your Fears, and your Afflictions fals'er:
For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
Which you shall never gain at *Marius's* hands.
Who trusts your Penitence is more then Fool. 195

Rebellion will renew: ye can't be honest.
Y' are never pleas'd but with the Knaves that cheat you,
And work your Follies to their private ends.
For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it,
To change and turn just as the Fashion alters. 200

And think you by this solemn piece of Fooling
To hush my Rage, and melt me into Pity?
Advance, *Sulpitius*: old *Ancharius* there,
Who was so violent for my Destruction,
That his Beard brussled as his Face distorted; 205
Away with him. Dispatch these Triflers too.

But spare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have seen 'em:
Or keep 'em for my Warriours to rejoice in.

Anch. Thou who wert born to be the Plague of *Rome*,
What wouldst thou doe with me?

Mar. sen. Dispose thee hence 210
Amongst the other Offall, for the jaws
Of hungry Death, till *Rome* be purg'd of Villains.
Thou dy'st for wronging *Marius*.—

Child. Oh my Lord!
(For you must be a Lord, you are so angry.)
For my sake spare his Life. I have no Friend 215
But him to guard my tender years from Wrongs.
When he is dead, what will become of me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left
To all the Ills of the wide faithless world?

Mar. sen. Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear,
And let it sprawl to make the Grandsire sport. 221

Child. Oh cruel man! I'll hang upon your Knees,
And with my little dying Hands implore you.
I may be fit to doe you some small pleasures.
I'll find a thousand tender ways to please you; 225
Smile when you rage, and stroak you into Mildness;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father:
For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me.

Mar. sen. Young Crocodile! Thus from their Mothers
Breasts
Are they instructed, bred and taught in *Rome*. 230
For that old Paralitick Slave, dispatch him:
Let me not know he breaths another moment.
But spare this, 'cause 't has learnt its Lesson well,
And I've a Softness in my heart pleads for him.

Enter Messenger.

Well now.

Mess. *Metellus*—

Mar. sen. Hah! *Metellus*? what? 235

Mess. Is found.

Mar. sen. Speak, where?

235 *Mess. Metellus.*

Mess. In an old Suburb Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and cursing at your Fortune.

Mar. sen. Haste, let him be preserv'd for my own Fury.
Clap, clap your hands for joy, ye Friends of *Marius*.
Ten thousand Talents for the news I'll give thee: 240
The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found;
And in a moment I shall be at ease.

Rome's Walls no more shall be besmear'd with Bloud,
But Peace and Gladness flourish in her Streets.
Let's go. *Metellus*? we have found *Metellus*. 245
Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;
Till I have dasht him on the Rock of Fate.
Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Church-yard.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. AS I have wander'd musing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky place, 250
As I had business with the horrid Dead:
Though could I trust the flattery of Sleep,
My Dreams presage some joyfull news at hand.*
My Bosome's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd Spirit 255
Lifts me above the ground with chearfull thoughts.
I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead,
And breath'd such Life with Kisses on my Lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperour.

Enter Catulus.

Catul. My Lord already here?

Mar. jun. My trusty *Catulus*, 260
What News from my *Lavinia*? speak, and bless me.

Catul. She's very well. . . .

Mar. jun. Then nothing can be ill.
Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible.
Out with it boldly, man, What canst thou say •

Of my *Lavinia*?

Catul. But one sad word, She's dead. 265
Here in her Kindreds Vault I've seen her laid,
And have bin searching you to tell the News.

Mar. jun. Dead? is it so? then I deny you, Stars.
Go, hasten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.
'Tis done: I'll hence to night. 270
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Priest?

Catul. No, my good Lord.

Mar. jun. No matter, get thee gone. . . .
[*Ex. Catulus.*

Lavinia! yet I'll ly with thee to night;
But, for the means. Oh Mischief! thou art swift
To catch the straggling Thoughts of Desp'rate men. 275
I do remember an Apothecary,
That dwelt about this Rendezvous of Death:
Meager and very rufull were his Looks;
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung, 280
An Allegator stufft, and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes: and about his Shelves
A beggarly account of empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses, 285
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a Show.
Oh for a Poison now! his Need will sell it,
Though it be present Death by *Roman* Law.
As I remember this should be the House.
His Shop is shut: with Beggars all are Holydays. 290
Holla! Apothecary; hoa!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. Who's there?

Mar. jun. Come hither, man. I see thou 'rt very poor;
Thou mayst doe any thing: here's fifty *Drachma*'s,
Get me a Draught of that will soonest free

A Wretch from all his Cares: thou understand'st me. 295

Apoth. Such mortal Drugs I have; but *Roman Law*
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.

Mar. jun. Art thou so base and full of Wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to dy? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes, 300
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My Poverty, but not my Will consents. . . . 305

[*Goes in, fetches a Vial of Poison.*

Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

Mar. jun. There is thy Gold, worse Poison to mens Souls,
Doing more Murthers in this loathsome world
Then these poor Compounds thou 'rt forbid to sell.

I sell thee Poison, thou hast sold me none. 310

Farewell . . . buy Food . . . and get thy self in flesh.

Now for the Monument of the *Metelli*. . . . [*Exit.*

{ *Scene draws off, and shews*
the Temple and Monument.

Re-enters.

It should be here: the door is open too.

Th' insatiate mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

Enter Priest, and Boy with a Mattock and Iron Crow.

Priest. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron:
Now take this Letter, with what haste thou canst 316
Find out young *Marius*, and deliver it. [*Ex. Boy.*
Now must I to the Monument alone.

What Wretch is he that's entring into th' Tomb?
Some Villain come to rob and spoil the Dead. 320
Whoe're thou art, stop thy unhallowed purpose.

Mar. jun. Whoe're thou art, I warn thee to be gone,
And do not interrupt my horrid purpose.
For else, by Heav'n, I'll tear thee joint by joint,

300 starveth

And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Lims. 325

My Mind and its Intents are savage wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Then empty Tigers or the roaring Sea.

Priest. Then as a sacrilegious Slave I charge thee,

Obeÿ and go with me, or thou must dy. 330

Mar. jun. I know I must, and therefore I came hither.

Good Reverence, do not tempt a desp'rate man.

By Heav'n, I love thee better then my self:

For I against my self come hither arm'd.

Stay not, be gone . . . Live, and hereafter say, 335

A Mad-man's Mercy gave thee honest Counsell.

Priest. I do defy thy Mercy and thy Counsell,

And here will seize thee as a Thieÿ and Robber.

Mar. jun. Wilt thou provoke me? then, here, take thy
Wages. [Kills him.]

Priest. I m^t kill'd. Oh *Marius*! now too late I know thee.

Thou'st slain the onely man could doe thee good. 341

Lavinia. . . . oh! . . . [Dies.]

Mar. jun. Let me peruse this Face.

It is the honest Priest that joyn'd our hands,

In a Disguize conceal'd. Give me thy Hand,

Since in ill Fate's black Roll with me thou'rt writ, 345

I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.

Thou detestable Maw, thou Womb of Death,

Gorg'd with the dearest Morsell of the Earth,

Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to { Pulls down the
open, . . . side of the Tomb.

And spite of thee yet cram thee with more Food. 350

Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife!

Death has had yet no pow'r upon thy Beauty;

That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Ensign yet

Is Crimson in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks;

And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there. 355

Why art thou still so fair? shall I believe

That the lean Monster Death is amorous,

And keeps thee here in Darkness for his Paramour?

For fear of that, I'll stay with thee for ever.
Come, bitter Conduct, thou unsavoury Guide: 360
Here's to my Love. . . . [*Drinks the Poison.*

And now Eyes look your last.
Arms take your last Embrace, whilst on these Lips
I fix the Seal of an eternall Contract. . . .

She breaths and stirs. . . . [*Lavinia wakes.*

Lavin. in the Tomb. Where am I? bless me, Heav'n!
'Tis very cold; and yet here's something warm. . . . 365

Mar. jun. She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.

Speak, my *Lavinia*, speak some heav'nly news,
And tell me how the Gods design to treat us.

Lavin. Oh! I have slept a long Ten thousand years.
What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus; 370
I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marius* is my Husband.

Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.
Be good as he is, and protect me.

Mar. jun. Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?
Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was; 375
And ne'r shall be my self, if thou art lost.

Lavin. The Gods have heard my Vows; it is my *Marius*.
Once more they have restor'd him to my Eyes.
Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever.
But there's a sovereign Charm in thy Embraces, 380
That might doe Wonders, and revive the Dead.

Mar. jun. Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now shall part us,
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppressing Laws.
Did not Heav'n's Pow'rs all wonder at our Loves?
And when thou toldst the tale of thy Disasters, 385
Was there not Sadness and a Gloom amongst 'em?
I know there was: and they in pity sent thee,
Thus to redeem me from this vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to those Hills of Joys.
This World's gross air grows burthensome already. 390
I'm all a God: such heav'nly Joys transport me,

That mortal Sense grows sick and faints with lasting.

[Dies.

Lavin. Oh! to recount my Happiness to thee,
 To open all the Treasure of my Soul,
 And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more time 395
 Then so impatient Love as mine can spare.
 He's gone; he's dead; breathless: alas! my *Marius*.
 A Vial too: here, here has bin his Bane.
 Oh Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop
 For poor *Lavinia*? Yet I'll drain thy Lips. 400
 Perhaps some welcom Poison may hang there,
 To help me to o'retake thee on thy Journy.
 Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! stains of Bloud?
 And a man murther'd? 'Tis th' unhappy *Flamen*.
 Who fix their Joys on any thing that's Mortall, 405
 Let 'em behold my Portion, and despair.
 What shall I doe? how will the Gods dispose me?
 Oh! I could rend these Walls with Lamentation,
 Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,
 And dawb the face of Earth with her own Bowels. 410

Enter Marius senior, and Guards driving in Metellus.

Mar. sen. Pursue the Slave; let not his Gods protect him.

Lavin. More Mischiefs? hah! my Father?

Metell.

Oh! I am slain.

[Falls down and dies.

Lavin. And murther'd too. When will my Woes have
 end?

Come, cruel Tyrant.

Mar. sen. Sure I have known that Face.

Lavin. And canst thou think of any one good Turn 415
 That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

Mar. sen. Art thou not call'd *Lavinia*?

Lavin.

Once I was:

But by my Woes may now be better known.

Mar. sen. I cannot see thy Face. . . .

Lavin

You must, and hear me.

By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast. . . . 420

[*Seizes his Sword.*]

Mar. sen. What wouldst thou say? where's all my Rage
gone now?

Lavin. I am *Lavinia*, born of Noble race.

My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,
But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own: 424
Though my Vows prosper'd, and my Love was answer'd
By *Marius*, the noblest, goodliest Youth
That Man e're envy'd at, or Virgin sigh'd for.
He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,
And banish'd with him when our Joys were young;
Scarce a night old.

Mar. sen. I do remember't well, 430
And thou art She, that Wonder of thy kind,
That couldst be true to exil'd Misery,
And to and fro through barren Desarts rangé,
To find th'unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

Lavin. Do you remember't well?

Mar. sen. In every point. 435

Lavin. You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,
Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a Father:
And sure I was not thankless for the Bounty.

Mar. sen. No; thou wert next the Gods my onely Com-
fort.

When I lay fainting on the dry parcht Earth, 440
Beneath the scorching heat of burning Noon,
Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:
Then Thou, as by the Gods some Angel sent,
Cam'st by, and in Compassion didst relieve me. 444

Lavin. Did I all this?

Mar. sen. Thou didst, thou sav'dst my Life.
Else I had sunk beneath the weight of Want,
And bin a Prey to my remorseless Foes.

Lavin. And see how well I am at last rewarded.
All could not balance for the short-term'd Life
Of one Old man: You have my Father butcher'd, 450

The onely Comfort I had left on Earth.
 The Gods have taken too my Husband from me.
 See where he lies, your and my onely Joy.
 This Sword yet reeking with my Father's Gore,
 Plunge it into my Breāst: plunge, plunge it thus 455
 And now let Rage, Distraction, and Despair
 Seize all Mankind, till they grow mad as I am.

[Stabs her self with his Sword.]

Mar. sen. Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in
 Cruelty.

Be Nature's Light extinguisht; let the Sun
 Withdraw his Beams, and put the world in Darkness, 460
 Whilst here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
 Oh! let me bury Me and all my Sins
 Here with this good Old man. Thus let me kiss
 Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
 My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched End? 465
 We might have all bin Friends, and in one House
 Enjoy'd the Blessings of eternal Peace.
 But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, I bring you most disastrous News.
Sylla's return'd: his Army's on their march 470
 From *Capua*, and to morrow will reach *Rome*.
 At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
 And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter Sulpitius (led in by two of the Guards) and Granius.

Mar. sen. Oh! then I'm ruin'd from this very moment.
 Has my good Genius left me? Hope forsakes me. 475
 The Name of *Sylla's* banefull to my Fortune.
 Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y' embroil
 Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
 Ambition is a Lust that's never quencht,
 Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment. 480
 Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,
 A hopelesse Vessel bound for the dark Land

Of loathsome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows.

[*He is led off.*

Sulpit. A Curse on all Repentance! how I hate it!
I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man wifine.

485

Gran. You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

Sulpit. No; 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-door. But 'tis enough; 'twill serve; I am pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this world. A Pox on all Mad-men hereafter. If I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph:

Sulpit. *lies here, that troublesome Slave,*

491

That sent many honest men to the Grave,

And dy'd like a Fool when h' had liv'd like a Knave.

[*Ex omnes.*

— — —
FINIS.
— — —

EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. Barry, who acted *Lavinia*.

A Mischief on't! though I'm agen alive,
May I believe this Play of ours shall thrive?
This Drumming, Trumpetting, and Fighting Play?
Why, what a Devil will the People say?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din, 5
Will swear w' are raising Volunteers agen.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his head.
H' had banish'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms. 10
No Prentice e're grown weary of Indentures
Hav' such a longing mind to seek Adventures.
Nay, sure at last th' Infection generall grew;
For t'other day I was a Captain too:
Neither for Flanders nor for France to roam, 15
But, just as you were all, to stay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for love of Underhill and Nurse Nokes;
Our Poet says, one day to a Play ye come,
Which serves ye half a year for Wit at home. 20
But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's Pawn for Fifty pound?
Or, now is he Cashier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd that Fatall Doom, 25
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor Disbanded Souldier home.

